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THE NEW YORKER

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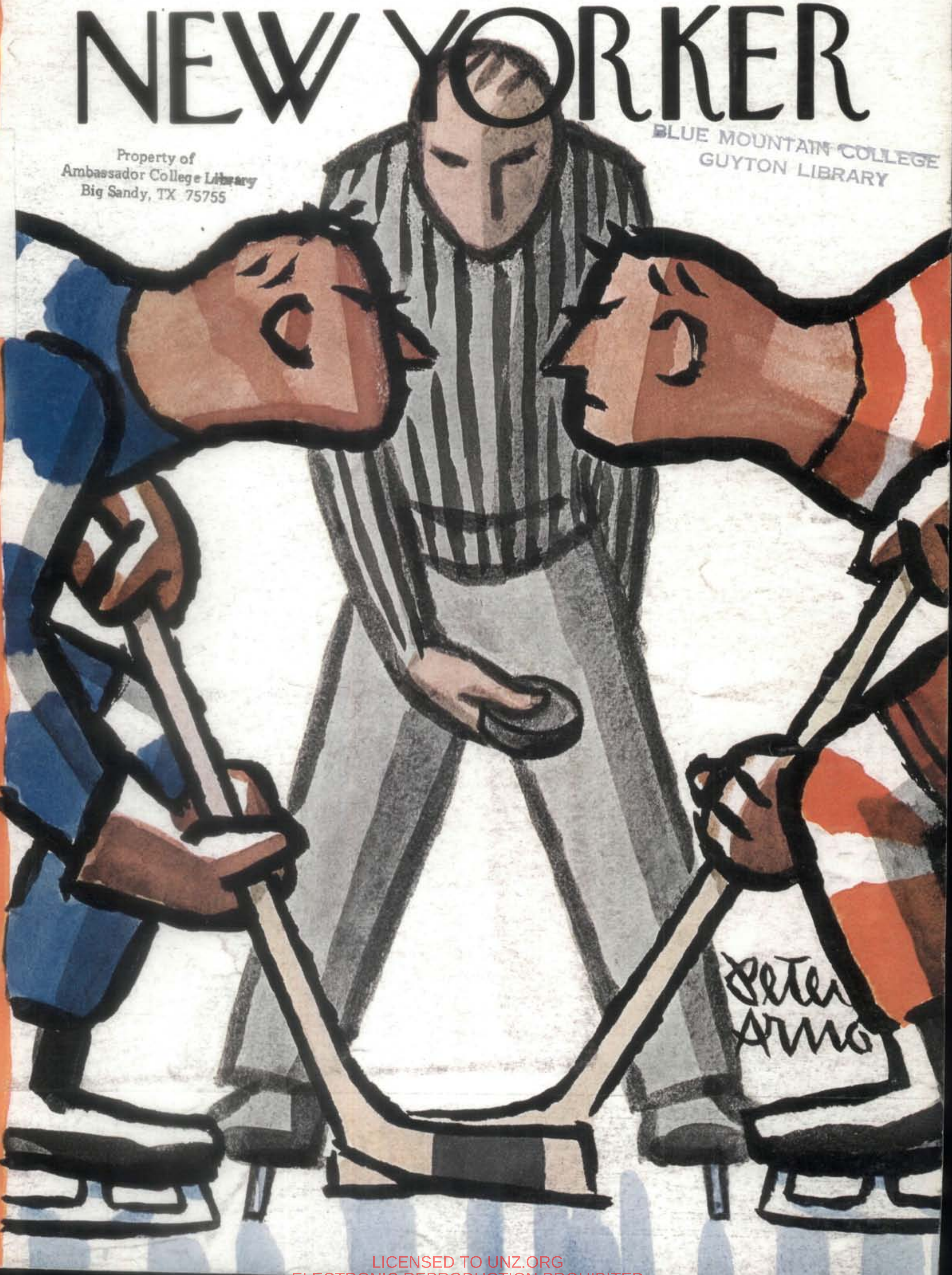

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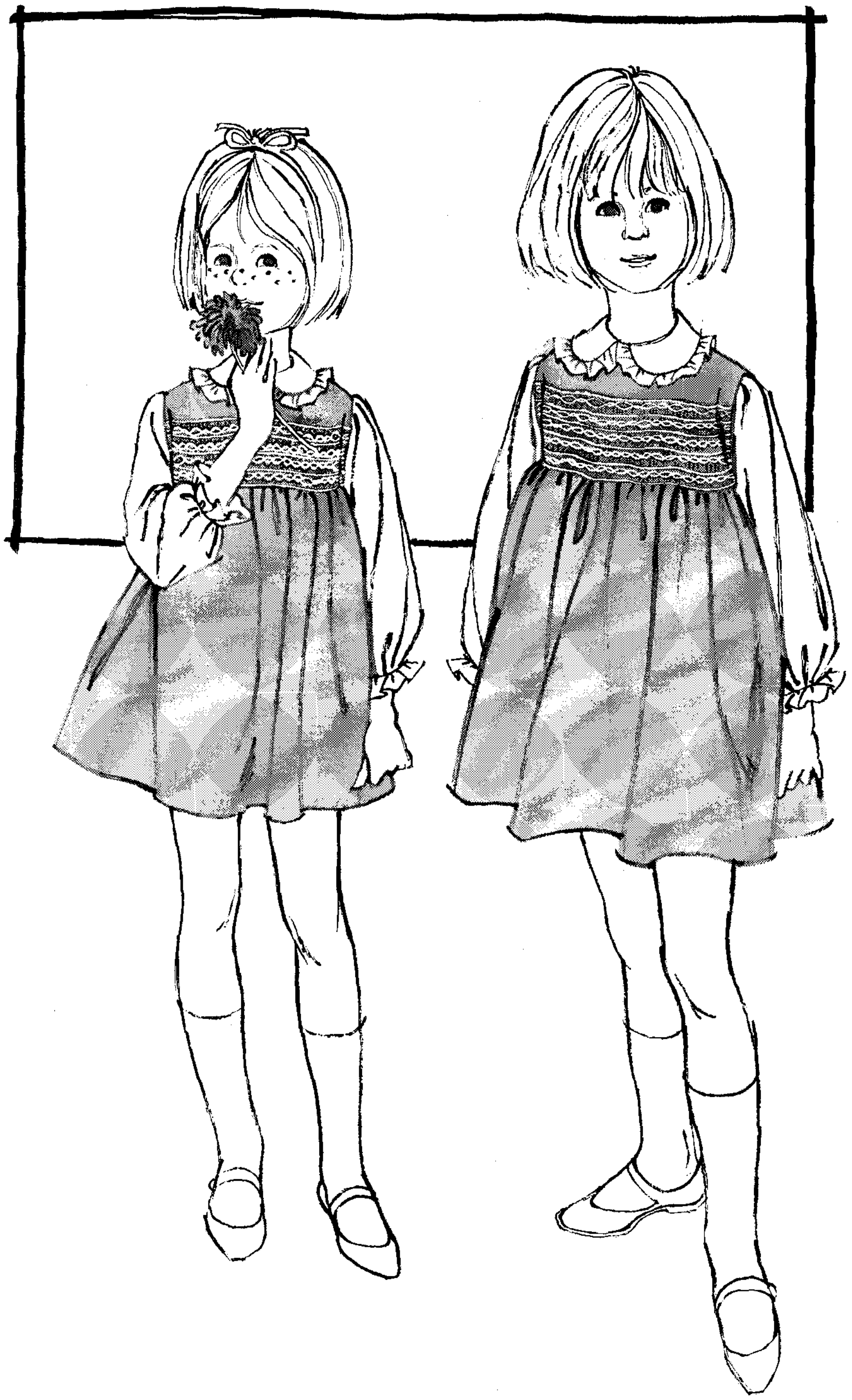

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A very noisy but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken lead the cast, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—Concupiscent shenanigans in high political circles in Victorian London. This play, by Michael Dyne, is old-fashioned but well made, and Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, Sarah Badel, and the other players are capable in it. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer cannot be faulted as Pizarro, and David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has superb settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy about a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Now with Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik, Ossie Davis, Louis Gossett, and Joe Silver in a play by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, with songs by Harold Rome. Dore Schary is the director. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is pleasant, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Pickwick—A rather limp musical interpretation of Dickens' rambling masterwork. Book by Wolf Mankowitz and music and lyrics by Cyril Ornadel and Leslie Bricusse. Harry Secombe heads the industrious cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music (the best sung by Gilbert Price), to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Orson Bean and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAKER STREET:** Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson is a lady in love with him. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 14.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **GOLDEN BOY:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's drama about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Whittier. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Skyscraper—A musical with lyrics by Sammy Cahn, music by James Van Heusen, book by Peter Stone, and a cast headed by Julie Harris, Peter L. Marshall, and Charles Nelson Reilly. Staged by Cy Feuer. Previews through Friday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 13. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Devils—A play by John Whiting (based on "The Devils of Loudun" by Aldous Huxley), with Jason Robards and Anne Bancroft. Michael Cacoyannis is the director. Previews through Monday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Porcelain Year—Barbara Bel Geddes, Arthur Hill, and Martin Balsam in a play written by Reginald Rose and directed by Alex Segal. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 15-17. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 18. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—The French pantomimist **MARCEL MARCEAU** in an all-new program. A four-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Nov. 17 (preview Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8), and will run through Sunday, Dec. 12. (City Center,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The first play in the company's inaugural season in its new home is **DANTON'S DEATH**, by Georg Buechner. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8:40: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 3 and 8:40: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3 and 7:30: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 16-17, at 8:40: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 8:40: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 3 and 8:40: **THE MIKADO**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and **Good Day**—"The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love" is a stylish and highly stylized comedy about a family crisis. Stephen Strimpell is very funny in the leading role, and he gets strong support from Betty Lou Holland, Clarice Blackburn, and Albert M. Ottenheimer. "Good Day," which precedes it, is a puzzling and rather overwrought affair, in which an odd young man relates a shameful episode in his past to an even more peculiar old woman. With Frank Langella and Nancy Marchand. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Great Scot!—Allan Bruce in a musical with a book by Mark Conradt and Gregory Dawson, score by Don McAfee, and lyrics by Nancy Leeds. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A play by William Alfred. Opens Thursday, Nov. 11. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Trigon—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final *performances of the engagement*—Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Cave of the Heart," and "Legend of Judith." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Acrobats of God," "Circe," and "Phaedra.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Secular Games," "Part Real—Part Dream," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Diversion of Angels," "Appalachian Spring," and "The Witch of Endor.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 14: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Seraphic Dialogue.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 14: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 16: "Secular Games," "Circe," and "Primitive Mysteries.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 17: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Appalachian Spring," and "Phaedra.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Acrobats of God," "Cave of the Heart," and "The Witch of Endor." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: "Embattled Garden," "Diversion of Angels," and "Legend of Judith.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "The Witch of Endor." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company—Maria Alba and Ramon de los Reyes, with their company of dancers and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Caterina Valente, who inhabits the Royal Box at dinner and supper, has picked up a lot of choreography and ways of the world during her vacation from New York, though not nearly enough to conceal her gift of song and her innocent rage to live. The orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is there practically all the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Everyone who takes the floor of the sedate restaurant wears a good-conduct medal. *From eight to nine*, George Anaya's Cuban bandsmen execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—O.H.M.S. and all that. In the main hall, the colors are trooped by two ceaseless dance bands; in the Champagne Room, people who prefer to sit everything out listen to a non-athletic trio. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. *(PL 9-2444)—The night boat to the nine*teenth century and the era of spare-no-expense interior decorating. Amid the fond recollections is the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra (music to really *dance* to), now under the guidance of Lee Castle. On Friday, Nov. 12, Art Mooney's crew of romanticists arrives, with quite another beat, or several beats; on Saturday, Nov. 13, Si Zentner's band, which can likewise shift into a variety of speeds, takes over. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun-and-games for the customers of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there is Abbe Lane, who is apt to shimmy like her sister Kate in the middle of an aria, and who proves that the hourglass figure has not gone the way of the whooping crane. The dance music issues from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The Ark on top of Mount Ararat. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. On Monday, Nov. 15, Jonah Jones will bring in a more pristine quartet to replace the Longos. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The red carpet, a Londony one, that has been laid out for the customers of the Maisonette is new, and so is the scenery (a library with non-library murals), but the musicians—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—are old familiars. They ply their trade from eight-fifteen until two. Closed Sundays.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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3000)—On Thursday, Nov. 11, Ray Hartley inherits the keyboard in Peacock Alley, which will thenceforward resound with his eclectic pianism from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome does dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

Note—Mass (and merry) participation is no problem at all in **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No great rush disturbs the peace of this residential quarter of Florence, nor does any great sound, except when a tenor (Franco Pagani) and a soprano undertake one of those set pieces by Puccini or other old neighbors. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That thing called love and what tied it into Gordian knots are dealt with, wisely and wittily, by the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the dean of women singers. Sam Hamilton's piano is her background. Ten-thirty, and thereafter, is her time of night. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **HUGH SHANNON'S**, on the second floor of 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The present whereabouts of Mr. Shannon, who has kept the night watch in London, Paris, and Capri these many years. His solid piano and hey-nonny songs arrive in midevening and go on a long time. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain has set up his portmanteau piano in a corner of a picnic ground for the landed young gentry, their loved ones, and other town and gown characters. He keeps late hours. No piano Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, Steve Iles plays piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a short cut to a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the cooks) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, likewise providing room for Andalusian guitar (José Luis Franco), and on the same schedule, every night but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned it into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but not dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The open road to a bustling Rome, rife with chatter and floating musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. At nine, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor, starts patrolling the premises. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are on exhibit along this stretch of Bailey's Beach. Eight-thirty until about two is his speed. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is now that grand old seigneur Tibor Rakossy. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he must be in the prompter's box when his waiter hastily sets down the veal *rollatini* and turns, *a cappella*, into Scarpia or Rodolfo. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The mansion is Moorish, sort of, the menu is American, the mien is decorous, the piano (George Rudolph) is laudably venturesome. The music is audible from six until midnight except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Almost the smallest bar in town, and one of the neatest of the lot. Gustavo Lopez, his guitar, and the décor are cool, correct Iberian. The music goes from nine-thirty to one, except Mondays. No dining. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): From seven to nine, it's dusk in the bits of Rome that are embraced by René Bouché's very last murals, which ornament the restaurant called The Seven Hills. Mario Peralta's bandonion, a concertina to shame all other concertinas, makes the appropriate sunset music. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

AUCTION TODAY
Judith Shahn

Note—The discothèque, a fact of life that is too much with us, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and often populated by citizenry of a certain seniority. The appointments are opulent, and so is the menu; the music—seven-thirty to three or four during the week, Sundays until one—is insistent and glittery, since it is all freshly squeezed out of a tube. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon, and how to let youth have its fling. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Another children's home. All the Pied Pipers here, though, are windup toys. The hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), an inexhaustible Diana. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name. The campus of this nondenominational university is only utilitarian, but the athletic program (nine-thirty to three or four, except Mondays) is superb, and the *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers (by Linda Benter in particular) are original and amusing. The music, partly storage battery and partly real (such as Bill Prophet's singing), happens, too, at Saturday and Sunday one-to-six matinées. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Another enterprise in which even the walls have earphones, but the turmoil that issues from them is more subdued than it is in most discothèques. The architecture is sort of homey, and there is a supper menu. Nine to four is the scheme, and all is silence Sundays and Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing"—this simple, informative title covers a number of things: a vast extravaganza, a corps de ballet, apache

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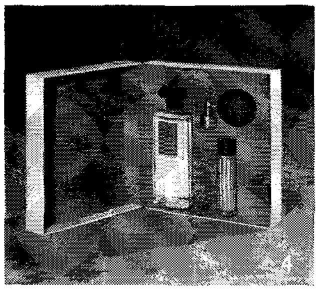
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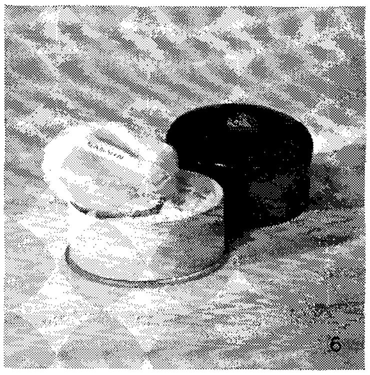
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

dancers, acrobats, and two or three dozen bouncy young ladies; in fact, it covers everything but the young ladies' beautiful backs. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Peggy Lee, a great emotional experience, is of enormous therapeutic value not only to the songs she sings but to all who have either loved and lost or loved and won. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where the sun rises at ten o'clock in the evening and seems never to set, rumpus music does the same thing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): On Friday, Nov. 12, the enterprise resumes its career in good measure with the absolutely peerless band of Duke Ellington, the high-stylized *head tones of* Mel Tormé, *and the antic* conversation of Joan Rivers. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, is—like all his other diatribes—sharp as serpents' teeth, swift as swallows. The sharpest of the teeth is Elizabeth Wilson, and the sweetest of the swallows is Lee Beery, girl caroller; Liz Sheridan, Rex *Robbins,* John Keatts, *and* Bill Hinnant *fill* out a cast of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together zings together, which means that Los Chavales de España (the new boys as well as the old boys) are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," the collected works of a philosopher who circled the world and found it square, gives Kaye Ballard an opportunity to run riot—a sport in which she holds track records. Harold Lang's footwork makes up for the absence of a chorus. This all happens every night but Monday at nine-thirty, as well as at eleven Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In a new miniature revue, "Just for Openers," the principal point of interest is R. G. Brown, who is just about perfect in the role of antisocial butterfly. Nine-thirty and midnight are the shooting schedule. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba in exile, and in exultation when Olga Guillot begins her passion-flower song recital, which she does two or three times during dinner and supper. Her final explosions occur on Saturday, Nov. 13. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Earl Hines casts a benign, beneficent pair of hands over a piano, thereby simultaneously casting a spell. He and his threesome shut down on Sunday, Nov. 14. *On* Tuesday, Nov. 16, *Jim* Hall's trio and Jaki Byard's quartet move in. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; Monday nights, other musicians congregate. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen McRae reconstructs the songs of the nation in a manner they are not likely to forget, and John Coltrane's quartet nurses its ingrowing pains. Fridays and Saturdays also offer Dick Gregory, *vox populi,* voice of experience, and ranking wit. The Coltranes depart on Sunday, Nov. 14. Mondays, the place is given over to a collection of Latin bandsmen and to Symphony Sid, who has some forgettable homilies about music always at the ready. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to two every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses and the one most likely to amuse. The singers are in general folk, and of these the leader is Mike Settle; the wits are the experimental Uncalled-For 3. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every sound is fraught, including the band involving Wes Montgomery and Wynton Kelly. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are filling this Village smithy with anvil choruses. Mondays, another band is in charge. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Shoot the works, but never the Professor at the piano. The nights of yore are recalled in toto by Mr. Condon and a hearty crew, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Zutty Singleton is the springboard; the other operatives are Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Herman Autrey. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and such) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. There is Dixieland on Sunday afternoons, too, after four-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Geometric abstractions; through Nov. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Larry Bell—Glass constructions; through Dec. 1. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Bleifeld—Figure sculptures; through Nov. 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Bohrod—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Alik Cavaliere—Floral and vegetal bronzes; through Nov. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lamar Dodd—Abstractions suggesting landscapes and seascapes; through Nov. 27. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Raoul Dufy—A retrospective of oils, gouaches, watercolors, and drawings from the Dufy estate; through Dec. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antonio Frasconi—Lettering in woodcut and relief, plus illustrated books; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Figures and landscapes; through Nov. 27. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract oils and cast aluminum and stone sculptures; through Nov. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Grosser—Paintings of Morocco; through Dec. 4. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Carter Hayden—Paintings; through Tuesday, Nov. 16. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings; through Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Ives—Paintings, collages, and constructions; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

David Jacobs—Welded-aluminum sculptures; through Friday, Nov. 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

William Kienbusch—Oils and caseins; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Karl Knaths—Abstract oils; through Dec. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Leon Kroll—Representational paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a School of Paris artist; through Nov. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Oskar Laske (1874-1951)—Oil paintings and graphic works by this Austrian artist; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isadore Levy—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 4. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Liberte—A memorial exhibition of his paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Etienne Martin—Bronze sculptures. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

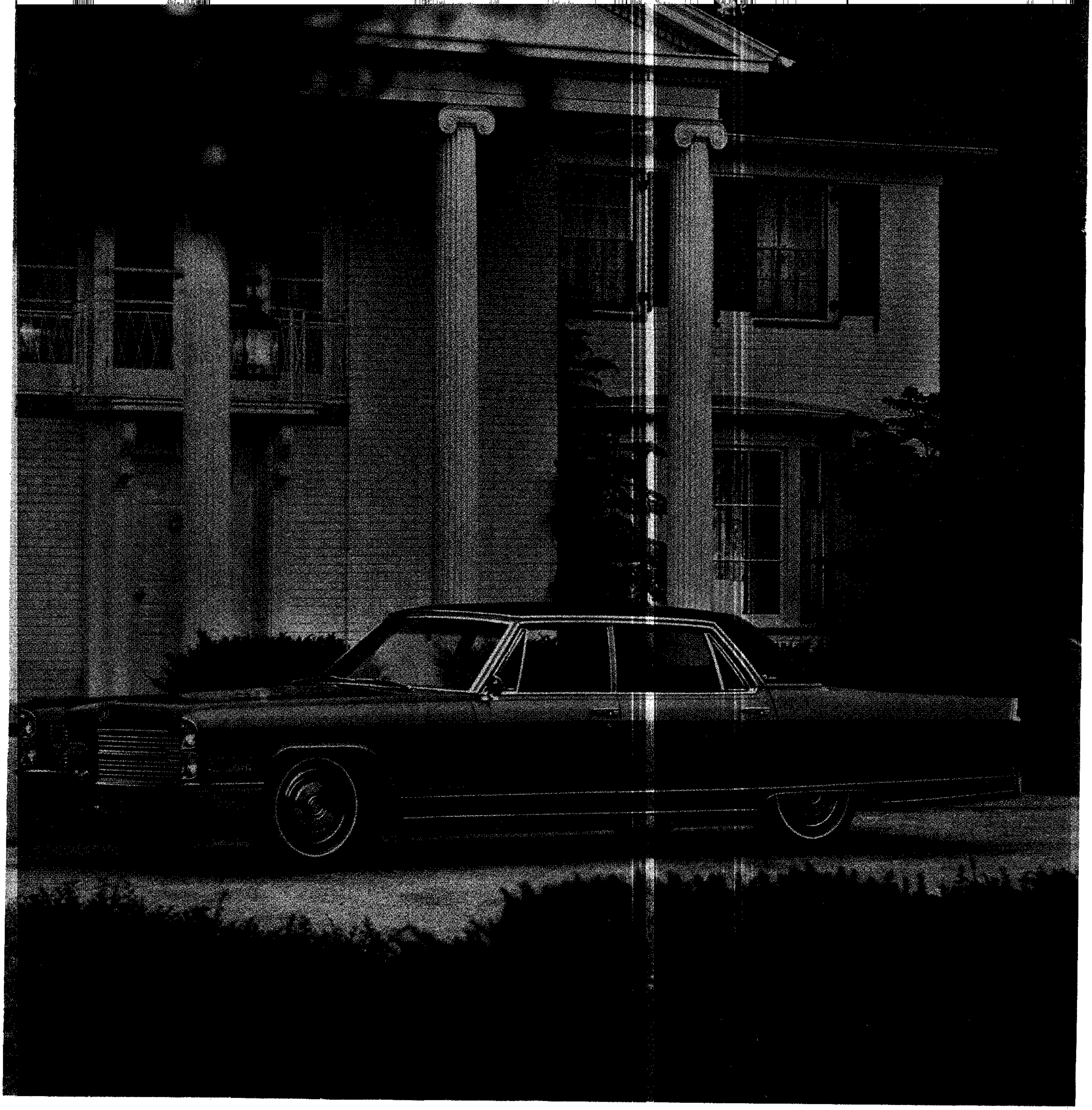
Rory McEwen—Watercolor botanical studies on vellum and hard-edge acrylic paintings on canvas by a young Scottish artist; through Nov. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Joan Miró—New paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Figure paintings and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract panels; through Dec. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A retrospective of paintings (1909-



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TOMORROW IS A FRIEND OF

DUNBAR

63); through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX REDEIN—Nudes, landscapes, cityscapes, seascapes, and florals; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

DORIS ROSENTHAL—Paintings of Mexico; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

EDWARD STASACK—Oils, ink drawings, and prints by a professor of art at the University of Hawaii. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHINKICHI TAJIRI—Sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARK TOBEY—Recent paintings; through Dec. 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

TSAI—Kinetic sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

OLYMPIA'S PROGENY—A benefit loan exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings by Manet, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and five other French masters, celebrating the centenary of Manet's "Olympia;" through Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—By the SCULPTORS GUILD, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Their annual exhibit, comprising items by sixty-three members (including Robert Laurent, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A showing entitled "Sculpture from All Directions," with pieces by David Smith, George Rickey, David Weinrib, and others; through Nov. 27.

DRAWINGS—Examples by such artists as David, Delacroix, and Tiepolo; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

AFRICAN ART—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA HERITAGE, 63 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including George Luks, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Nov. 13.... NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fifty-second annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Nov. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... STONE, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Barnett Newman, along with constructions by Joseph Cornell; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Kupka, Klee, and Tobey are among the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Dec. 24. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Nov. 30. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Femme Fatale," an exhibition of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Dec. 12.... ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Nov. 28.... ¶ Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection, ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2.... ¶ Paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Veterans' Day, until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the landscapes, portraits, and figure studies of Edwin Dickinson; through Nov. 28.... ¶ Paintings by John Quidor (1801-81), including "Ichabod Crane Pursued by the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow;" through Dec. 5. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Veterans' Day, 2 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," a showing of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"About New York: Night and Day, 1915-65," a loan display of paintings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by, among others, Mark Tobey, David Smith, and Edward Steichen), not to mention memorabilia from the past half century; through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11.... ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The newly opened permanent installation of the Dutch Galleries, covering all phases of life in the settlement of New Amsterdam and including a panoramic view of the skyline and harbor as they appeared in 1660. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Historic Hudson," an exhibition of paintings, etchings, and lithographs (1761-1870) depicting scenes along the course of the Hudson River from the Adirondacks to New York City; through April 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Frank Guarrera, Justino Diaz, and Clifford Harvuot. ... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "L'Elisir

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Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Gianni Raimondi, and John Robert Dunlap. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 15: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 16: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, Robert Merrill, and Nicolai Ghiaurov. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 17: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Joann Grillo, Gianni Raimondi, and John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, Walter Cassel, and William Walker. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Capriccio" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "The Barber of Seville.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 14: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 14: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA NATIONAL COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 11: Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12: "Madame Butterfly," in Italian. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13: "Carmen," in English. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16: "Madame Butterfly," in English. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18: Rossini's "Cinderella," in English. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19: "Carmen," in French. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20: "Susannah." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15.)

MOZART OPERA FESTIVAL—"The Marriage of Figaro," performed in English by the North Shore Opera Company. The third in a series of four productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—George Szell conducting a program of French music on Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 2:15; and Monday, Nov. 15, at 7:30 (all with Grant Johannesen, piano, and William Lincer, viola). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a varied program on Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30 (with Flor Garcia, soprano). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting an all-Dvořák program on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello.)

INDIANAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Izler Solomon conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, an all-Schoenberg program, with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8:30, a varied program, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Daniel Barenboim, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Haydn-Mahler program, with Anshel Brusilow and David Madison, violin, and Samuel Mayes, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

CZECH PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Karel Ancerl conducting two different programs by this orchestra, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, and Friday, Nov. 19, both at 8:30.)

CLARION ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Dittersdorf's opera "Arcifanfano, King of Fools," in concert form and in English, with Eleanor Steber and Anna Russell, sopranos, and other soloists. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Joseph Rosenstock conducting a symphony orchestra, with Robert Merrill, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

FRIENDS OF FRENCH OPERA—Robert Lawrence directing the French Opera Orchestra in a semi-staged performance of Massenet's "Werther," with Anne Elgar, soprano; Rita Gorr, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and boy choristers. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

ESTERHAZY ORCHESTRA—David Blum conducting, with Alfred Deller, countertenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 20-21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

BOYS TOWN CHOIR—Msgr. Francis P. Schmitt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

DANIEL BARENBOIM—Piano, in a Mozart-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

LEO SMIT—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

JOHN WILLIAMS—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

ARTISTS' CHOICE CONCERT—The New York Baroque Ensemble, with Brooks Tillotson and Richard Berg, French horn. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:45.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Boris Kroyt, viola, and Mischa Schneider, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—A program of music by various composers, among them Leo Kraft and Wilson Coker, performed by Claude Hill, harp; the Springfield String Quartet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

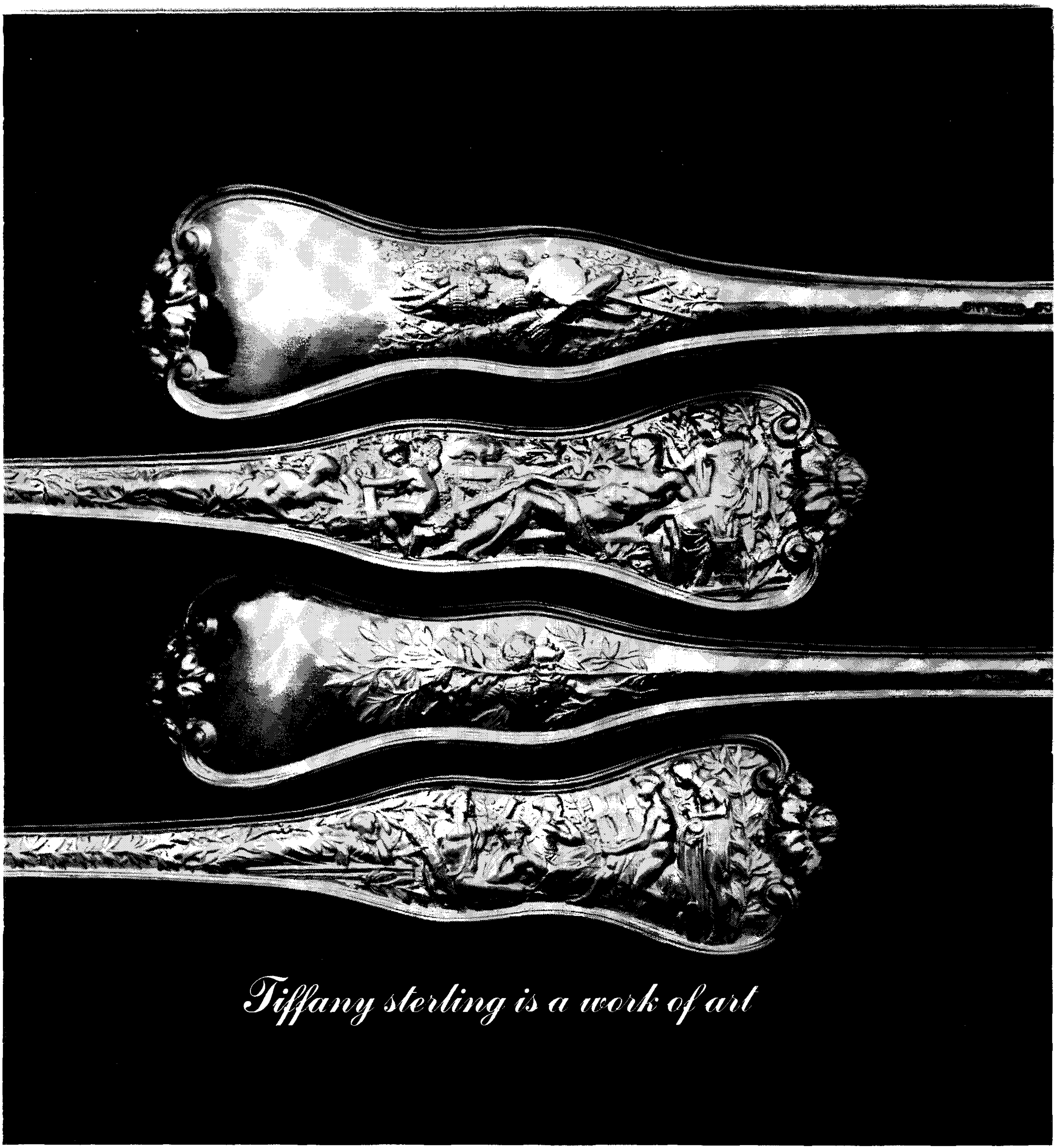
ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE—Duo piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

VIVIAN RIVKIN—Pianist, in a program of Schumann chamber music, with assisting artists. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. McGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Netherlands String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan



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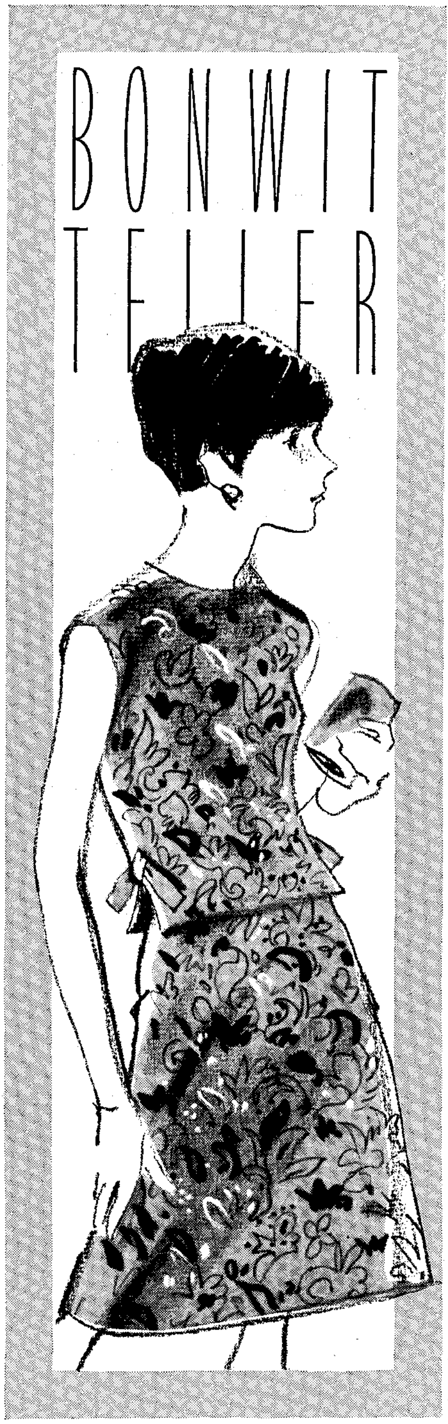

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Grace Bumbry—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Mirella Freni—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Note—The Vienna Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 15, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Edward Steuermann Memorial Concert—A benefit concert of music by Mr. Steuermann, performed by the Camerata Singers and members of the Orchestra of America, directed by Abraham Kaplan, with pianists Lorin Hollander, Russell Sherman, Howard Lebow, and Jacob Maxin. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Jazz Concert—"A Study in Percussion," with Max Roach, Art Blakey, Jo Jones, Roy Haynes, Louis Bellson, and others; Billy Taylor, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 13: Army vs. University of Wyoming, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, at Ohio Field (University Ave. and 181st St.), at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 20 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30.)

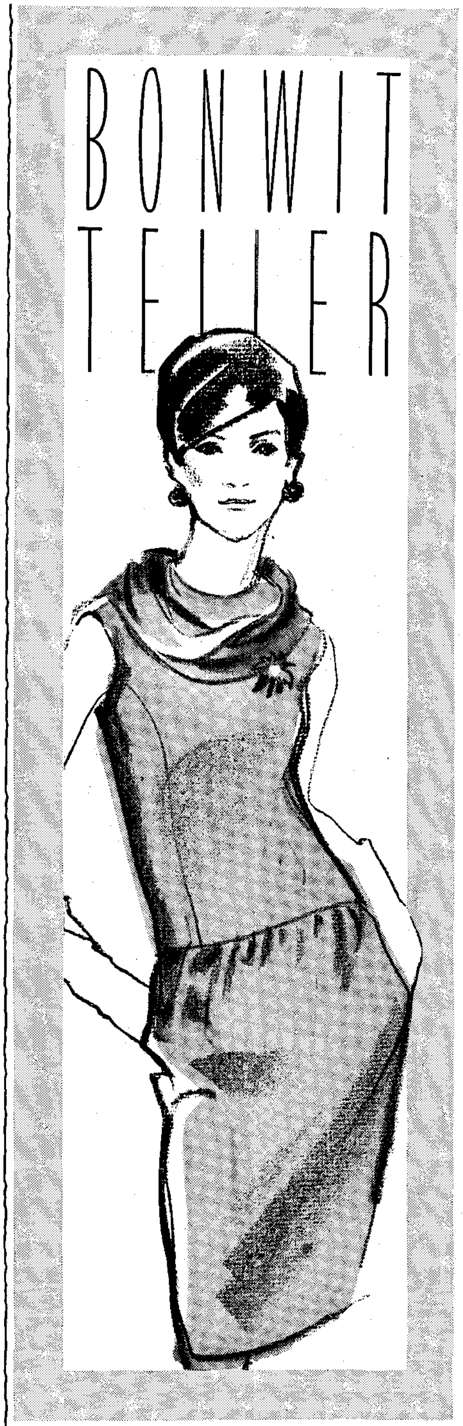
Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 13.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 11. The Vosburgh Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 11; the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 20. The Trenton Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 11, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Thursday, Nov. 11, at 12:30, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 1. The Washington, D.C., International, Thursday, Nov. 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "The Mikado," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Sunday, Nov. 14, at 3. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town



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Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 20, at noon and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Pecos Bill, King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.). . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.). . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **STORY TIME DANCE THEATRE:** "Aladdin." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.). . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 13-14, at 1:30 and 3. . . . ¶ "Aladdin," Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1:30 and 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.). . . ¶ Paintings by children of Hawaii; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Watchers of the Sky;" through Nov. 22. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Veterans' Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

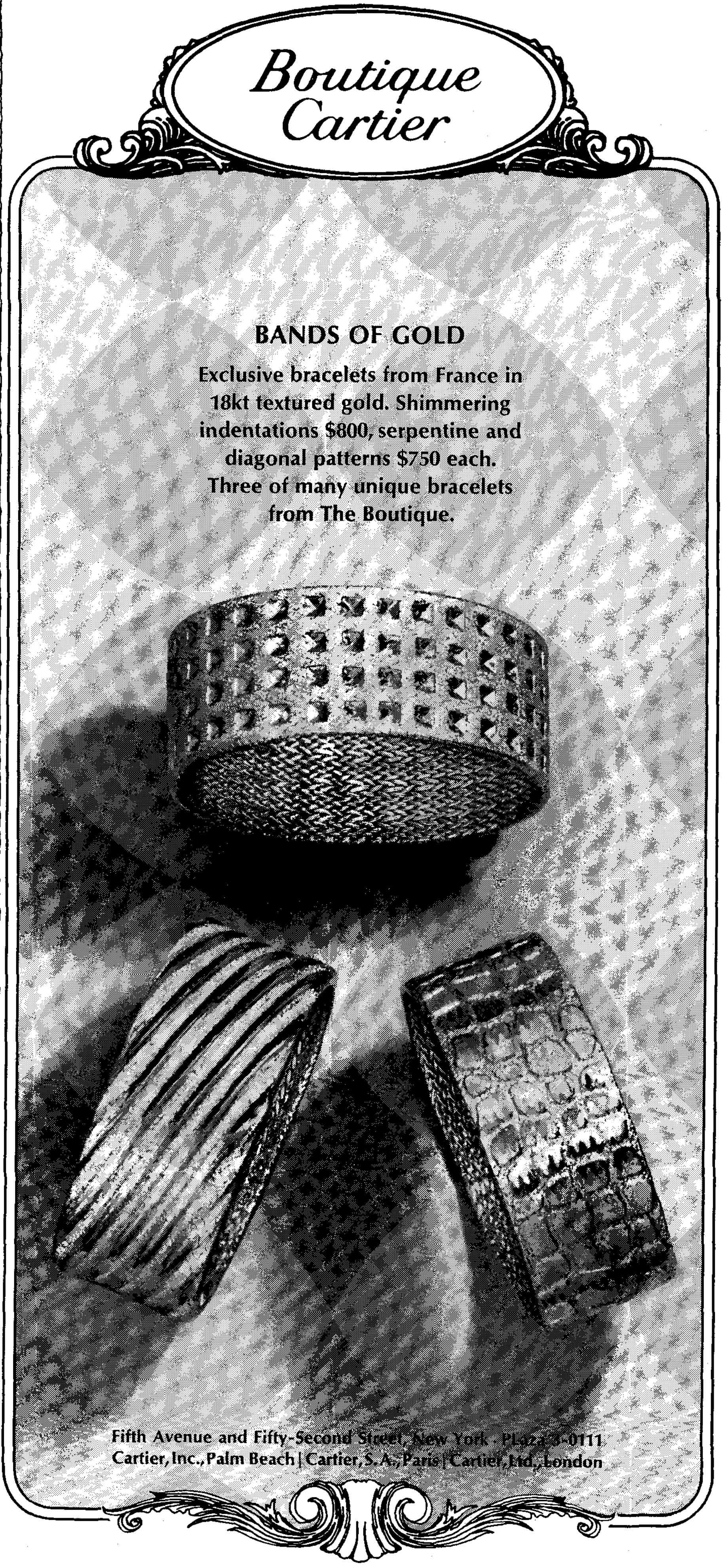
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Ben Belitt and Howard Nemerov reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 21.) . . . ¶ The Thanksgiving Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Nov. 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Nov. 12, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bernard Buffet, Kay Sage, Arthur Szyk, and José de Creeft; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 1:45: English and other furniture, Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty, decorations, and rugs; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 1:45: Rare books and manuscripts, belonging to the estate of Louis H. Silver. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 6: American paintings and drawings by John Marin, Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Albert Bierstadt, and others; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 13.



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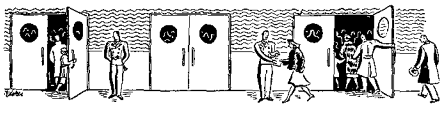
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—Slick mystification in the London mews, with Laurence Olivier, Keir Dullea, Carol Lynley, and Noël Coward. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Nov. 12-16.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A funny and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Ably directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Leather Boys—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Married Woman—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, recounted with pure cinematic elegance by the brilliant writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard. Macha Meril is the wife, Philippe Leroy the husband, and Bernard Noel the lover. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 17.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Not on Your Life—A Spanish comedy that, though it concerns an executioner and an undertaker, is extremely funny. The Spanish are like that. Ably directed by Luis Berlanga. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 16.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 16.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Nov. 11. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 17, tentative.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 17.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 12-15.)

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 16.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 11.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 17.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 16.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 12-14.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 16.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 11.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 16.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 16.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

La Notte (1962)—A portrait of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 11.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 12.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 17, tentative.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 13-15.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 12-15. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 17.)

Sayonara (1957)—The American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme. Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 16-17.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 11. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 16.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 12-15.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 16.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 13-15.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; starting Nov. 15.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd—Through Nov. 14: "The Docks of New York" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 15: "The Independent Film, Selections from the *Film-Makers' Co-operative*." (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.). . . **gallery of modern art,** 2 Columbus Circle—The last two programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin," showings at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30. Nov. 11: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914), "Triple Trouble" (1917), and "The Cure" (1917). Nov. 12-14: "Carmen" (1916), "His Prehistoric Past" (1914), "Police" (1916), and "The Adventurer" (1917). . . . ¶ The first three programs in a series of Argentine films, directed by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Nov. 16, at 2:30: "End of Innocence" (1960). Nov. 16, at 5:30: "The Fall" (1961). Nov. 17, at 2:30 and 5:30: "End of Innocence" (1960). . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 15: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Nov. 16: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 16: **DINNER AT EIGHT,** revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Nov. 17: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 16: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Nov. 17 (tentative): **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Nov. 11: "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson; and "Naughty Marietta," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
Nov. 12-13: "Sweethearts," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
Nov. 14-15: "The Merry Widow," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier; and "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
Nov. 16-17: "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "Rose Marie," revival, Ann Blyth, Howard Keel.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 15: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Nov. 16: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Nov. 14: "The Railroad Man" (in Italian), Pietro Germi.
From Nov. 15: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW,** revival; and "The Amorous General" (formerly called "Waltz of the Toreadors"), revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
NOTHING BUT A MAN, revival.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Nov. 11: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 12-14: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
Nov. 15: "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Genevieve," revival, John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan.
Nov. 16: **AMERICA AMERICA,** revival; and **A FACE IN THE CROWD,** revival.
Nov. 17: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 16: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Nov. 17: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 16: **THE PAWNBROKER;** and **THE SERVANT,** revival.
From Nov. 17 (tentative): **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY,** revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
CASANOVA '70; and "Blood and Black Lace," Cameron Mitchell.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 16: "The Nanny," Bette Davis.
From Nov. 17: "King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 11: **THE SERVANT,** revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
Nov. 12-15: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From Nov. 16: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ZORBA THE GREEK; and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Nov. 11: **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and "Faces in the Dark," John Gregson.
Nov. 12-16: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING;** and "Backfire," Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
From Nov. 17: "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman; and another feature, to be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 16: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Nov. 17: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Madam White Snake" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE LEATHER BOYS.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Eleanor Roosevelt Story," a documentary film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Nov. 13: "Alphaville" (in French), Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.
From Nov. 14: "Swedish Wedding Night" (in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 12: **ONE-EYED JACKS,** revival; and "Bedtime Story," revival, Marlon Brando, David Niven.
Nov. 13-15: **VIVA ZAPATA!,** revival; and **ON THE WATERFRONT,** revival.
Nov. 16-17: **SAYONARA,** revival; and "The Men," revival, Teresa Wright, Marlon Brando.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian); and "Blood and Black Lace," Cameron Mitchell.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 11: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
Nov. 12-15: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 16: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 16: **NOT ON YOUR LIFE** (in Spanish); and "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.
From Nov. 17: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

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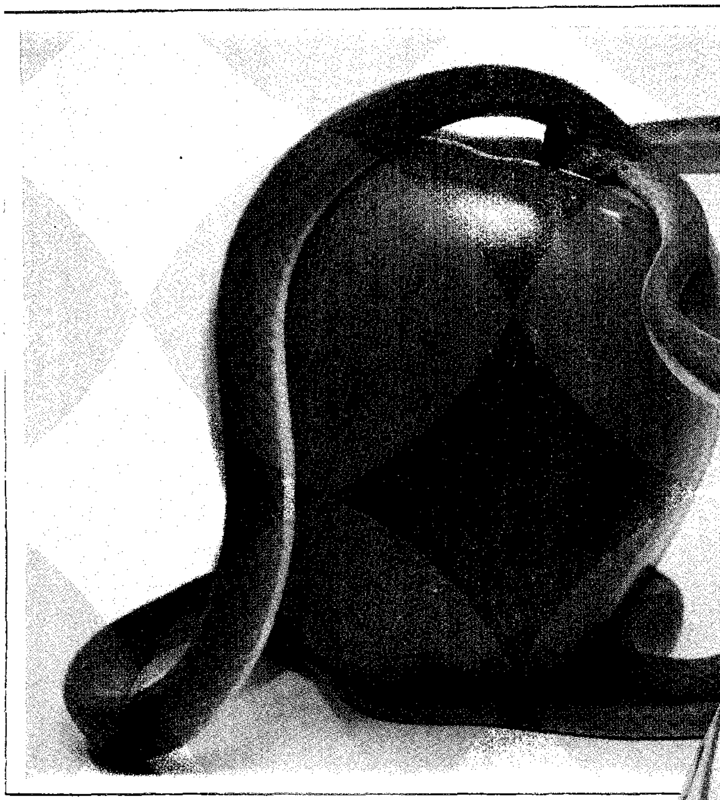

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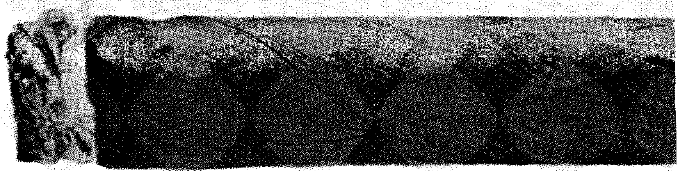

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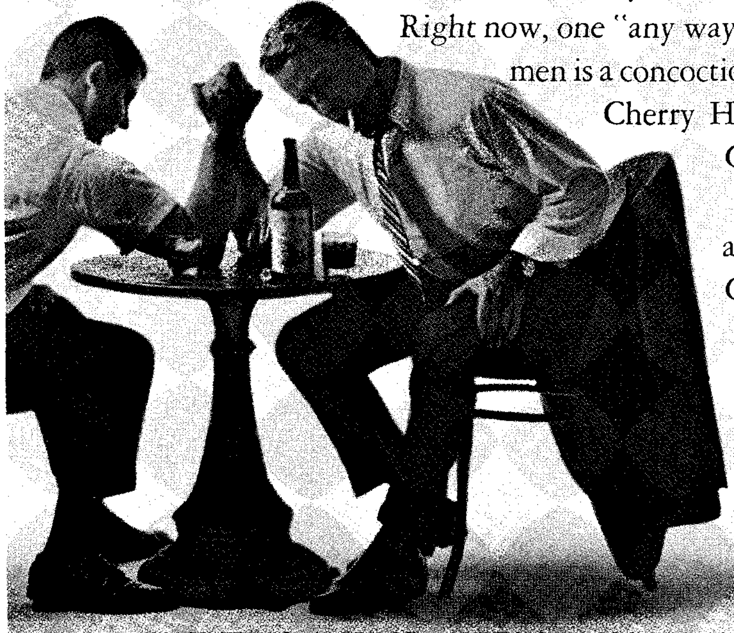

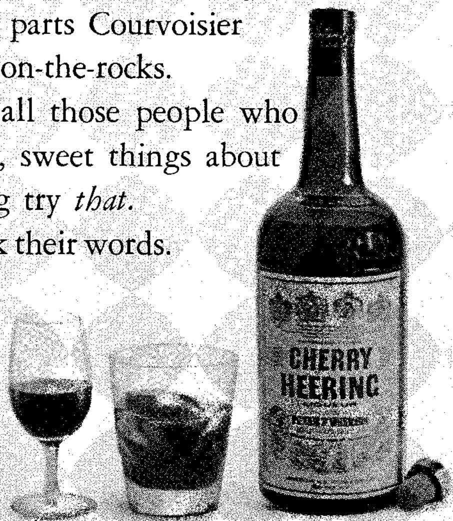

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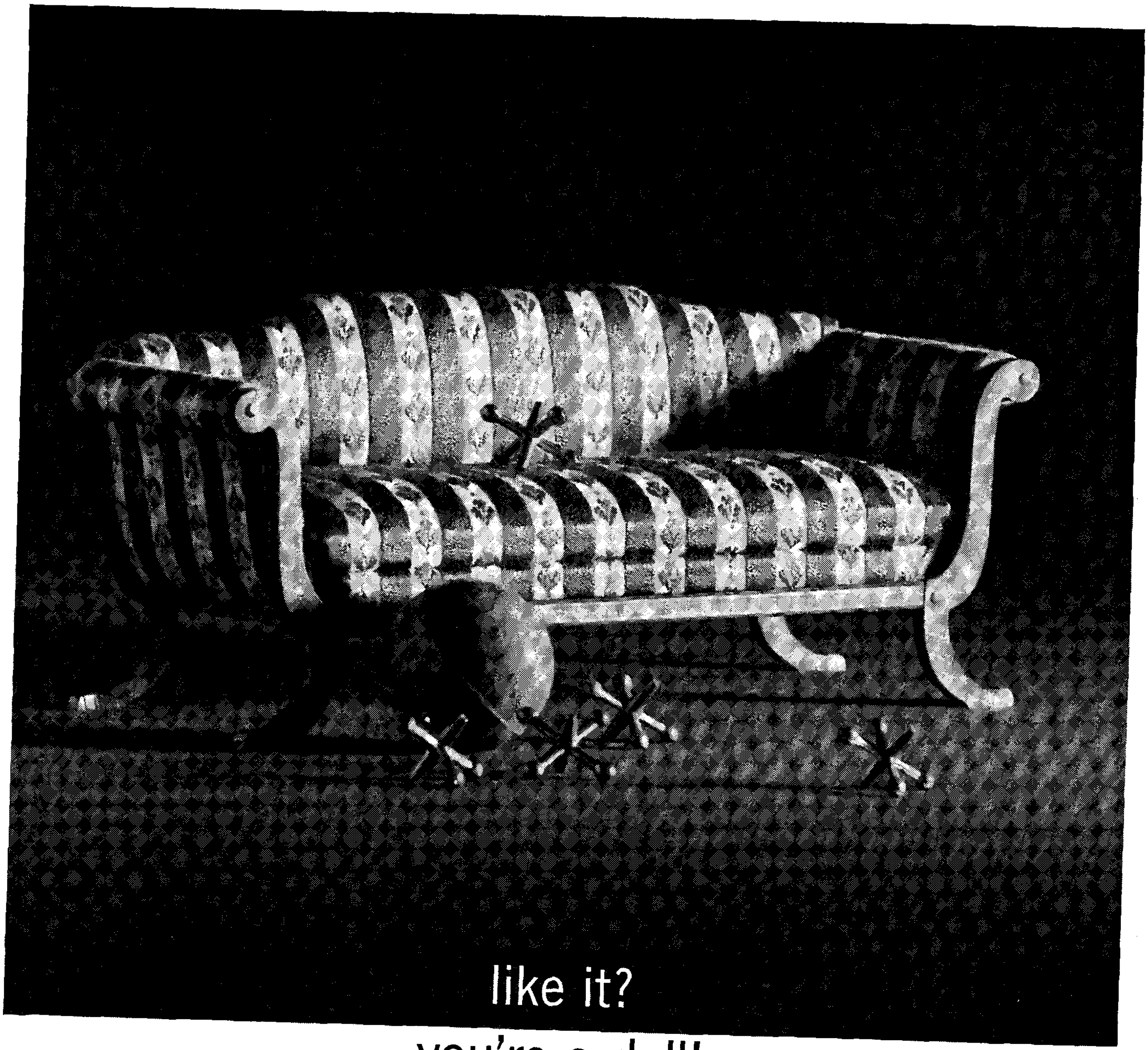

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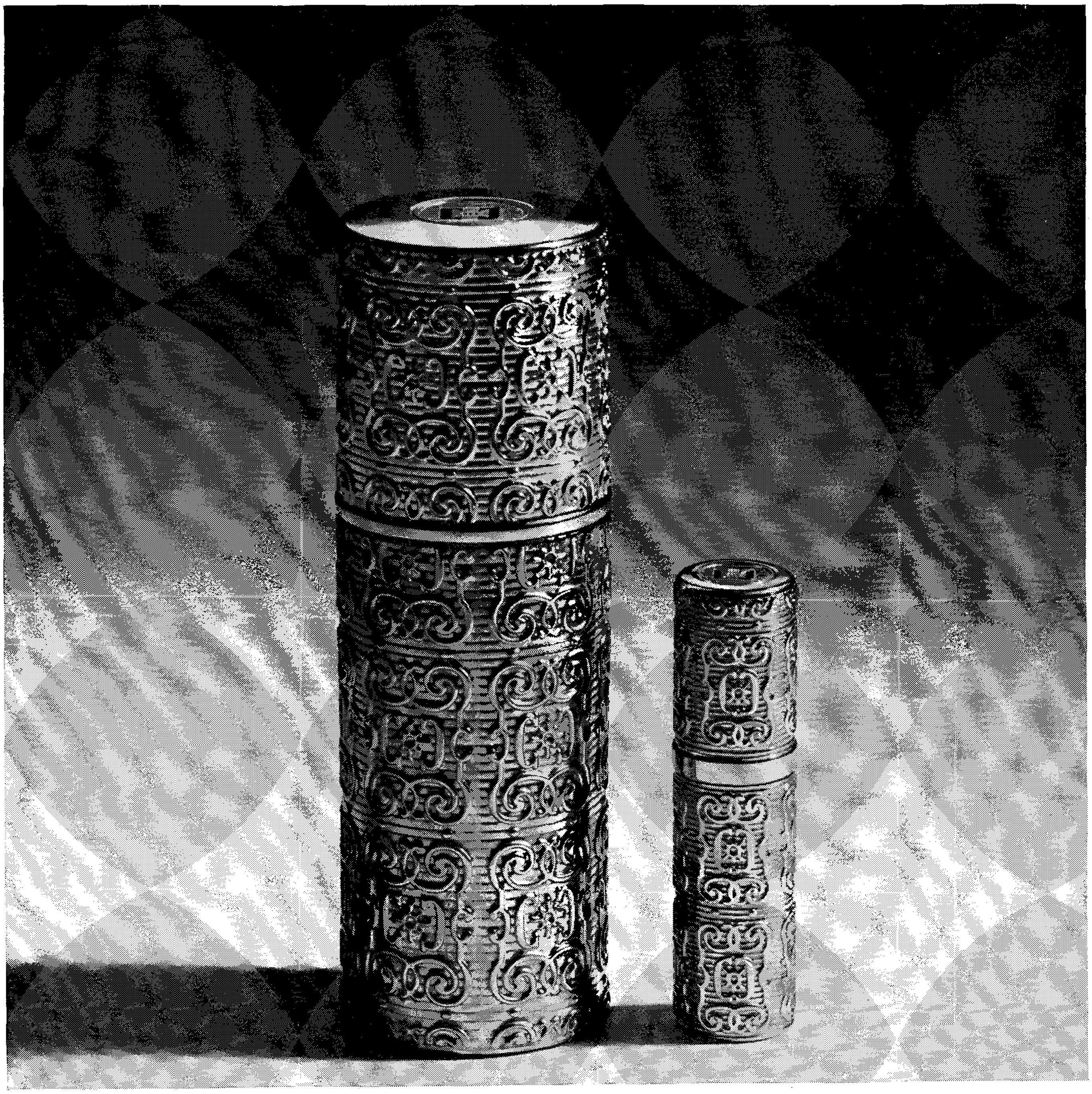

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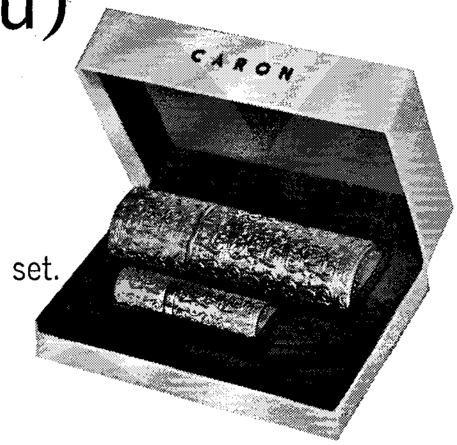

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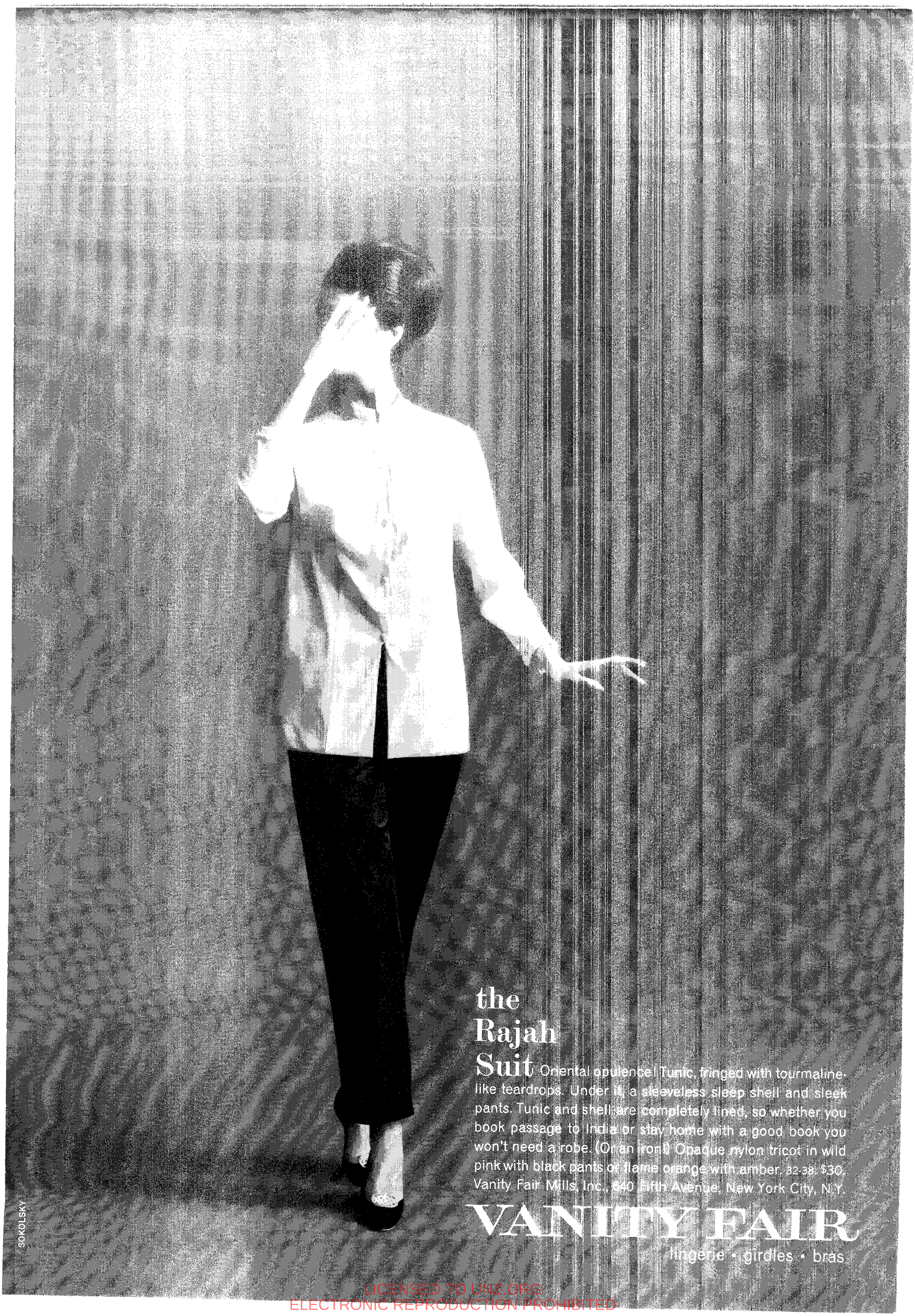

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Oriental opulence! Tunic, fringed with tourmaline-like teardrops. Under it, a sleeveless sleep shell and sleek pants. Tunic and shell are completely lined, so whether you book passage to India or stay home with a good book you won't need a robe. (Or an iron!) Opaque nylon tricot in wild pink with black pants or flame orange with amber. 32-38. $30. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

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When you buy a luxury car, you have every right to expect a better-than-average warranty. But if you do, you'll be wrong 2 times out of 3.

Imperial is the only luxury automobile to offer the full protection of a 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty.*

Throughout the Imperial you'll find equal contrast with other luxury cars.

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Imperial's automatic transmission is another example. It's generally acknowledged to be the most highly developed in the industry—the result of 27 years of refinement.

Even the front seat in Imperial's 4-door models is unique. It starts out as a 5-foot sofa. But also becomes private armchairs, side by side.

Each is adjustable for completely personalized comfort. And when the passenger touches the lever at his side, his chair reclines into a chaise lounge.

We haven't even touched upon Imperial's standard luxuries (automatic transmission, power steering and brakes, power windows and vents).

Or its thoughtful touches, such as a master gauge that watches the other gauges for you. Interiors paneled with inlays of 100-year-old claro walnut. And so on.

Thus, only a visit to our dealer in your locale is adequate to fully demonstrate Imperial's superiorities over the other luxury cars.

If you want more information before you act, send for our 20-page catalog. Imperial Division, Office No. 5E-4, P.O. Box 1658, Detroit, Michigan 48231.

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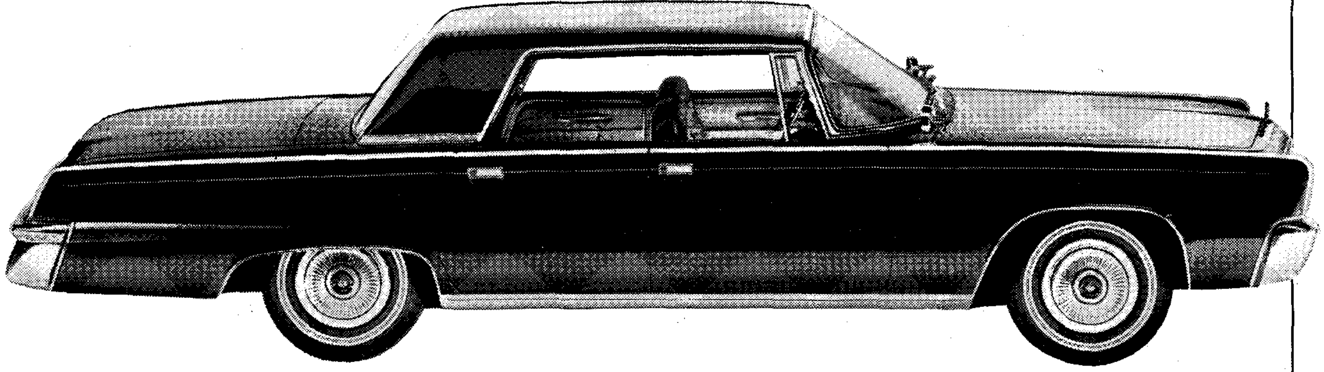

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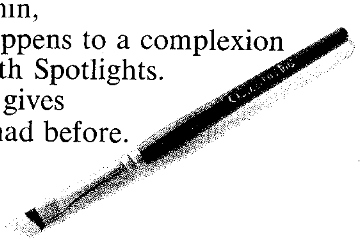
If a buttercup can throw a glowing reflection
when it's cupped under a chin,
just see what happens to a complexion
when it's brushed with Spotlights.
Our new pearl-like liquid gives
a make-up highlights it has never had before.



Spotlights, 5.00 at fine stores.

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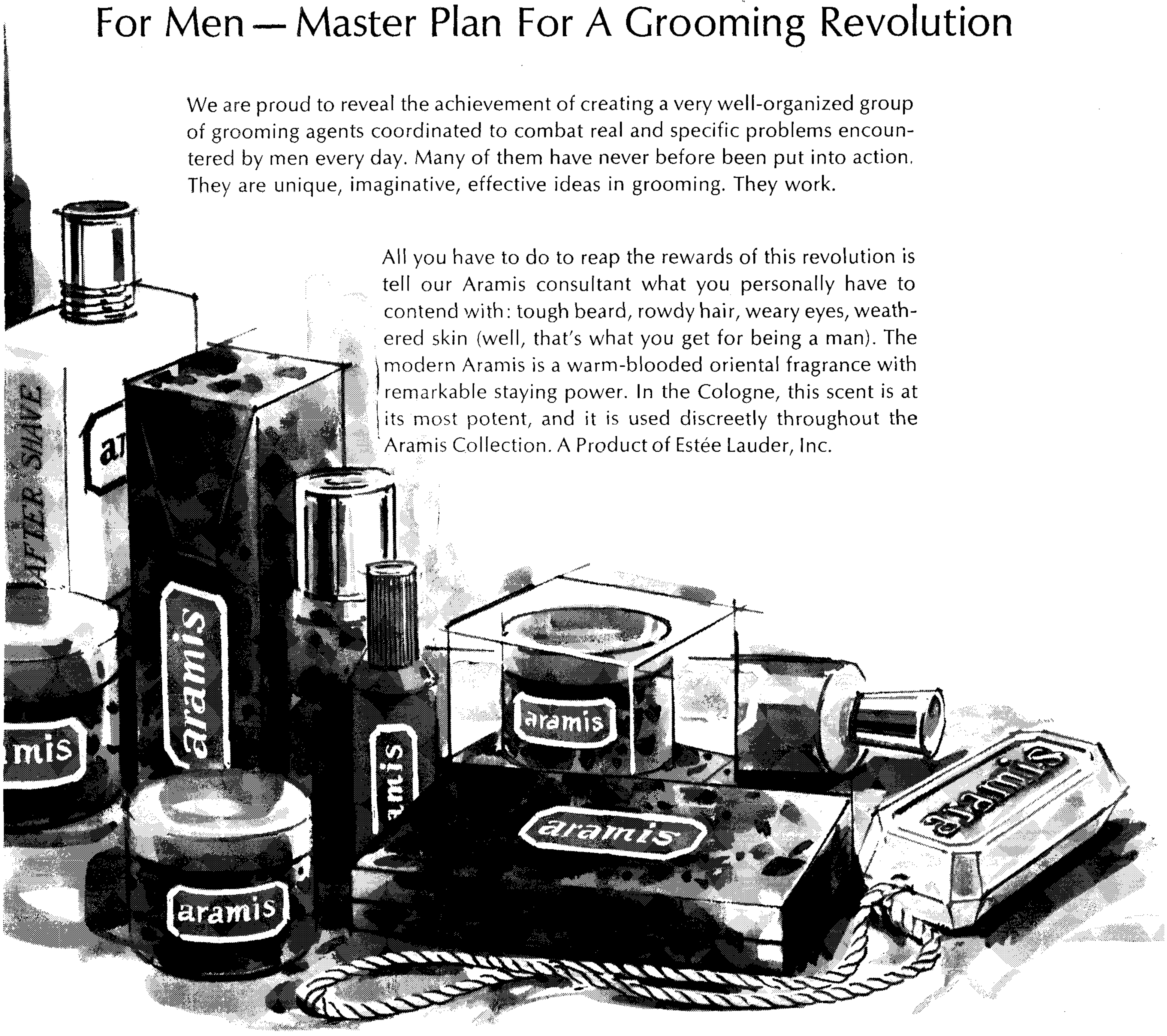
We are proud to reveal the achievement of creating a very well-organized group of grooming agents coordinated to combat real and specific problems encountered by men every day. Many of them have never before been put into action. They are unique, imaginative, effective ideas in grooming. They work.

All you have to do to reap the rewards of this revolution is tell our Aramis consultant what you personally have to contend with: tough beard, rowdy hair, weary eyes, weathered skin (well, that's what you get for being a man). The modern Aramis is a warm-blooded oriental fragrance with remarkable staying power. In the Cologne, this scent is at its most potent, and it is used discreetly throughout the Aramis Collection. A Product of Estée Lauder, Inc.



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No other tape recorder offers
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at so low a price

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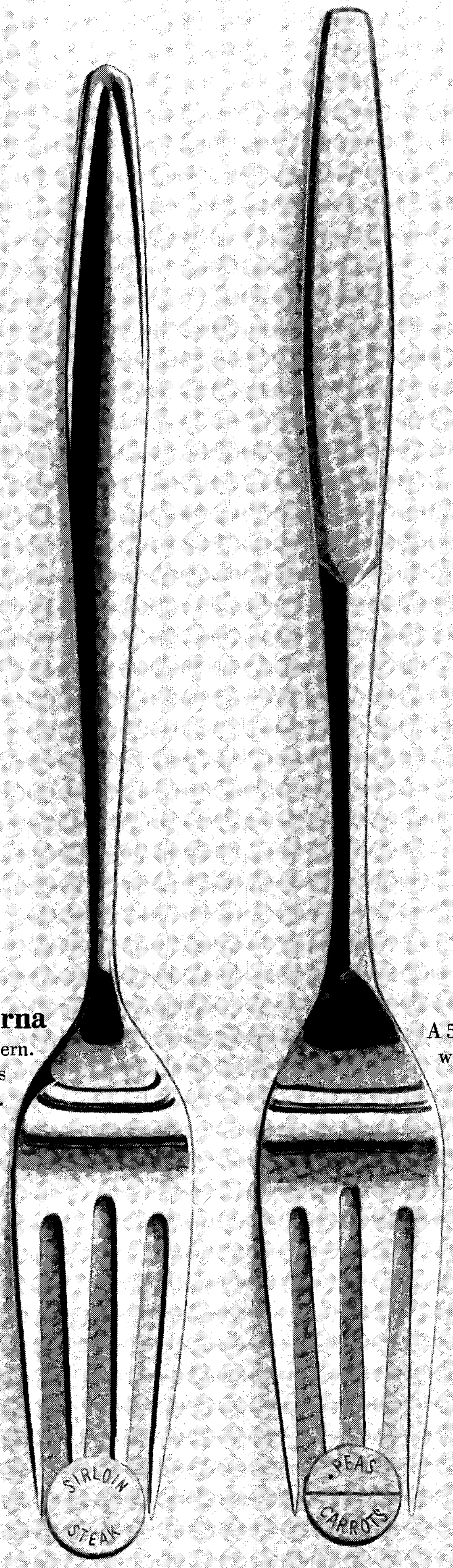

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Our new stainless steel patterns aren't modern. They're neo-supersonic. Yet mere earthlings can appreciate their pure simplicity of design. Design that will fit right in with any table setting you can dream up. Now. Or in 1984.

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Try being more of a woman.

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for the woman who knows
EMERAUDE parfum de **COTY**

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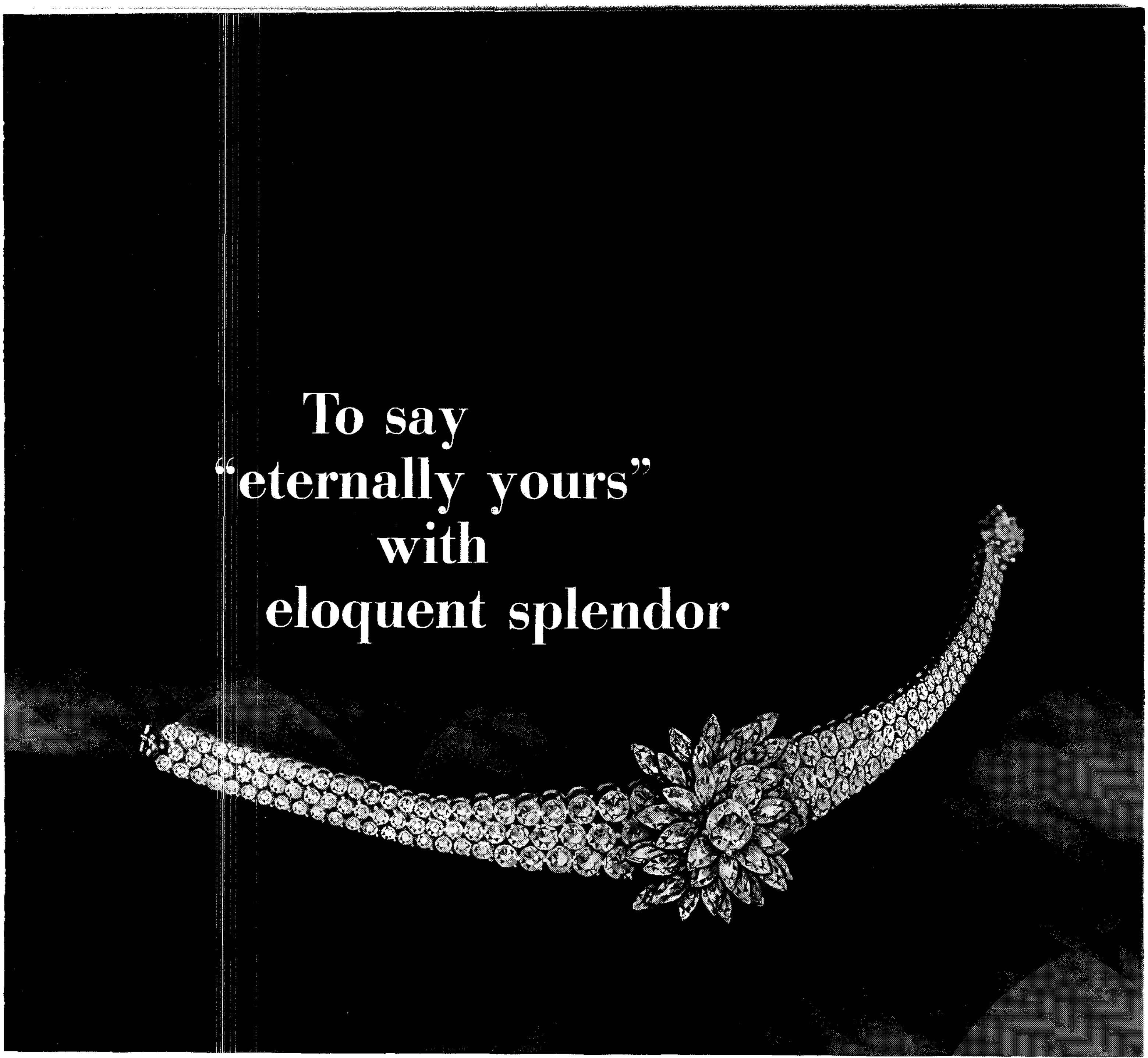

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Designed for one woman in a million, this bracelet watch makes all others pale by comparison. Its incomparable beauty is heightened by the fiery shimmer of 32 marquise-shaped and 165 full-cut diamonds...each one carefully selected and perfectly matched. Such design-leadership affirms why Omega has been the proud recipient of many *Diamonds International Awards.* Nestled beneath the center cluster of diamonds is one of Omega's finest watches. A masterpiece of timekeeping craftsmanship... with hand applied, sculptured hour-markers of 18K gold. There are sound reasons for the superiority of Omega. Its high-precision and design-distinction are the result of meticulous attention to microscopic details. Produced slowly and with infinite care, every Omega movement undergoes 1497 separate quality-control checks from blueprint to final assembly. The lubricating oil is the world's costliest ($2000 per gallon) assuring minimum friction of parts and maximum longevity. This rare example of jewelry craftsmanship and superb watchmaking can be viewed only by appointment in the showrooms of authorized Omega agencies. The complete Omega collection includes watches for men and women from $65 to $15,000. For names and addresses of nearest dealer, please write Omega, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

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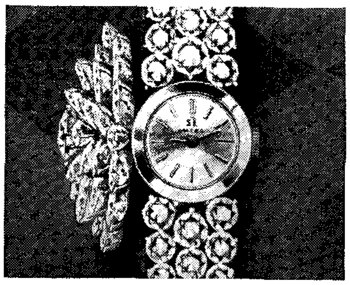

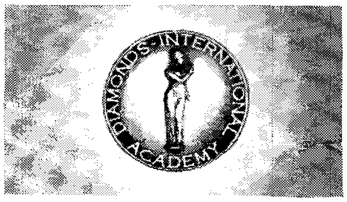

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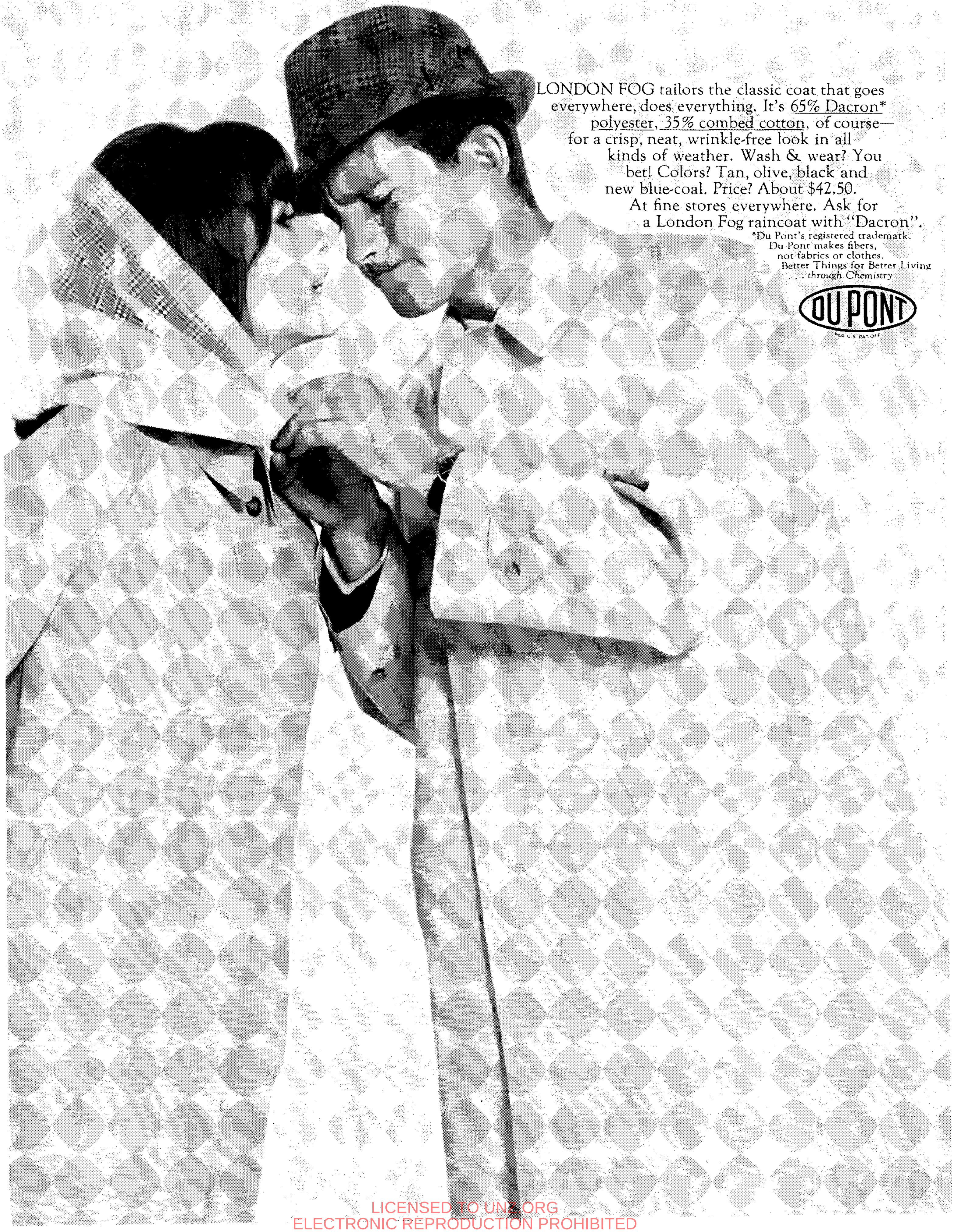

LONDON FOG tailors the classic coat that goes everywhere, does everything. It's 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton, of course—for a crisp, neat, wrinkle-free look in all kinds of weather. Wash & wear? You bet! Colors? Tan, olive, black and new blue-coal. Price? About $42.50. At fine stores everywhere. Ask for a London Fog raincoat with "Dacron".

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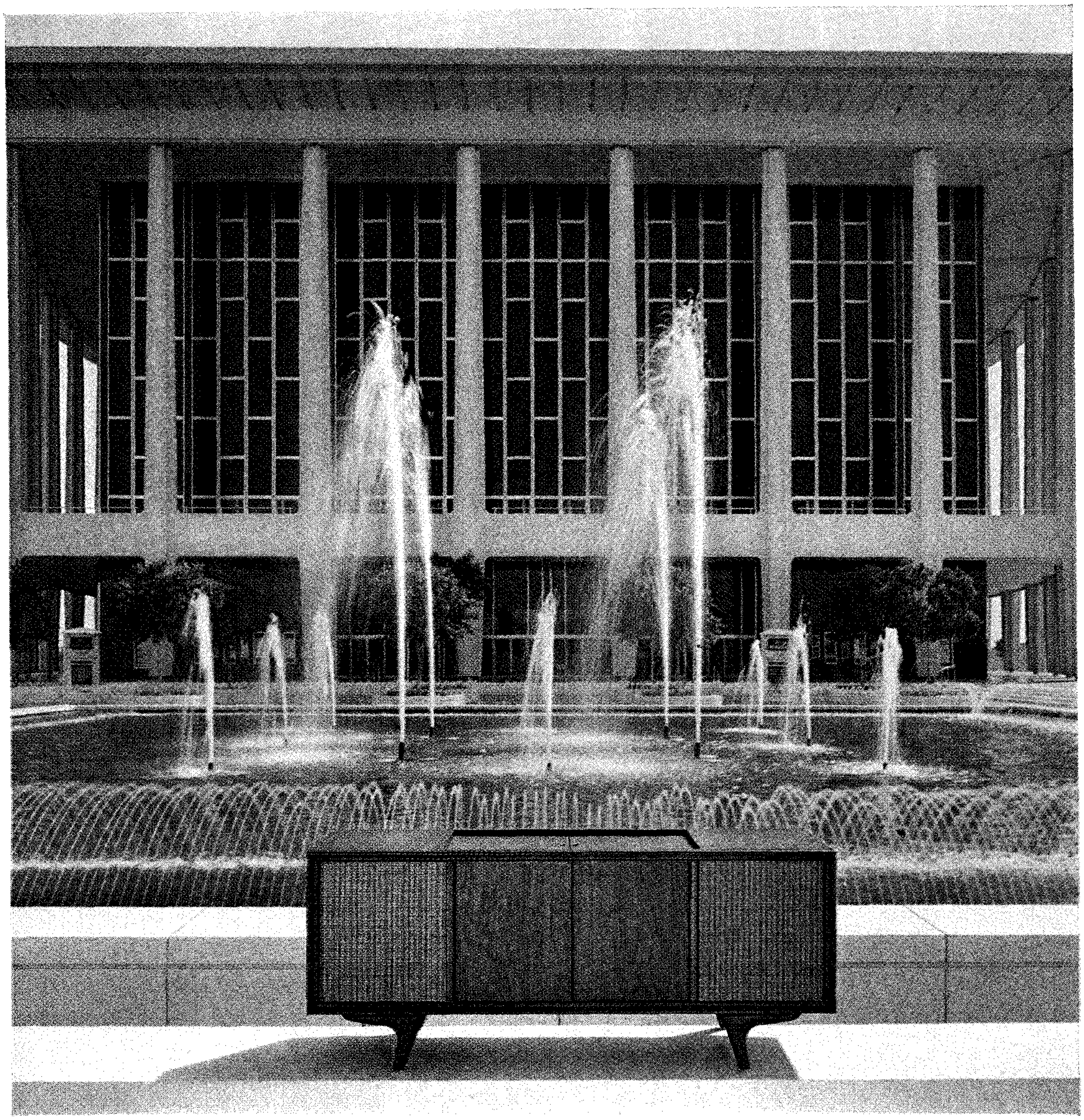

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RCA Victor Stereo...for realism that rivals the concert hall

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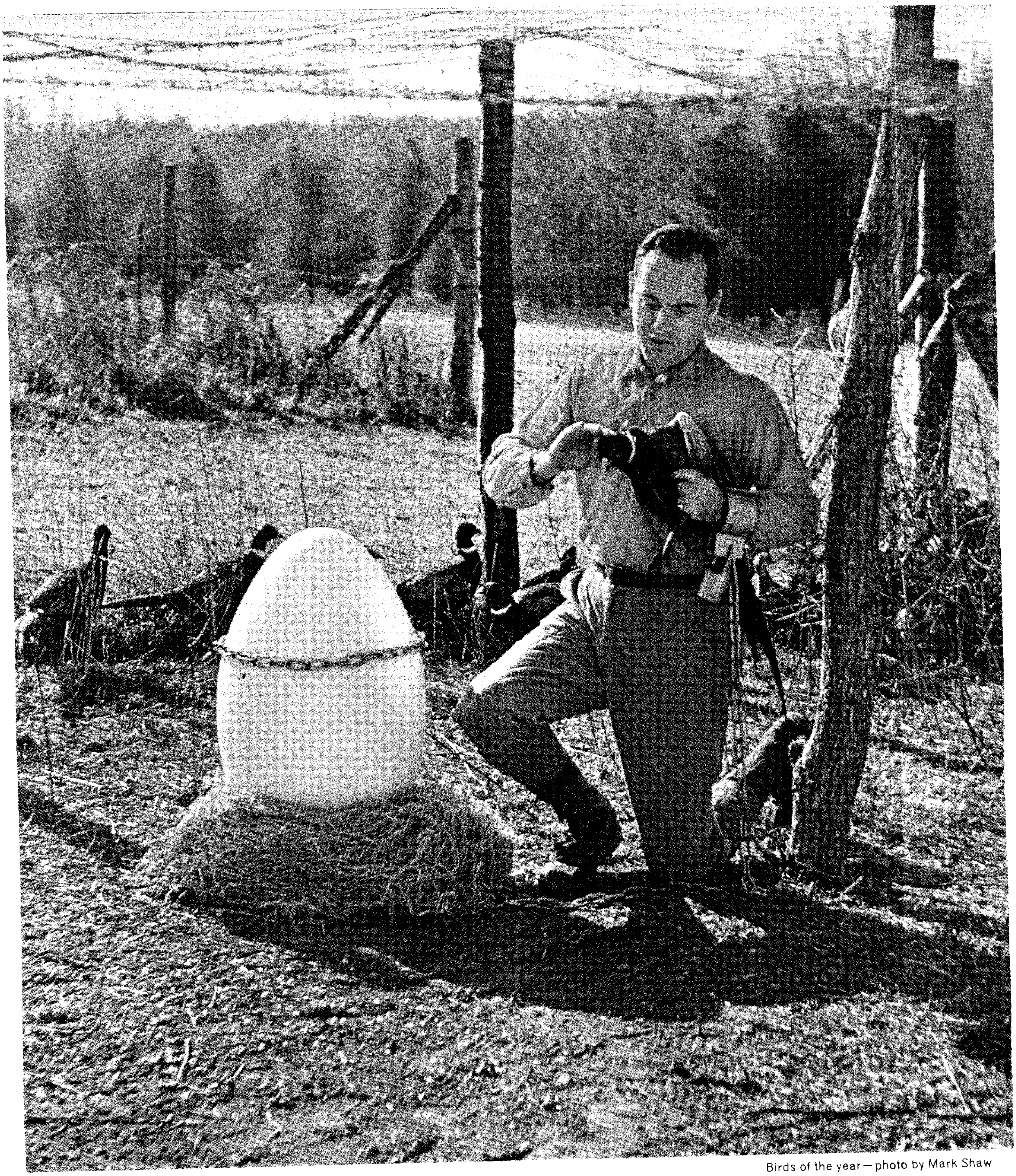Birds of the year—photo by Mark Shaw

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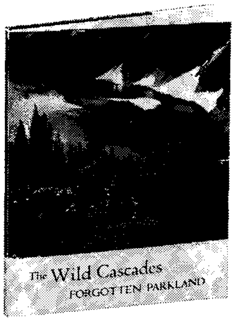
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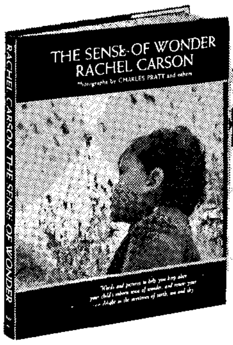
FORGOTTEN PARKLAND

EDWIN WAY TEALE
Wandering Through Winter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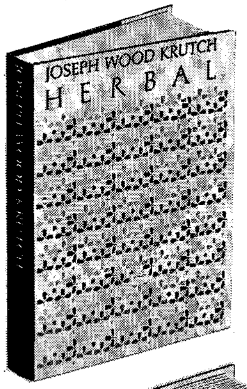
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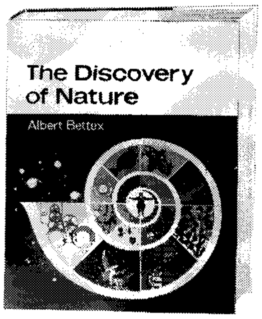
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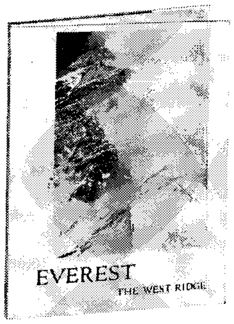
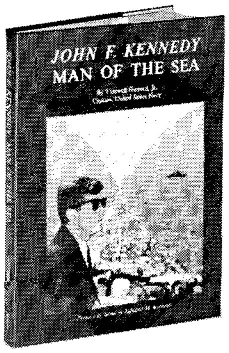
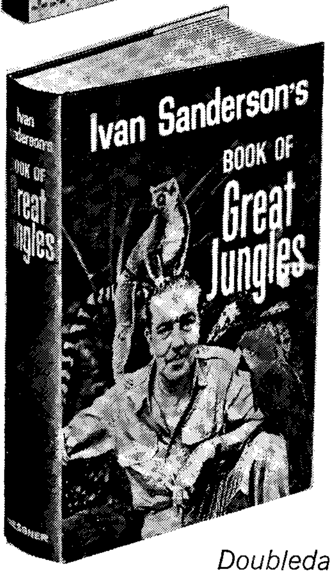

EVEREST
THE WEST RIDGE


JOHN F. KENNEDY
MAN OF THE SEA

Not Man Apart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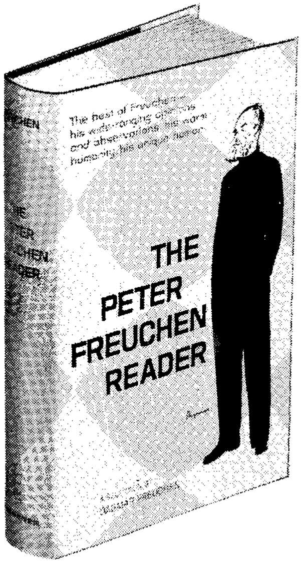
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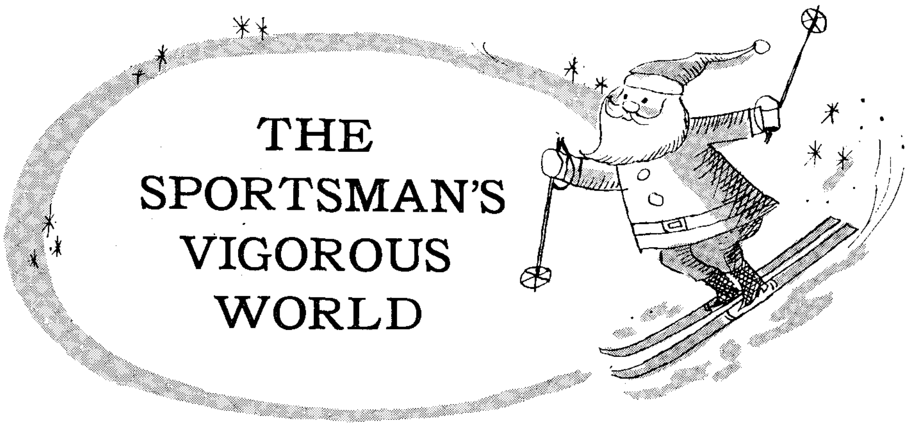

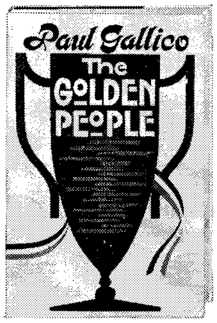

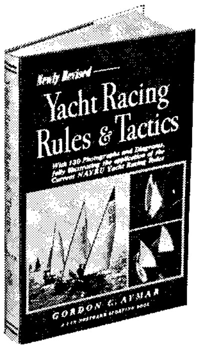

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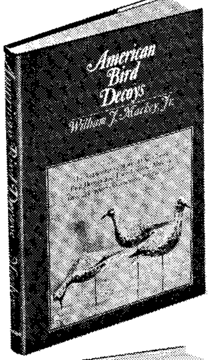

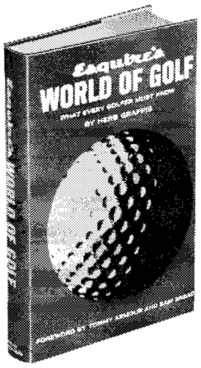

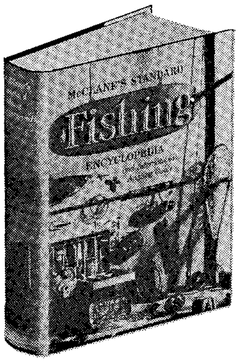

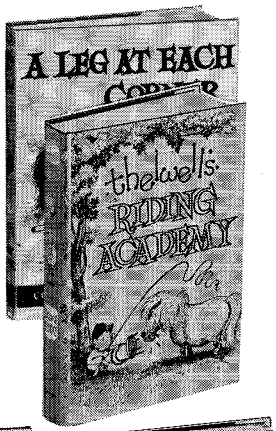

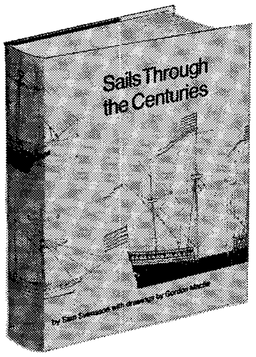

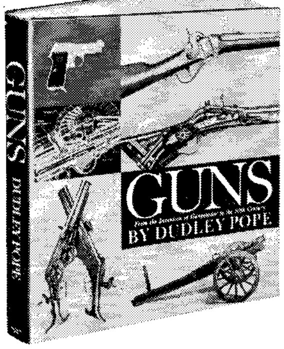

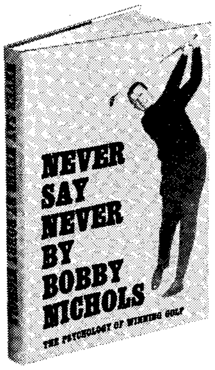

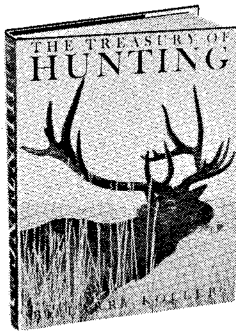

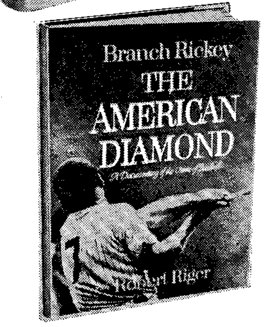

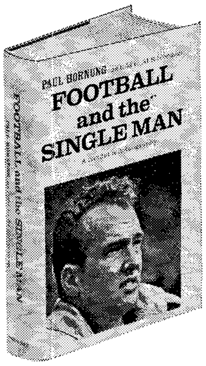

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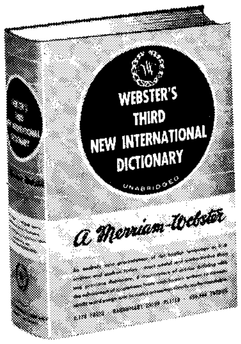
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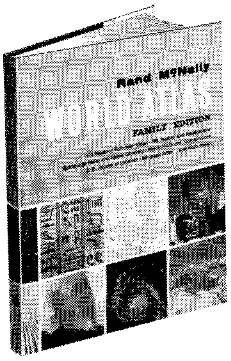
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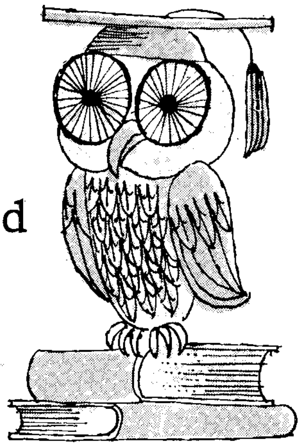

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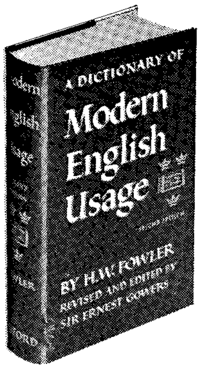
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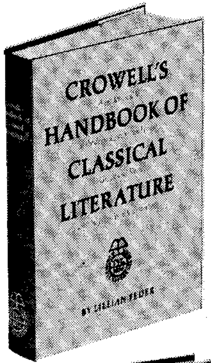
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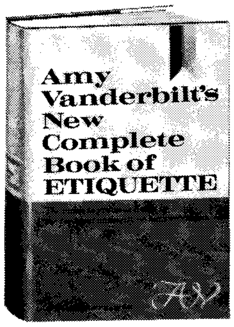
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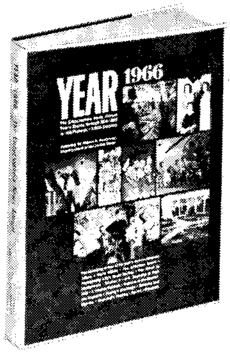

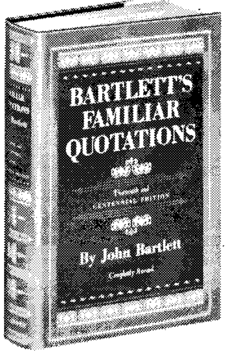
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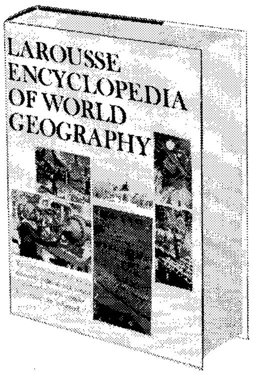
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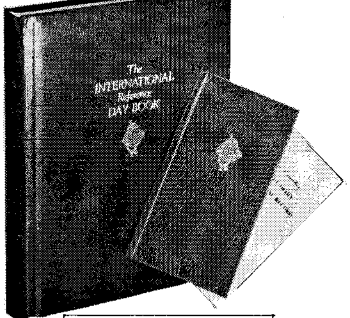
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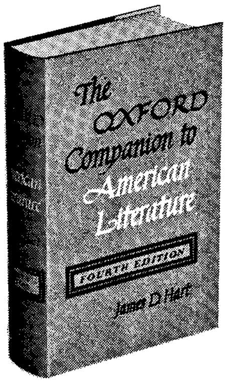
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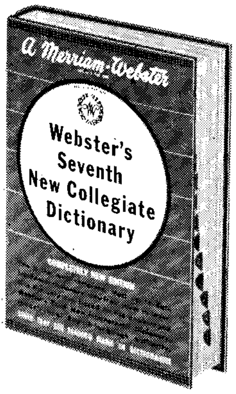
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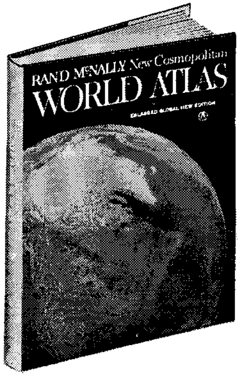
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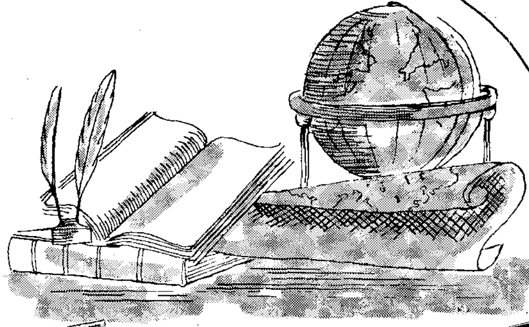

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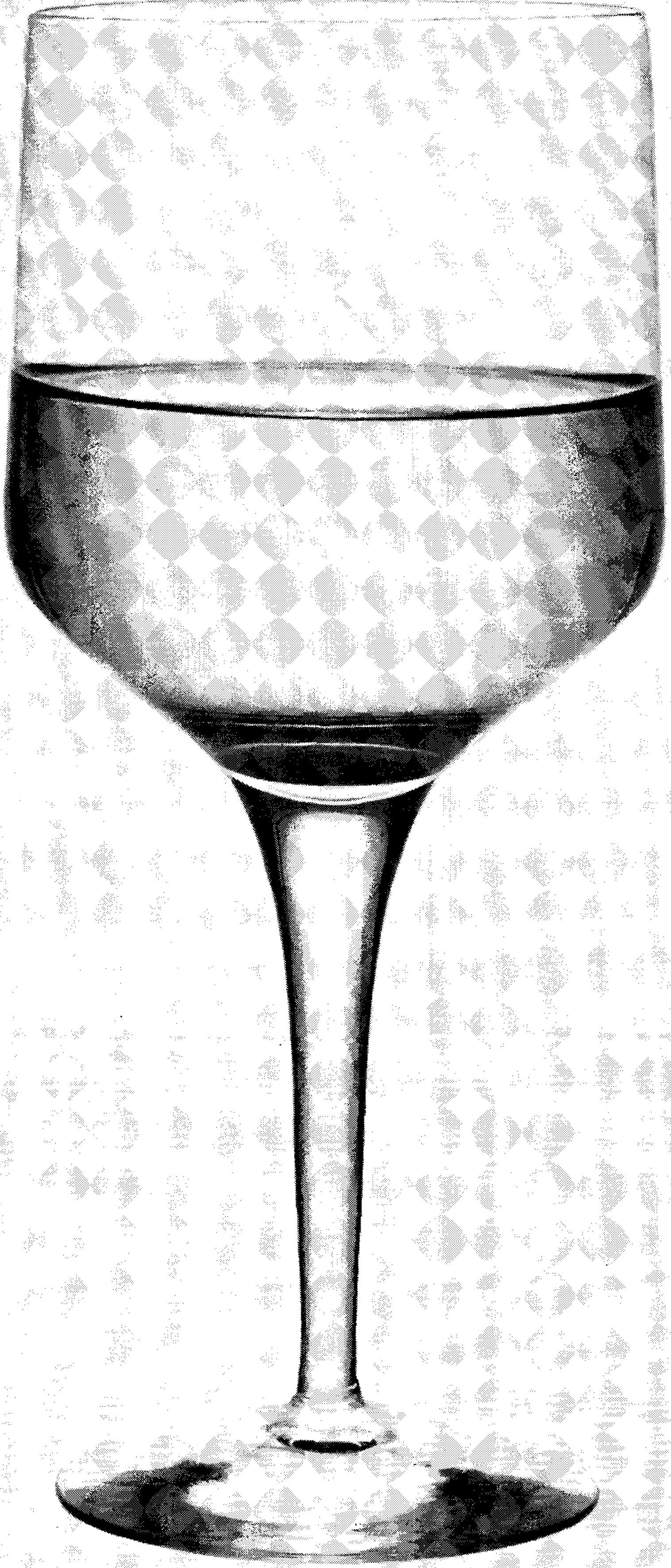

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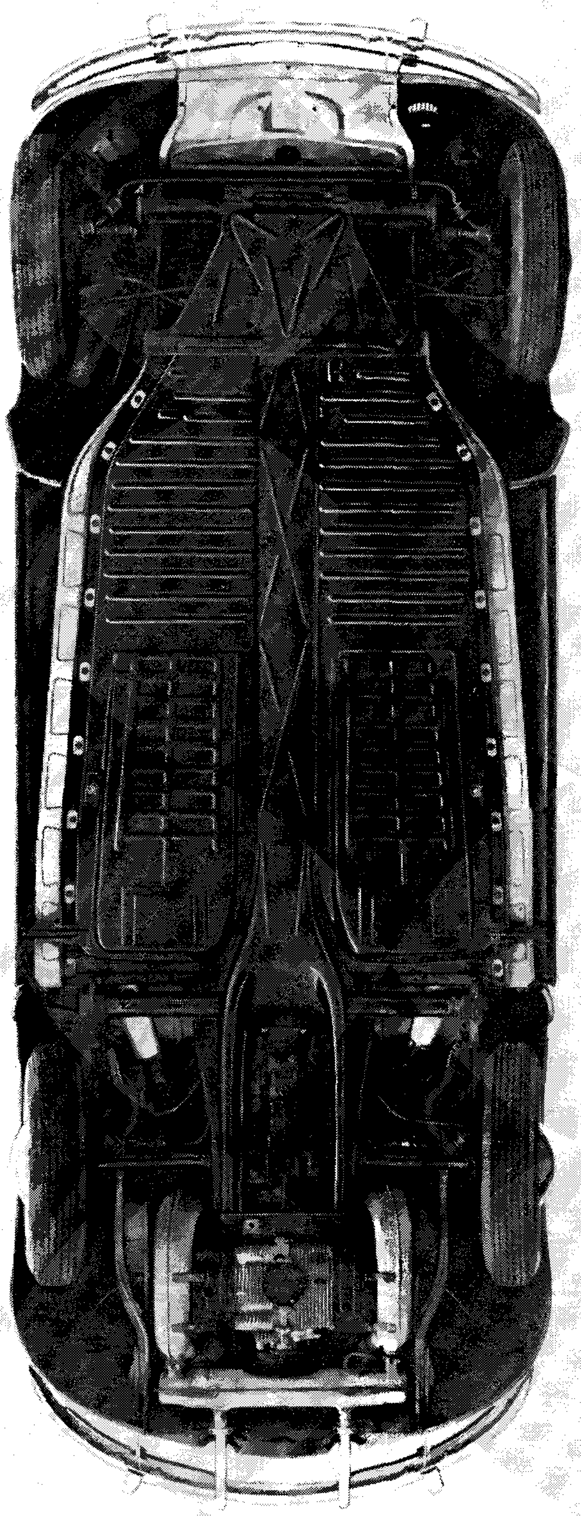

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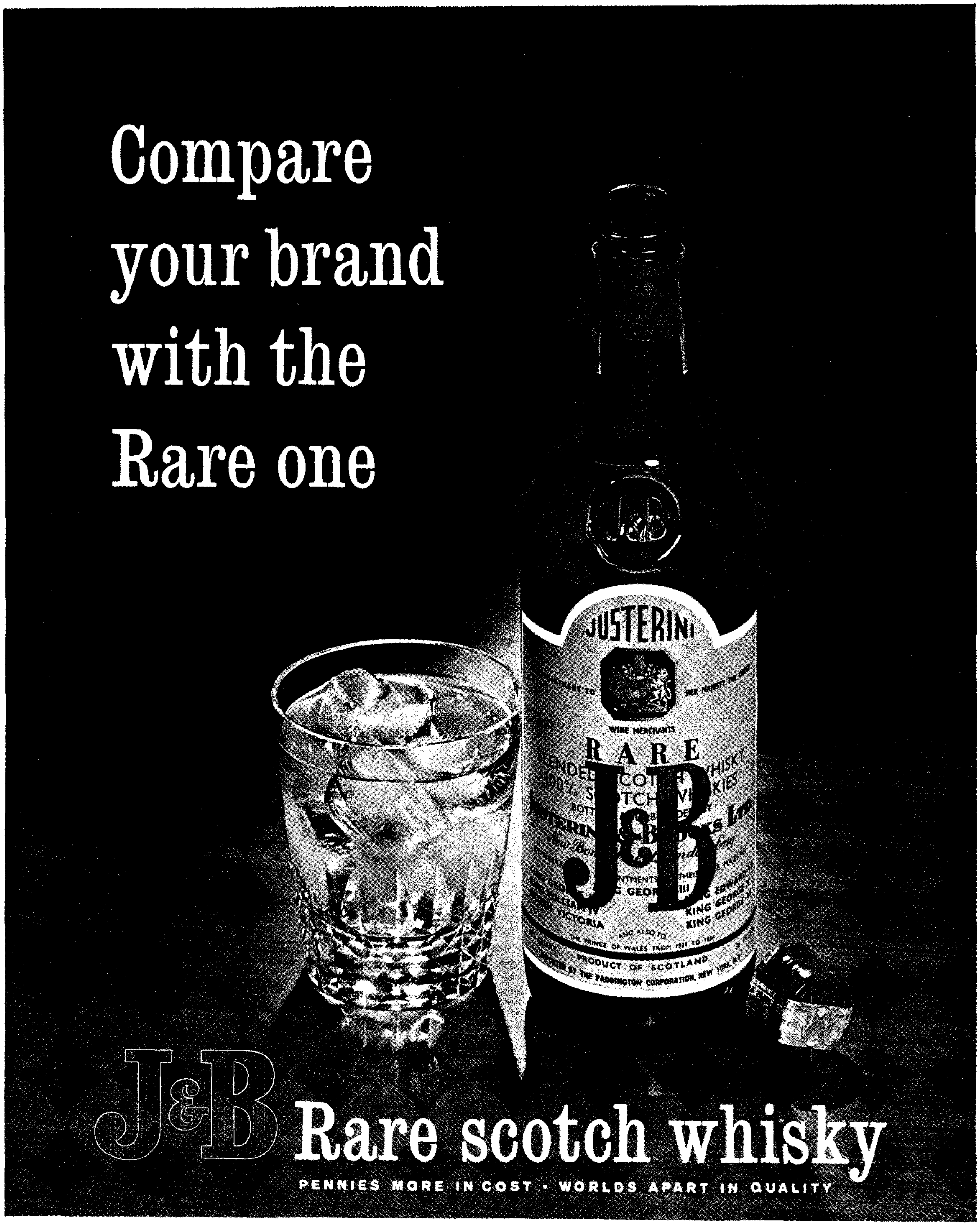
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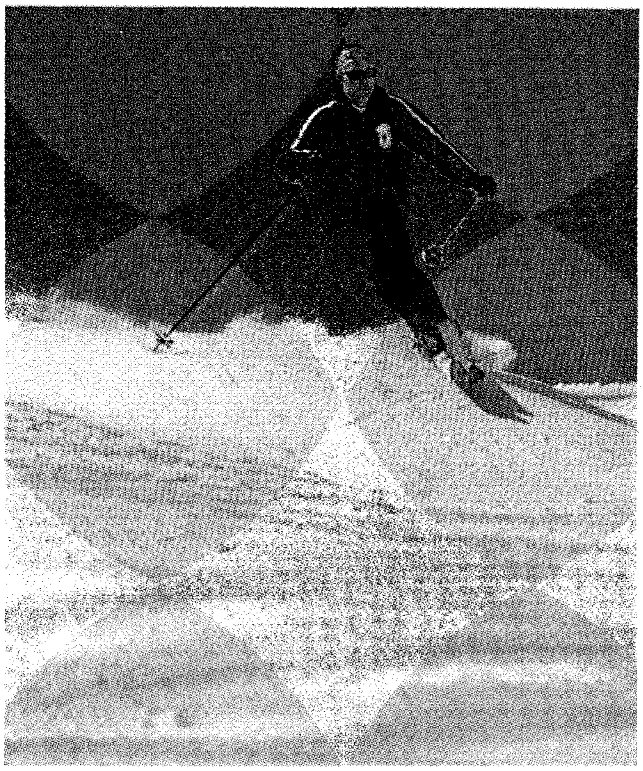

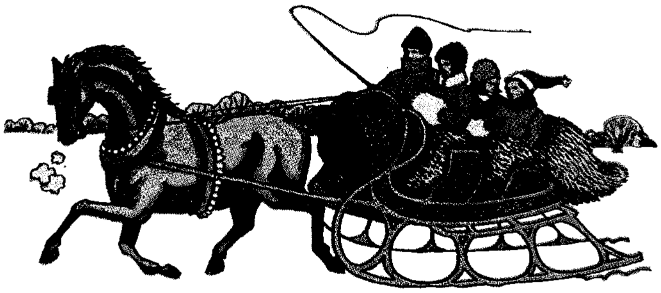

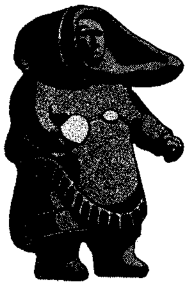

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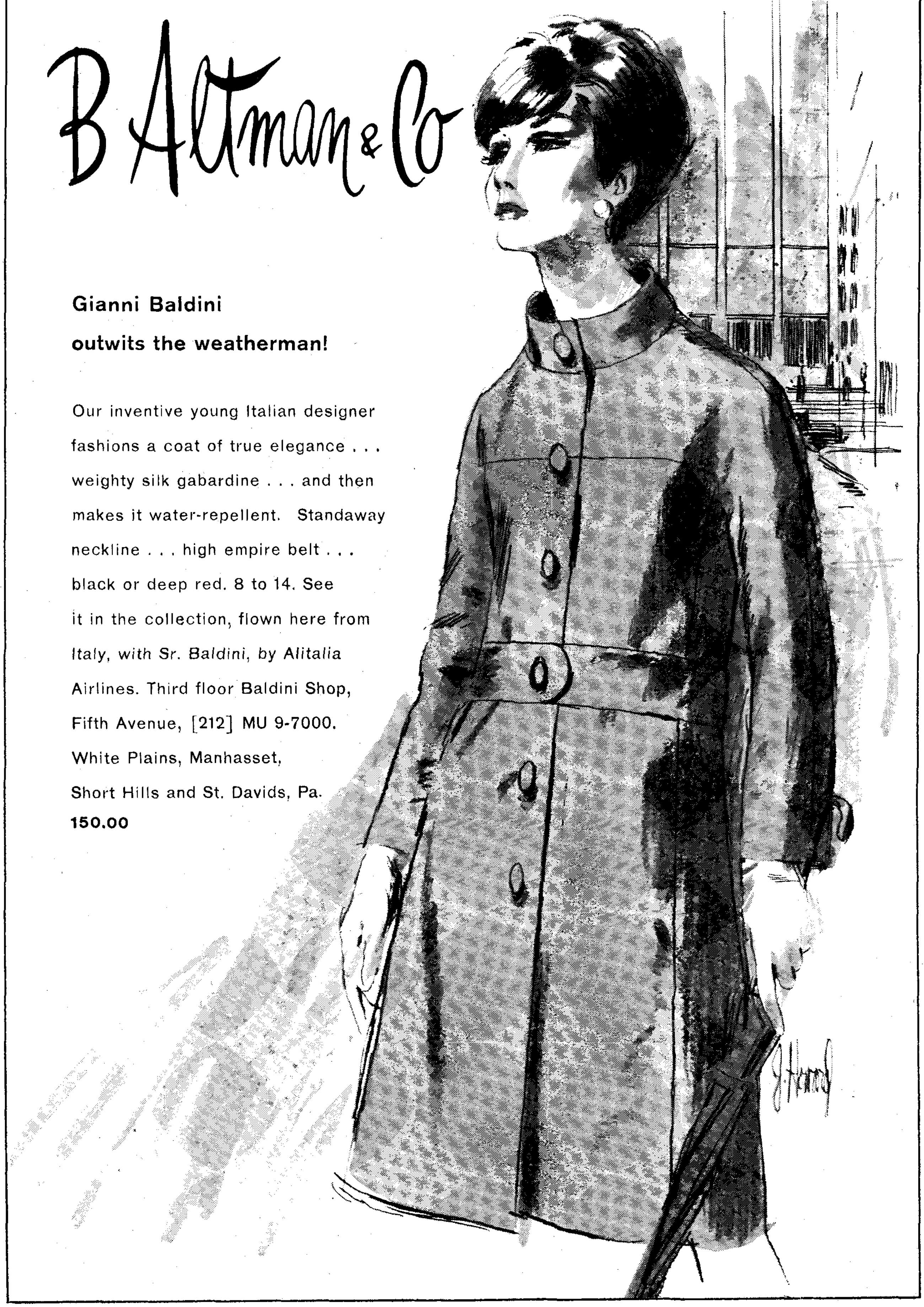

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

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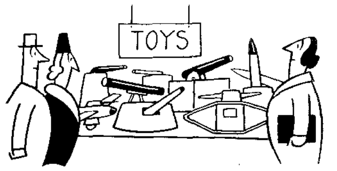


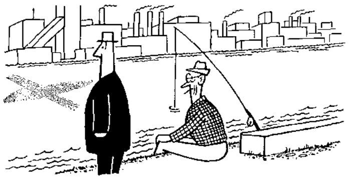
Fishing

ONE mild, foggy morning last week, we got off the Lexington Avenue subway at 125th Street and walked north toward the Harlem River. We crossed the Harlem River Drive between speeding cars and then walked across a wide, flat stretch of sandy fill to the river's edge. Ten feet down, about three feet below the high-tide mark of green algae clinging to the piles, the river was dull and smooth, hardly seeming to move. The water was thick, gray-green, and oily; in a few places the surface wrinkled for a moment, or bubbled, then smoothed itself again. Two hundred yards to the west was the big railroad bridge; commuter trains rattled over it at frequent intervals and disappeared behind huge apartment houses on the other side of the Drive. The sun appeared for a moment, a pale-yellow ping-pong ball, then vanished in smog. Across the river were the odd structures—chutes and storage bins and elevators—of the Blue Ridge Fuel Company, and to the east, among other buildings seen vaguely in the fog, Kompolite Flooring Products and Mugler Shoring.

As we walked along the edge of the river, we came upon a solitary figure—a thin man of fifty-five or sixty who was sitting by himself, fishing. He nodded pleasantly as we approached. The man was wearing a yellow hat, a faded checked shirt, tan trousers, bright-blue socks, black shoes, and eyeglasses with silver earpieces. He was seated next to his fishing rod, smoking a cigarette. The handle of the rod was stuck in the ground between a strip of cement and a railroad tie that formed a low wall at the edge of the land. Two rusted nails that had been hammered into the wood a couple of inches apart and about eight inches above the ground held the rod in place. There was a shiny reel on the rod, and the line stretched twenty yards out into the river at a thirty-degree angle, motionless. The man watched the tip of the rod patiently.

"I been here an hour and a half, and I ain't had no hits yet," he said cheerfully. He gazed at the river. "There's hardly no fish around here anyway, because the water's so nasty," he added. "Fish don't like water so nasty. It gets in their gill." He pointed to his throat. He shrugged. "I don't mind," he said. "I live back there"—he pointed in the direction of the big, drab buildings and the tenements behind us—"and I just like to come out here and sit, and fish, and smoke cigarettes." He dangled one foot over the edge. "Ain't hardly any fish *anywhere* the last couple years," he said. "I don't know why. I used to go out to Montauk and Sheepshead Bay and places, and we'd catch fish, but the last couple years we didn't catch any fish."

A low-flying plane roared over us, heading for LaGuardia, and its reflection moved swiftly across the surface of the river, like a strange fish.



"A fellow was out here Saturday night, and he caught a bass about that long." The man indicated a foot and a half with his hands. "That's what you catch here—bass and eels, mostly. I've caught bass that big. The bass must take a wrong turn coming down the Hudson and come through here, or else they come up from Long Island Sound, one or the other. You can eat 'em. The eels are very small"—he indicated about a foot—"and some people eat those. I don't."

A yellow Sanitation Department tank truck drove out onto the open area near the river's edge. On the truck was a big sign saying, "Help Save Water. We Are Using Treated River and Well Water. This Is *Not* City Water." Two men set up a pump, threw one end of a big hose into the river, and began pumping the river water into the truck's tank. The pump made a loud chugging noise.

"Kids swim here in the summer," said the man. "They climb up and down the sides." He leaned over and pointed to the vertical face of the embankment. "They can do it," he said. "They get up and down."

A New Haven train clattered over the railroad bridge, and the man watched it pass. "I fish here all year round," he said when the roar had died away. "It has to be awful cold before this river freezes over." He pointed to a brown-paper bag at his feet. "I use sandworms," he said. "You can buy 'em at a place on 116th Street near Third Avenue. But it's expensive. Sandworms cost almost six cents apiece nowadays. I been here twenty-eight years, and where I come from, all the fish was different. Different fish, and different names. That was Alabama. When I came up here, that was the first time I ever saw a flounder." He laughed. "With the eyes on top—you know?" He added, "They're easy to catch—flounder."

A big jet screamed overhead and was gone, into the fog. "If you want catfish, you go up near the George Washington Bridge in March. That's when the catfish come down the river to lay their eggs. You can catch 'em then. March." He picked up his rod, reeled in, examined the bait, and then, without standing up, cast out, sidewise. The line spun out over the river, and the hook and bait and sinker fell into the dark, still water with hardly a splash.

* * *

OVERHEARD on Irving Place, one matron to another as they emerged from a restaurant: "So let him alone. It's better he's a happy dentist than a happy bum."

Elected

ELECTION NIGHT: 9 P.M. The Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt was lit with kliegs and crystal chandeliers. Big blue letters spelling "LINDSAY" had been tacked up on a red velvet canopy at the front of the room, and red-white-and-blue bunting decorated the walls. Up on the balcony, a band with a tea-dance beat was playing "Exactly Like You." The men and women on the floor were all young, all dressed up, and all glowing with excitement.

"Never in my long, squalid political life have I seen so many Yalies and Vassar broads under one roof on a New York City Election Night," boomed an old-time campaign reporter we know, shaking his head in mock disbelief.

"Well, they may not look like politicians," replied one of his cronies as they edged their way through the crowd and up to the press tables, near the dais, "but then, again, they don't look like they're going to rob you blind, either."

The young men and women were volunteers who had campaigned for John Lindsay and had come to the ballroom to watch the mayoralty-election returns together. They seemed to identify one another in the crowd by an elaborate system of buttons and badges, which they all wore, and we learned that golden buttons belonged to key staff people, that dark-blue oblong badges with white lettering belonged to headquarters staff, that white buttons with green triangles on them belonged to volunteers who had manned storefronts, and that white buttons with blue circles on them belonged to poll watchers. The teen-age contingent, which was suddenly conspicuously present, wore buttons that said "Lindsay Raiders," and also buttons proclaiming "If I Were 21 I'd Vote for Lindsay," "Buckley for Halloween," and "Lindsay Button." One of the Lindsay Raiders told us that they had just come from a Frug and Watusi party and that the music in the ballroom "turns us off."

"The old people—you know, the ones who can vote—they must like it better," said another Lindsay Raider, affecting the manner of a Liverpudlian electric-guitarist, and Frugged away.

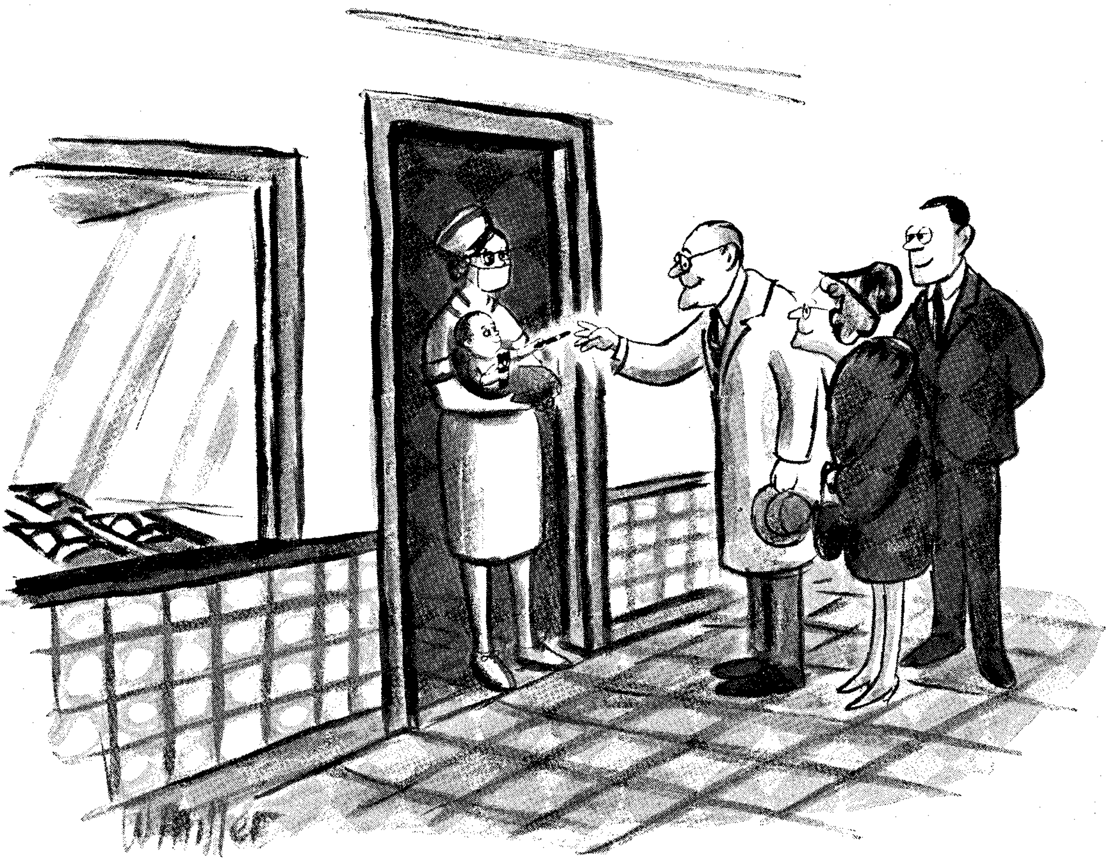
9:30 P.M. The returns were starting to come in over the television sets that dotted the ballroom. At least a thousand "old people" had arrived. We asked one of them, a tweedy fellow of about twenty-five who was wearing a badge that identified him as a Lindsay staff man named Walter, about the campaign.

"I guess you'd say that most of us got inspired all of a sudden," he said earnestly. "Like here was a man who you *knew* was just great and could really do something for the city—and you just wanted to work for him. I guess you might say you wanted to *identify* with him. There's nothing back-room-politico about him. I'm a Republican, but a lot of us are Democrats, and they say they haven't felt this way since the Stevenson campaigns. Like Chuck, here."

Walter turned to a young man in a gray suit with a vest who had just popped up out of the crowd balancing two drinks and a platter of sandwiches on one outstretched arm and hand. Chuck handed Walter one of the drinks. Three girls, all pretty and all wearing bright clusters of Lindsay balloons on their heads, strolled by, and Walter and Chuck followed in pursuit.

10 P.M. The ballroom was mobbed. A calypso combo relieved the band and made loud music on the balcony while, below, the volunteers fervently shouted old football-rally cheers.

"Give us an 'L'!" screamed a young woman in a red wool dress and white boots.



"Smiley's Tavern. Smiley speaking."

• •

"L!" roared the volunteers.

The cheers continued as the television crews relayed the returns, which kept coming in through their earphones, to the crowd. Lindsay was ahead one minute, behind the next. Senator Jacob Javits, the chairman of Lindsay's campaign, entered the ballroom, looking flushed and weary, and climbed onto the dais. Reporters leaped up around him brandishing microphones. The Senator told the volunteers, "Wait patiently. We all knew that there would be a long, tough fight and that we would have to wait out the night. Now, just be happy and keep smiling." The crowd moaned, then applauded the Senator, who smiled, waved, and disappeared.

10:45 P.M. The balcony began to fill up with a collection of very dignified and well-dressed men and women, who from time to time smiled down with parental affection on the young crowd below. "They're the donors," a volunteer told us. "I think you call them fat cats—you know, the people who gave piles of money to the campaign. Watch them. You can tell more about how the election is going from their faces than from any television set." We looked up to where a tall, handsome woman with glittering blond hair and a glittering emerald ring was standing, her arms outspread in a wide, regal gesture. She appeared alternately anguished and elated, and when we joined her for a moment on the balcony, she told us that this was because the N.B.C. analysis had Lindsay behind and the C.B.S. analysis had Lindsay ahead. "I don't know what I'll do if he loses," she said. "I think I shall simply take the law into my own hands."

11:50 P.M. Lindsay was nine thousand votes ahead. Five minutes before, he had been a thousand votes behind. The cheers were deafening.

"Go, Lindsay, go!" screamed two or three ecstatic volunteers.

"My God!" said a man from the Syracuse *Daily Orange*. "You'd think the Beatles were here!" The combo had worked itself into a frenzy of drumming. "It's like those Robert Mitchum movies," said a young woman standing next to us in the crush. "The ones where he's the white hunter in darkest Africa and it's the middle of the night and the drums begin to roll, off in the jungle, and they get louder and louder and faster and faster, and Robert Mitchum kisses Deborah Kerr, and then—right then—the cannibals attack."

12:35 A.M. C.B.S. had just predicted a Lindsay victory. Governor Nelson Rockefeller walked in one door and out another. Volunteers climbed up on the tables to get a look at him. "Hi, Rocky!" they cried. The drumming stopped, and the tea-dance band took over with a snappy "Hello, Dolly!" Everybody started to sing "Hello, Johnny!" and the crowd pressed toward the dais, expecting Mr. Lindsay to appear. Norman Mailer appeared instead. He was smiling, and he talked into several microphones.

"Who's that?" the young woman standing near us asked her husband, who stopped singing and said, "I don't know. He must be running for something."

Mr. Mailer was followed onto the dais by a Lindsay campaign manager, who told the crowd, "I want to ask your coöperation. We're anticipating the arrival of the candidate any moment now."

"The *candidate*?" called a voice from the crowd. "You must mean the *Mayor*."

"I mean the *Mayor*," the campaign manager replied, smiling broadly.

The volunteers went wild. Horns blew and the band played "Everything's Coming Up Roses." Senator Javits returned and took the microphone. He said that he predicted an eight-year mayoralty for Mr. Lindsay. Everybody cheered again.

"It's the Lindsay volunteers who really did it," a young man with horn-rimmed glasses and an unlit pipe told us. "They all really sacrificed. Why, Betsy and I"—he flung a conspiratorial arm across the shoulder of a girl in blue who was standing next to him—"went all the way to Queens to work in a storefront."

Betsy blushed and admitted, prettily, that she had never been to Queens before.

1:05 A.M. A Lindsay staff man took the microphone on the dais and said that Mr. Beame had not conceded yet. The volunteers began to boo, then stopped suddenly. "We have manners," somebody near us said.

1:45 A.M. An N.B.C. cameraman shouted down from his platform, in the middle of the room, "With eighty-five per cent of the vote in, Lindsay has forty-five per cent, Beame forty-two per cent, and Buckley thirteen per cent!" Just then, a Lindsay worker leaped onto the dais, holding up a hot-off-the-presses *Herald Tribune* with the headline "LINDSAY IN A SQUEAKER." Everybody cheered. Young women wept, and young men grabbed one another by the shoulders and jumped up and down. Five boys appeared at the ballroom doors with stacks of *Tribunes*, which they tossed into the crowd. The august men and women on the balcony began furiously tearing up *Tribunes* into confetti shreds and showering them down onto the volunteers.

2:10 A.M. Abraham Beame conceded. Somebody yelled "Make way! Body coming through!" and a young man was passed over the crowd on upstretched hands and set down on the dais. He held up a copy of the *News*, which had a color picture of Mr. Lindsay on its first page, under the words "Mr. Mayor" in bold black type. "We want John!" the volunteers began to chant. Kenneth Keating was escorted onto the dais. He said that he had just been elected to the State Court of Appeals, that he would like to praise Mr. Lindsay, but that "as I guess you know, as of this minute I'm not allowed to make political statements anymore." Judge Keating chuckled. Horns blew.

2:30 A.M. John Vliet Lindsay entered the ballroom, followed by Mrs. Lindsay and the three older Lindsay children. John Lindsay, Jr., age five, arrived riding piggyback on a policeman. The Lindsay family disappeared under a shower of torn-up *Tribunes*. When they emerged, covered with paper, they were smiling and their eyes were shining. John Lindsay, Jr., from his vantage point on the policeman, held up two dimpled fingers in a victory V. John Lindsay, Sr., however, was hidden from his wildly applauding volunteers by five photographers, who were standing on a table directly in front of him, taking pictures. The photographers formed a solid wall, and the volunteers started shouting, "Get down! Get down!"

"I think you'd better get down," Lindsay politely told the photographers.

"Atta boy, John!" shouted one volunteer.

Then Lindsay began to address the crowd. "I have always been proud to be a New Yorker," he said, "but never as proud as I am tonight."

AT eleven-twenty that same morning, Lindsay, looking fresh and jubilant after three hours' sleep, climbed onto the roof of a car parked near the corner of Fulton Street and Nostrand Avenue, in Brooklyn, and told a large crowd, "Right in this neighborhood, I said many times I would be back again. . . . I want you to know Bedford-Stuyvesant was carried, and you carried it for me. . . . No one's vote will be taken for granted anymore." Then, as the crowd cheered, Lindsay hopped down onto the sidewalk and walked along—as he had done so many times before—smiling, and shaking hands with everybody he could reach. "Thanks!" he said. "Thanks! I appreciate it! You did it! Thanks!"

A few minutes later, Lindsay, with a big grin on his face, was sitting jauntily in the front seat of a white sedan, one arm flung over the back of the seat and one elbow sticking out the window, as the car bounded along the wide, bumpy lanes of Eastern Parkway. The car turned down 110th Street in Queens, and as it moved in and out of the shadows of the houses, the occupants of the Lindsay car, seen from a car twenty yards ahead, changed from recognizable figures to silhouettes and back again, but Lindsay's smile persisted—a white blur—even in the darkness. Lindsay disembarked in front of the branch of Alexander's department store at Queens Boulevard and Sixty-third Road and waded into the midst of a mass of enthusiastic lady shoppers.

"That was a good fight!" a woman cried, clapping Lindsay on the back.

"Tremendous!" cried another.

Lindsay clambered up onto a sound truck and picked up a microphone. He was wearing a blue suit, a white shirt, and a yellow tie with stripes. A mild breeze ruffled his hair.

"Put on a coat!" implored a woman with a shopping bag.

"He's going all around today," another woman confided to her companion.

The companion shook her head. "The poor thing will be exhausted!" she said.

"My friends," Lindsay said over the p.-a. system. "During the campaign, you asked me if I was going to come back. Well, I'm back—and I'll be back again and again!"

The crowd cheered. Lindsay descended and began shaking hands once more.

The next stop was at Sixty-fourth Avenue and 108th Street, where the Mayor-elect ("Mr. Mayor!" yelled a youth from across the street) entered Manny's Coffee Shop, shook hands with the lunch crowd, and settled at a rear table, under a sign that said, "Complete Dinner: Chopped Liver Appetizer, Choice of Soup, Roumanian Tenderloin Steak—$1.99." Here he gave autographs, chatted with admirers, drank a cup of coffee (regular) and a glass of milk, and ate a Danish pastry. Two small boys stood gazing at him, one of them slowly licking a large vanilla ice-cream cone.

A woman in a green dress edged out of a nearby booth, congratulated Lindsay, then returned to the booth and declared fervently to a friend, "I'm shaking. This is America. In Europe, where I come from, you couldn't come in here and shake hands with a mayor." She turned and looked at Lindsay. "I'm shaking," she said again.

A fat middle-aged man leaned over and handed a green guest check to Lindsay for autographing. "I hate to disturb you like that," he said as Lindsay signed.

A plump lady hauled a very small boy over to the table. "Come here, Bobby," she urged. "Say 'Good luck' to the man."

When Lindsay had finished eating, he stood up and made his way out of the coffee shop, shaking hands and grinning.

"I voted for you, and I'm very happy!" called a lady. "I hope you'll make *us* happy!"

"He's a big man, isn't he?" said someone.

"That's the new Mayor."

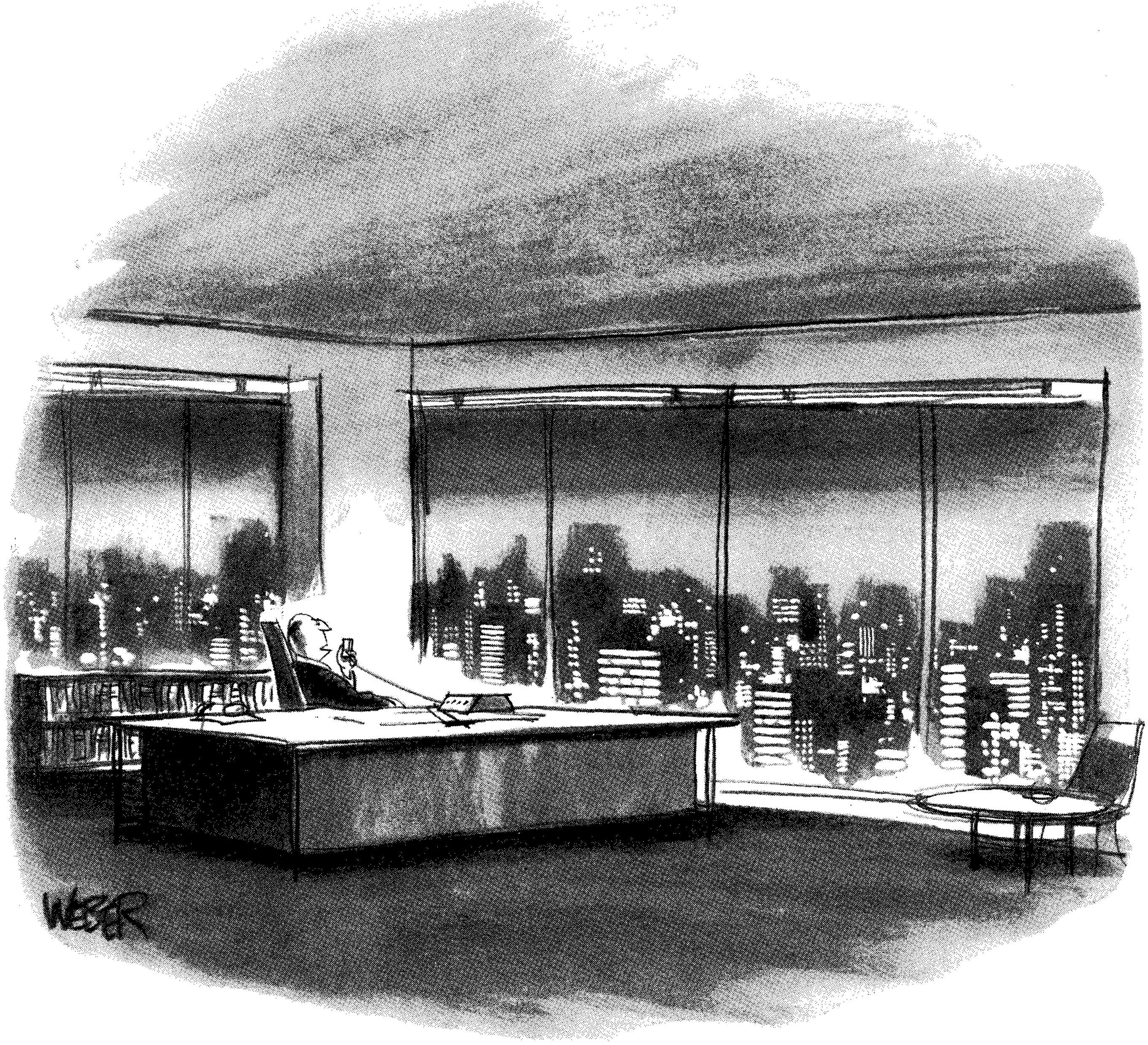
"Where's my man?"

"Congratulations!"

As Lindsay was getting into his car, a butcher from the Arles Kosher Meat Market, across the street, attempted to present him with an enormous section of a salami, but he declined the gift. He did it graciously, and the butcher was last seen beaming broadly as he stood on the sidewalk with the salami nestled in his arms.

The car headed for Manhattan. At the side of Grand Central Parkway, a motorcycle cop was giving someone a ticket. A hearse passed, going the other way. The Lindsay car went over the Triborough Bridge and across 125th Street.

"I've come here to say thank you," Lindsay said, standing on the sound truck after it had parked across from the Hotel Theresa, on Seventh Avenue. Several people, including Sugar



"Mrs. Julia S. McClelland, 23 Railroad Avenue, Hanville, South Dakota. 'Dear Mom.' No, strike that. Make it 'Dearest Mom.'"

• •

Ray Robinson, joined Lindsay on top of the truck. Robinson, who was wearing a black sweater and a black hat, gave Lindsay a big embrace. Down on the sidewalk, a man said, "That's the man that wants to meet the people. Keep him in there five terms!"

Lindsay moved down the sidewalk, waving and smiling, and was almost swamped by the crowd. Under the marquee of the Apollo Theatre, Robinson said goodbye to him and gave him a playful left to the jaw. Lindsay pretended to topple, they both laughed, and the crowd cheered. Farther down the street, two men leaned out of the window of a law firm on the second floor and waved. A spectator glanced up and said, "Who's that? The Beame Team?" His neighbors laughed. A woman appeared in a window four flights up and yelled down to Lindsay, happily, "I stayed up the whole night because of you!" Lindsay laughed, waved, and moved on, the crowd swirling around him.

When Lindsay reached Eighth Avenue, he shook his last hand and climbed into his car to start the drive down to the Hotel Roosevelt and his first press conference as Mayor-elect. The car made a U turn and moved back along 125th Street, past the littered sidewalks, past the seamy bars, past a stripped and abandoned car lying in the shadows of the Triborough Bridge approach, and then turned onto the East River Drive. It passed a large drab-green Department of Correction van with heavily screened windows. In the middle of the river, a fire engine moved slowly along the road in front of the huge, bleak hospitals on Welfare Island. The car passed the deserted concrete playground of a public school, and a wall covered with torn fragments of campaign posters, and then, straight ahead and only vaguely visible through the bare trees, the white shape of Gracie Mansion appeared, with the flag flapping on the lawn. The car went into the tunnel under it ("East River Drive," said a plaque on the wall at the entrance. "F. H. LaGuardia, Mayor") and continued downtown, moving fast.

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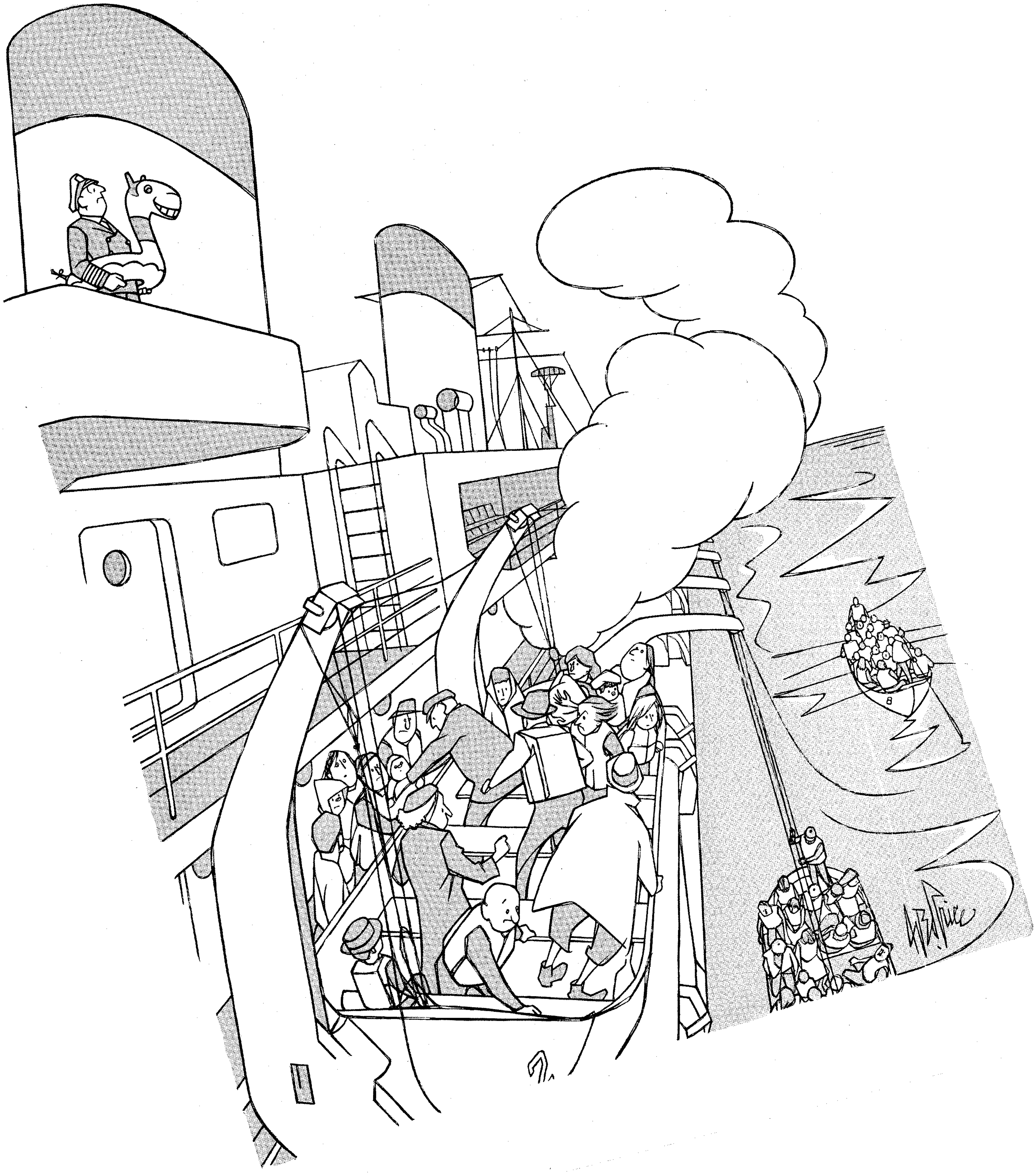
BOTTLES of Poland Spring Water now arrive in something called an "openized carton."


8

FURTHER TALES ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN

I

ONCE upon a time there was a poor orphan girl who had no mother and no father and was raised by her grandmother on one of the windswept islands of the Outer Hebrides. When she began running after the boys, her grandmother shipped her off to a cousin in Glasgow. At first the girl was well behaved and lent a hand wherever it was needed, and the cousin thought the grandmother just didn't understand the younger generation. But then she started staying out late at night and keeping bad company, and the cousin saw what the grandmother was up against. So she had a serious talk with the girl, and the girl made all sorts of promises, which she didn't keep, and the cousin didn't want to be blamed if the girl got in the family way, so she took her to an employment agency that specialized in sending servants to America.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the head of the most dependable domestic employment agency in New York City, when she looked at the girl's folder. "An unspoiled country girl, willing and strong, and with a heart of gold!" The folder was shown to a Class A client with a Fifth Avenue address, who snapped her up. The immigration papers were filled out, and the deposit paid, and the girl found herself on a boat going to America. What she was expecting was, naturally, what she had seen in the flicks. What she got was a six-by-eleven bedroom looking out on the back of another building, with a closet six inches deep, and the customary dwarf's bathtub that you find in servants' bathrooms in old apartment buildings. On the other hand, the girl had never before had a bed all to herself and a toilet that wasn't either outdoors or on the landing and shared by several large families. She wrote home to her grandmother that she was in luck.

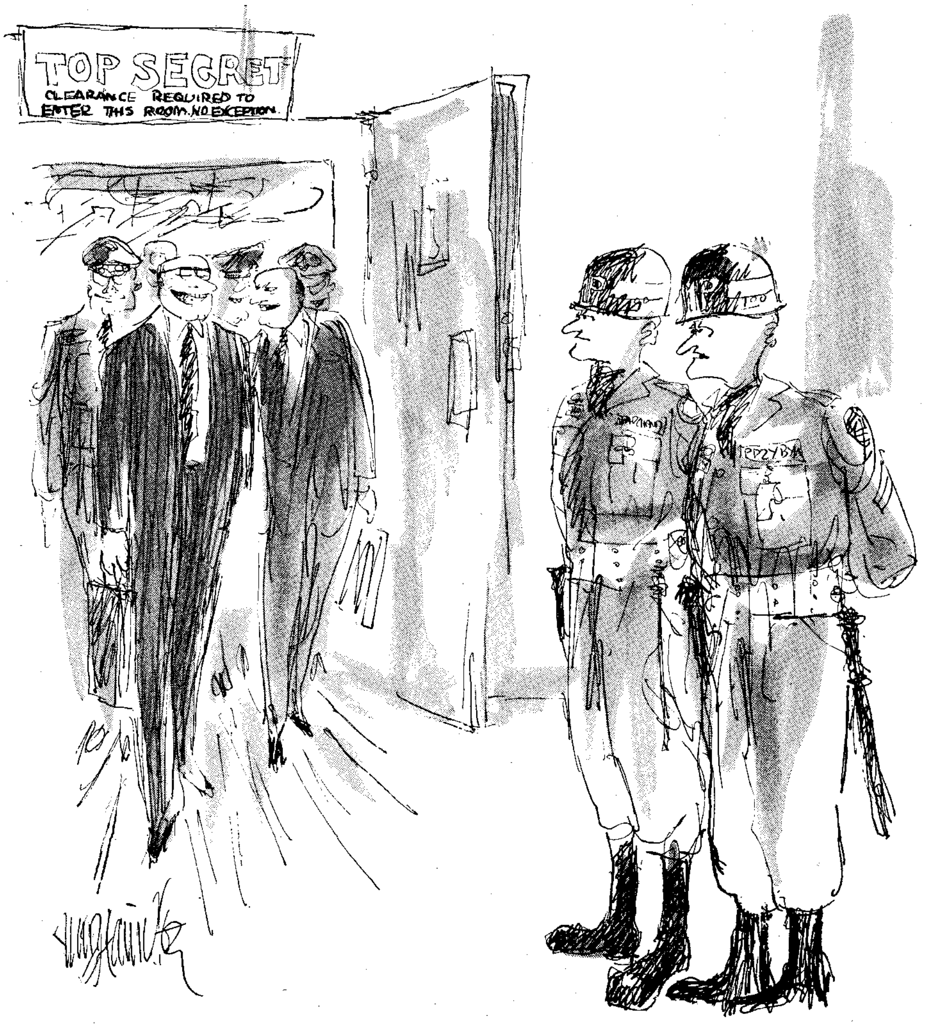
She got on all right with the cook, and there was no heavy work, because a cleaning woman came in twice a week and a laundress two days, and the windows were done by a window-washing company, and all the girl had to do was remember what she was told. Unfortunately, this was more than she could manage. During dinner parties she couldn't decide whether you serve from the right and clear from the left or serve from the left and clear from the right, so she did both, and when she made the beds the top sheet was not securely fastened, and she used the master's washcloth to clean the tub, and what with one thing and another, including the state of her room, she received notice after two weeks and returned to the employment office looking only a little less fresh than when she arrived from Scotland. The head of the agency said, "This time suppose we don't aim quite so high. You don't mind children?" The girl said no, she liked children—which was true, she did—and off she went to an address on Park Avenue. The interview was successful, and she found herself in the exact same bedroom with the shallow closet and the little bath, only the room looked out on a blank wall instead of the back of another building. The work was harder than before and the hours much longer, but at least there were no dinner parties. She was supposed to have breakfast ready by quarter of eight, which was impossible, but she tried. Then she walked the children to the corner where they took the school bus and made the children's beds and picked up the toys and ran the vacuum and stuffed the clothes into the washing machine and the dryer, and so on.

In the afternoon, she walked the dog and went to the supermarket, where she soon knew everybody, and Joe, who weighed the vegetables and was old enough to be her father, said, "Here comes my sweetheart," and Arthur, the butcher, said, "Tell me—where'd you get those beautyful eyes?" Then she took the children to the Park, and got their supper, and so on. She was supposed to baby-sit when the master and mistress went out, but they didn't very often go out. Once in a blue moon, to an early movie, was about the extent of it. If she had been in Glasgow, she would have known what to do with her evenings. Here she didn't know anybody, so she went to bed.

ONE day when she was with the children in the Park, she met a girl named Cathleen, who asked her to go with her to a dance hall on Eighty-sixth Street. This turned out to be very different from the Outer Hebrides, and just like the flicks. The next morning, her head was full of impressions, mostly of a sad young man who said he was in love with her and almost persuaded her to go home with him, and she was simultaneously pleased with herself for resisting temptation and sorry she hadn't done it. She burned the bacon, and the master wrinkled his nose over the coffee, but by that time she was stretched out on her bed getting forty winks. As the day wore on, a number of things went wrong: the dishwasher foamed all over the kitchen floor, because she had used the washing machine detergent, and she broke a cup, and put a pair of red corduroy overalls in the washing machine in the same load with some pillowcases and the mistress's blouses and the children's underwear. They all were stained a permanent pink, but the mistress forgave her, because anyone can make a mistake now and then, and the cup was too small a matter to make a thing of. During dinner, the telephone rang, and it was for her. Though she had intended to fall into bed as soon as she finished the dinner dishes, she got dressed instead and met Cathleen at a bar on Second Avenue, where they fed dimes into a jukebox, and another boy wanted her to go home with him, and she was so tired she almost did, but instead she left before Cathleen was ready, and was home in bed by two o'clock. She overslept, and there wasn't even time to comb her hair. She managed to stay out of sight until the master had left for his office, but then she forgot, so the mistress did catch her looking like I don't know what. A queer expression passed over her face, but she didn't say anything, and the girl realized that the mistress wasn't ever going to say anything *no matter what happened.*

The telephone always seemed to ring during dinner, and though there was an extension in the kitchen, the girl didn't think it was polite for her to answer it, so she let the master get up from the table and go to the phone in the bedroom. Sometimes, after the third or fourth call, she thought she could detect a note of irritation in his voice when he said, "It's for you." But she had the tray ready with the whiskey and the ice cubes and the jigger and all when he got home at night, and that he liked. As for the children, at first they didn't want to have anything to do with her. The mistress explained that they were very attached to the previous mother's helper—a German girl who had left to get married—and she was not to mind. She didn't. That is, she didn't mind anything but the fact they were being brought up as heathens. So she told them about how the Jews crucified Our Lord, and about the Blessed Saints, and Mary and Joseph, and promised to take them to Mass, and in no time they were eating out of her hand.

She found out there were more bars and dance halls than you could shake a stick at, and she was in one or another of them five nights out of seven. The other two nights she went straight to bed as soon as she had pressed the button on the dishwashing machine. In a hamburger bar she met a boy with blond wavy hair who was an orphan like her, only he had been raised in a Home. Though he didn't say he was in love with her, still and all she liked him. He was interesting to talk to, because so many things seemed to have happened to him, and he didn't ask her to go home with him, so she had no chance to refuse. She didn't really expect to hear from him again, but he called the very next night. She met him in front of the movie house, and during the movie she could feel his arm resting lightly on the back of her seat, and once or twice he gave her shoulder a squeeze, but she didn't have to move her leg away or say "Don't." Afterward, they went to a bar on First Avenue. She told him all about her cousin's family in Glasgow, and about coming over on the boat, and the things she liked about Cathleen and the things she didn't like, and about the way it used to be at home before her mother died and she went to live with her grandmother. Finally she was all talked out, and she just sat there, feeling happy and peaceful. He said, "Another beer?" and she said no, and he had one last one, which he didn't spend any time over, and then he put his hand on the back of her neck and said, "Come on, baby, I'll walk you to your domicile." And that was what she thought they were doing, only when she looked up they were standing in front of the building where *he* lived. He said, "I just want to get a coat, I'm chilly," and she said, "I'll wait here," and he said, "At this time of night, in this neighborhood? Are you out of your mind?" So she followed him up six flights of stairs, and the first thing she knew she was having her clothes torn off her, and the rest she didn't remember. It was daylight when she got home, and she had to wake the night elevator man, who was married and cranky, and he made a fresh remark, which she ignored.

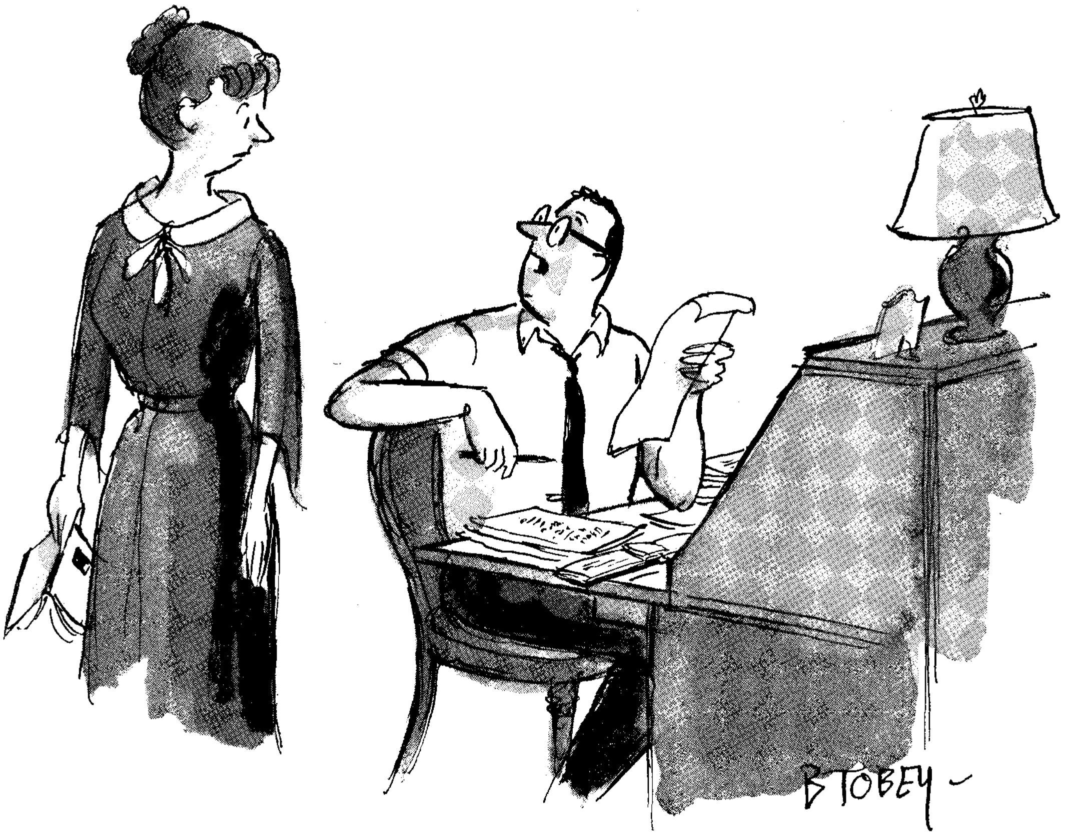

TOP SECRET
CLEARANCE REQUIRED TO ENTER THIS ROOM. NO EXCEPTION.

"Doesn't it scare you when they come out laughing like that?"

SHE went to church but she was afraid to go to confession, for fear the priest would find out she was an orphan and put her in a Home. If she had only saved her money, she could have got on the boat and gone back to Scotland, but she had bought clothes instead. Lots of clothes. The children's closets were full of them. She could hear her grandmother's voice saying, "You're going to the dogs," and it was true, she was. She also had a stomach ache, and it didn't go away. For three days she went around doubled up with the pain, and then the mistress noticed it and made her go to a doctor. They paid her wages while she was in the hospital having her appendix out, and for two weeks afterward, but they didn't want her to come back, because they had this colored woman, so she went to see the lady at the employment agency who had been so nice to her, only this time she was busy and somebody else gave her an address on Lexington Avenue, and on the way there she passed a bar-and-grill she liked the looks of. It was called Home on the Range, and it was pitch dark even in the daytime. Maybe I ought to start a New Life, the girl thought, and it turned out they did need a waitress, so that was that. Except that she wasn't forgotten. The children remembered her. Of all the maids, they liked her the best, and never forgot what she told them. And one night about a year after she left, the master was awakened out of a sound sleep by the ringing of the telephone, and a sad-voiced young man asked to speak to her. "No, you can't speak to her!" the master said indignantly. "Do you realize what time it is?" The sad voice seemed surprised to learn that it was the middle of the night, and unable to understand why anybody should mind being called at that hour, and unwilling to believe that the girl wasn't there.

II

ONCE upon a time, in the west of England, there was an industrious tailor who was always sitting cross-legged, plying his needle, when the sun came up over the hill, and all day long he drove himself, as if he were beating a donkey with a stick. "I am almost through cutting out this velvet coat," he would tell himself, "and when I am through cutting the velvet, I will cut the yellow satin lining. And then there is the buckram, and the collar and cuffs. The cuffs are to be thirteen inches wide, tapering to ten and a half—His Lordship was very particular about that detail—and faced with satin. The basting should take me into the afternoon, and if all goes well, and I don't see why it shouldn't, I ought to be able to do all twenty-seven buttonholes before the light gives out.”



“I've been thinking about Christmas. We can't afford it.”

When snow lay deep on the ground and the sheep stayed in their pens, the shepherd came down to the tavern and in the conviviality he found there made up for the months of solitude on the moors. During the early part of the summer, when it was not yet time for anybody to be bringing wheat, barley, and rye to the mill to be ground into flour, the miller got out his hook and line and went fishing. In one way or another, everyone had some time that he called his own. On the first of May, lads and lasses went into the wood just before daybreak and came back wearing garlands of flowers and with their arms around each other. From his window the tailor saw them setting up the Maypole, but he did not lay aside his needle and thread and go join in the dancing. It is true that he was no longer young and, with his bald head and his bent back and his solemn manner, would have looked odd dancing around a Maypole, but that did not deter the miller's wife, who weighed seventeen stone and was as light on her feet as a fairy and didn't care who laughed at her as long as she was enjoying herself.

When the industrious tailor came to the end of all the work that he could expect for a while and his worktable was quite bare, he looked around for some lily that needed gilding. Sorting his pins, sharpening his scissors, and rearranging his patterns, he congratulated himself on keeping busy, though he might just as well have been sitting in his doorway enjoying the sun, for his scissors didn't need sharpening, and his patterns were not in disorder, and a pin is a pin, no matter what tray you put it in.

As with all of us, the tailor's upbringing had a good deal to do with the way he behaved. At the age of eight, he was apprenticed to his father, who was a master tailor and not only knew all there is to know about making clothes but also was full of native wisdom. While the boy was learning to sew a straight seam and how to cut cloth on the diagonal and that sort of thing, the father would from time to time raise his right hand, with the needle and thread in it, and, looking at the boy over the top of his spectacles, say, “A stitch in time saves nine,” or “Waste makes want,” or some other bit of advice, which the boy took to his bosom and cherished. And he had never forgotten a wonderful story his father told about an ant and a grasshopper. Of all his father's sayings, the one that made the deepest impression on him was “Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today,” though as a rule the industrious tailor had already done it yesterday and was hard at work on something that did not need to be done until the day after.

WHAT is true of the day after tomorrow is equally true of the day after that, and the day after that, and the day after that, and so on, and in time a very curious thing happened. There was the past—there is always the past—and it was full of accomplishment, of things done well before they needed to be done, and the tailor regarded it with satisfaction. And there was the future, when things would have to be done, and bills would have to be made out and respectfully submitted and paid or not paid, as the case might be, and new work would be ordered, and so on. But it was never right now. The present had ceased to exist. When the industrious tailor looked out of the window and saw that it was raining, it was not raining today but on a day in the middle of next week, or the week after that, if he was that far ahead of himself, and he often was. You would have thought that he would sooner or later have realized that the time he was spending so freely was next month's, and that if he had already lived through the days of this month before it was well begun he was living beyond his means. But what is “already”? What is “now”? The words had lost their meaning. And this was not as serious as it sounds, because words are, after all, only words. “I could kill you for doing that,” a man says to his wife and then they both cheerfully sit down to dinner. And many people live entirely in the past, without even noticing it. One day the tailor pushed his glasses up on his forehead and saw that he was in the middle of a lonely wood. He rubbed his poor tired eyes, but the trees didn't go away. He looked all around. No scissors and pins, no bolts of material, no patterns, no worktable, no shop. Only the needle and thread he had been sewing with. He listened anxiously. He had never been in a wood before. “Wife?” he called out, but there was no answer.

He knew that it was late afternoon,

and that he ought to get out of the wood before dark, so he stuck the needle in his vest and started walking along a path that constantly threatened to disappear, the way paths do in a wood. Sometimes the path divided, and he had to choose between the right and the left fork, without knowing which was the way that led out of the wood. The light began to fail even sooner than he had expected. When it was still daytime in the sky overhead, it was already so dark where he was that he could find the path only by the feel of the ground under his feet.

"I don't see why this should happen to me," he said, and from the depths of the wood a voice said "To *who?*" disconcertingly, but it was only an owl. So he kept on until he saw a light through the trees, and he made his way to it, through the underbrush and around fallen logs, until he came to a house in a clearing. At this time of night they'll be easily frightened, he thought. I must speak carefully or they'll close the door in my face. When the door opened in answer to his knock and a woman stood looking out at him from the lighted doorway, he said politely, "It's all right, ma'am, I'm not a robber."

"No," the woman said, "you're an industrious tailor."

"Now, how did you know that?" he asked in amazement.

The woman did not seem to feel that this question needed answering, and there was something about her that made him uneasy, and so, though he would much rather that she invited him in and gave him a place by the fire and a bit of supper, he said, "If you would be kind enough to show me the way out of the wood—"

"I don't know that I can," the woman said.

"Isn't there a road of some kind?"

"There's a road," the woman said doubtfully, "but it wasn't built in your lifetime."

"I beg pardon?"

"And anyway, you'd soon lose it in the dark. You'll have to wait until morning. How did you happen to—"

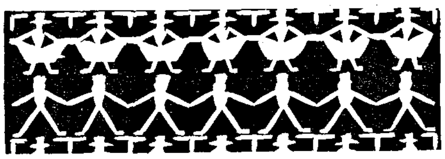
At that point a baby began to cry, and the woman said, "I can't stand here talking. Come in."

"Thank you," he said. "That's very kind of you, ma'am," and as he stepped across the threshold there was suddenly no house, no lighted room, no woman. Nothing but a clearing in the wood.

In disappointment so acute that it brought tears to his eyes, he sat down on the ground and tucked his legs under him and tried to get used to the idea that he wasn't going to sit by a warm fire, under a snug roof, with a bit of supper by and by, and a place to lay his head at bedtime.

I will catch my death of pneumonia, he thought. He put his hand to his vest; the needle was still there. He felt his forehead, and then took his glasses off, folded them carefully, and put them in his vest pocket. Then he stretched out on the bare ground and, looking up through the trees, thought about his tailor shop, and about a greatcoat that he was working on. It was of French blue, part true cashmere and part Lincoln wool, with a three-tiered cape, and it wasn't promised until a fortnight, but he would have finished it and have given it to his wife to press if he hadn't suddenly found himself in this lonely wood. Then he thought about his wife, who would be wondering why he didn't come upstairs for his supper. And then about his father, who had a stroke and never recovered the use of his limbs or his speech. In the evening, after the day was over, the industrious tailor used to come and sit by his father's bed, and he would bring whatever he was working on—a waistcoat or a pair of knee breeches, or an embroidered vest—and spread it out on the counterpane, to show his father that the lessons had been well learned and that he needn't worry about the quality of work being turned out by the shop. And instead of being pleased with him, his father would push the work aside impatiently. There seemed to be something on his mind that he very much wanted to say, some final piece of wisdom, but when he tried to speak he could only utter meaningless sounds.

Now, through the tops of the bare trees, the tailor could see the stars, so bright and so far away. . . . But how did it get to be autumn, he wondered. And why am I not cold? Why am I not hungry? He fell asleep and dreamed that he had more work to do than he could possibly manage, and



HARVARD SQUARE

Do we live on the fringes of our communities?
I was down on the fringe of the Square today.
A couple of major figures in the Humanities
Went by on the inside track. I heard one say,

"I really don't want to be caught in the position . . ."
And a social scientist, in full career,
Stopped by a tentative girl, stopped conversation
Asking her, "What is it you really want to hear?"

I stood on the outside, giving one ear to the gentry
And the other to music out of a different sheet.
Did you know, lady, this is the only country
Where people laugh at each other on the street?

And hold hands in their middle years? The accordion guy
Was playing a waltz for his own no legs, and grinned
At a handsome nun who gave him back the eye:
No dances, it said, for you and me both, my friend.

Then kids, a brown girl in pink pants, and a cautious
Citizen with earmuffs on his hat,
And every one had the look of carrying a precious
Something from the store to next week, to the time after that.

And I stood stunned among all the brave people.
No humanist could live this comedy.
What was it they wanted to hear? What simple
Position had they been caught in to be so free?

Then two of the heroes turn out to be Alan and Mary.
We circle three hands round, and promenade through
The nearest door to bread and a beer. I am merry
In the midst of things, expecting you.

—Robert A. Brooks

• •

"This is my son, Oompah—I mean Robert."

• •

woke up with the sun shining in his face.

"Wife?" he called out, before he remembered where he was or what had happened to him.

He sat up and looked around. There was no house in the clearing, and no sign that there ever had been, but there was a path leading off through the trees, and he followed it. At this time, more than half of England was forests, and so he knew that it might be days before he found his way out of the wood. "I must be careful not to walk in a circle," he told himself. "That's what people always do when they are lost." But one fallen tree, one sapling, one patch of dried fern, one bed of moss looked just like another, and he could not tell whether he was walking in a circle or not. Now and then, not far from the path, there would be a sudden dry rustle that made his heart race. Was it a poisonous viper? What was it? The rustle did not explain itself. Oddly enough, he himself, stepping on dry leaves and twigs, did not make a sound.

"I ought to be living on roots and berries," he said to himself, and though there were plenty of both, he did not know which were edible and which were not, and he did not feel inclined to experiment. But when he came to a spring, he thought, I will drink, because this far from any house or pasture it cannot be contaminated. . . . He knelt down and put his face to the water and nothing happened. His throat was as dry as before. The water remained just out of reach. He leaned farther forward and again nothing happened. The water kept receding until his face touched dry gravel. He raised his head in surprise and there was the beautiful spring, glittering, jewel-like in the sunlight, pushing its way under logs and between boulders, murmuring as it went, but not to be drunk from. "Can it be that I am dead?" the tailor asked himself. And then, "If I am dead, why has nobody told me where to go, or what's expected of me?"

As he walked on, he tried to remember if in the old days, before he suddenly found himself in this wood, he had ever got down on his hands and knees to drink from a spring. All he remembered was that when the other boys were roaming the woods and bathing in the river he was in his father's shop learning to be a master tailor.

"It is possible that I am dreaming," he said to himself. But it did not seem like a dream. In dreams it is always—not twilight exactly, but the light is peculiar, comes from nowhere, and is never very bright. This was a blindingly beautiful sunny day. "At all events," he said to himself, "I am a much better walker than I had any idea. I have been walking for hours and I don't feel in the least tired. And even if it should turn out that I have been walking in a circle—"

At that moment he saw, ahead of him, what seemed like a thinning out of trees, as if he was coming to the edge of the wood. It proved to be a small clearing with a house in it. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and as the tailor came nearer an unpleasant suspicion crossed his mind.

"Oh, it's you," the woman said, when she opened the door and saw him standing there. She had a baby in her arms, and she didn't look particularly pleased to see him, or concerned that he had passed the whole night on the bare ground and the whole day walking in a circle.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, ma'am," he said, "but if you will be so kind as to show me that road you were speaking of—"

The baby began to fret, and the woman jounced it lightly on her shoulder. "As you can see, I'm busy," she said. "And I don't see how you got here in the first place."

"Neither do I," he said.

"Did you come on a spring anywhere in the wood?"

He nodded.

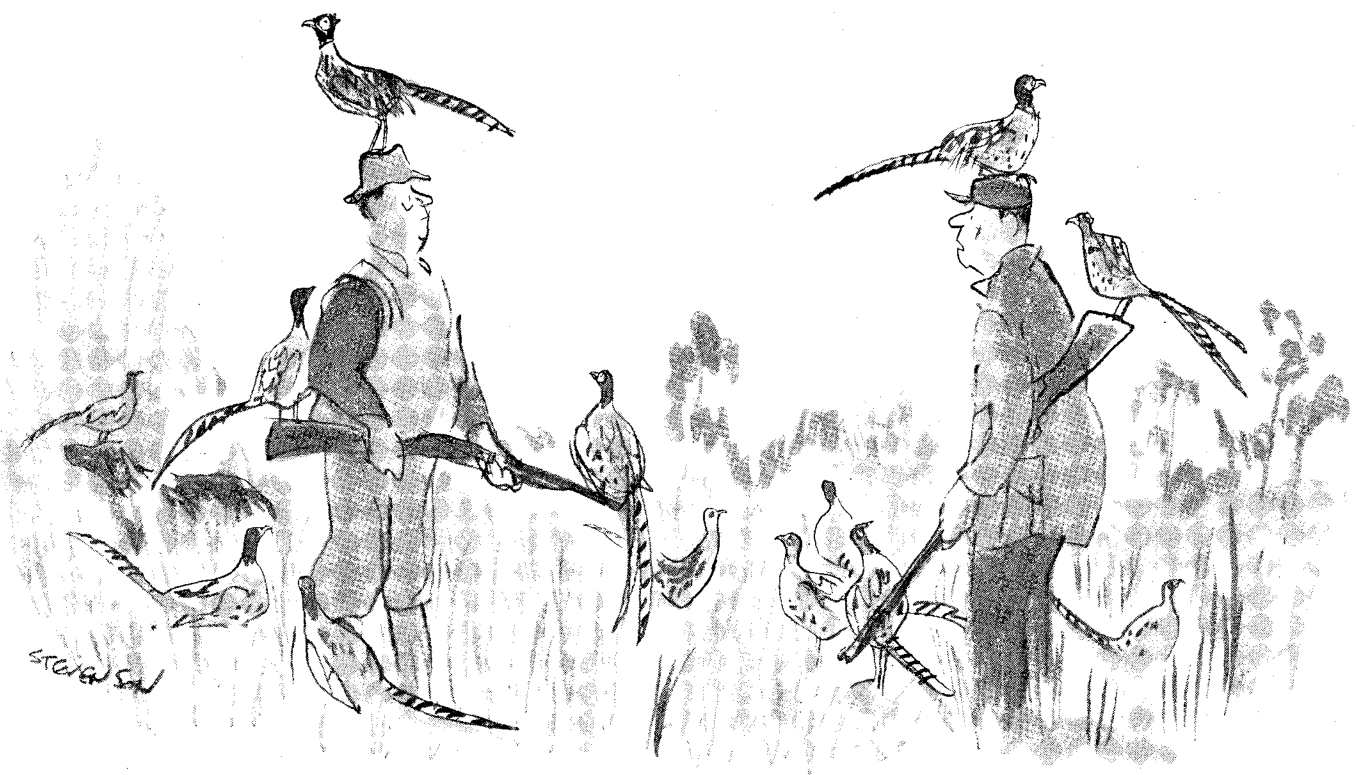
"And did you drink from it?"

"I couldn't," he said. "When I put my face to the water, there wasn't any."

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do," the woman said, and he saw that she was about to close the door in his face.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "if you'll just show me where that road begins I won't trouble you any further, I promise you."

"Why you had to come today of all days, when the baby's cutting a tooth and cross as a bear, and the fire in the stove has gone out, and I still have to do the churning . . . You haven't mur-



"Any ideas?"

• •

dered somebody? No, I can see you haven't. If the police are after you—"

"The police are not after me," the tailor said with dignity, "and I haven't committed any crime that I know of."

"Well, that doesn't mean anything," the woman said. "Come, let me show you the road."

He followed her across the clearing, and when she stopped they were standing in front of a clump of white birch trees. Beyond it the tangled underbrush began, and the big trees.

"I don't see any road," the tailor said.

"That's what I mean," the woman said. She stood looking at him and frowning thoughtfully.

"Even if there was only a path—" the tailor began, and the woman said, "Oh, be quiet. If I let you go off into the wood again, you'll only end up here the way you did before. And I can't ask you into the house, because—Have you ever held a baby?"

"Oh, yes," the tailor said. "My children are grown now, but when they were little I often held them while my wife was busy doing something."

As he was speaking, the woman put the baby in his arms. The baby turned its head on its weak neck and looked at him. Though the woman made him uneasy, the baby did not. The baby's face contorted, and he saw that it was about to cry. "Hush-a," he said, and jounced it gently against his shoulder, and felt the head wobble against his neck, and the down on the baby's head, softer than any material in his shop.

"This may not work," the woman said, and started back across the clearing, and he followed her, still holding the baby.

At the door of the house she took a firm grip on the hem of the baby's garment and then she said, "Go in, go in," and after a last look over his shoulder at the clearing in the wood he stepped across the threshold, expecting to find himself outside again, and instead he was in his own shop, sitting cross-legged on his worktable.

HE listened and heard the twittering of birds as they flitted from branch to branch in the elm tree outside, and then the miller's wife, laughing at some joke she had just made. He saw by the quality of the light outside that it was only the middle of the afternoon. A wagon came by, and the miller's wife called to whoever was in the wagon, and a man's voice said, "Whoa, there . . . Whoa . . . Whoa." The tailor listened with rapt attention to the conversation that followed, though he had heard it a hundred times. Or conversations just like it. All around him on the worktable were scraps of French-blue material, and he could see at a glance what was waiting to be stitched to what. Finally the man said, "That's rich! That's a good one. Gee-up . . ." and the wheels turned again, and the slow plodding was resumed and grew fainter and was replaced by the sound of a child beating on a tin pan. The miller's wife went home, but there were other sounds—a dog, a door slamming, a child being scolded. Then it was quiet for a time, and without thinking the tailor put his hand to his vest and found the needle. Two boys went by, saying, "I dare you to do it, I dare you, I double-dare you!" Do what, the tailor wondered, and went on sewing.

The quiet and the outbreaks of sound alternated in a way that was so regular that it almost seemed planned. A loud noise, such as a crow going caw, caw, caw, seemed to produce a deeper silence afterward. He studied the beautiful sound of footsteps approaching and receding, so like a piece of music.

The light began to fail and he hardly noticed it, because as the light went it was accompanied by all the sounds that mean the end of the day: men coming home from the fields, shops being closed, children being called in before dark.

When the tailor could not see any longer, he put his work aside and sat, listening and smiling to himself at what he heard, until his wife called him to supper. —WILLIAM MAXWELL

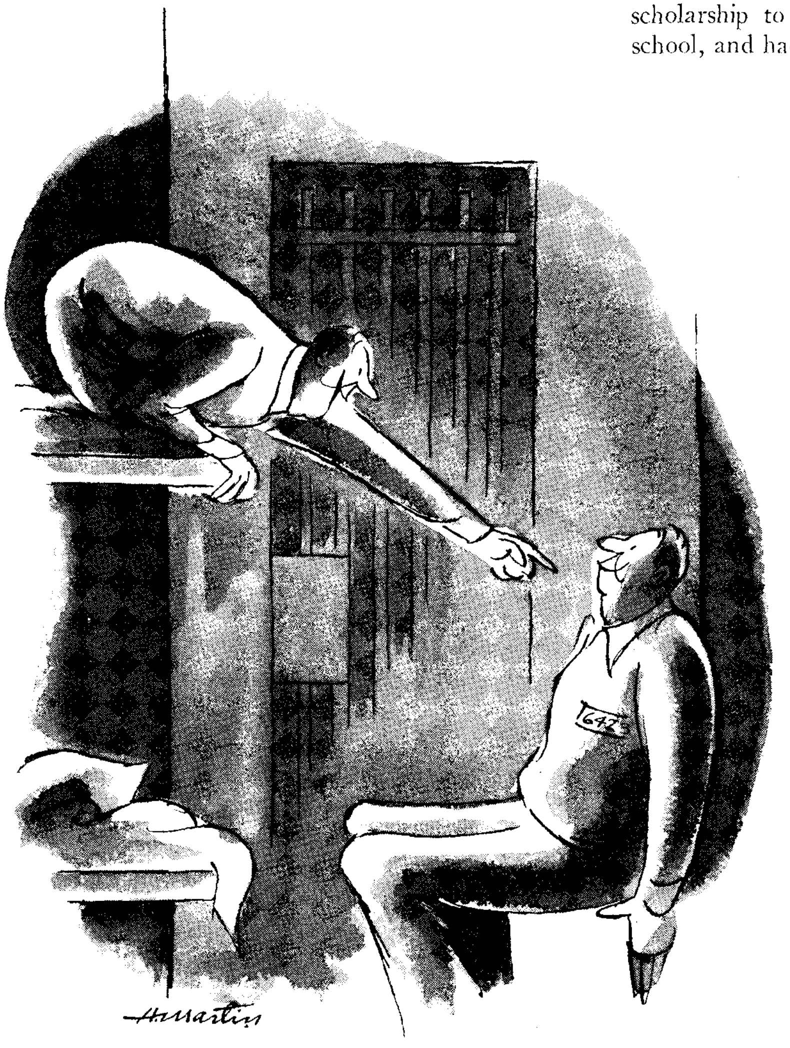
•

If you let your poundage creep up to 10 per cent above normal, then you are ratin the medical authorities book.—*The Times.*

Doctors! They get desperate, so they call you names.

KATHY, NOT ME

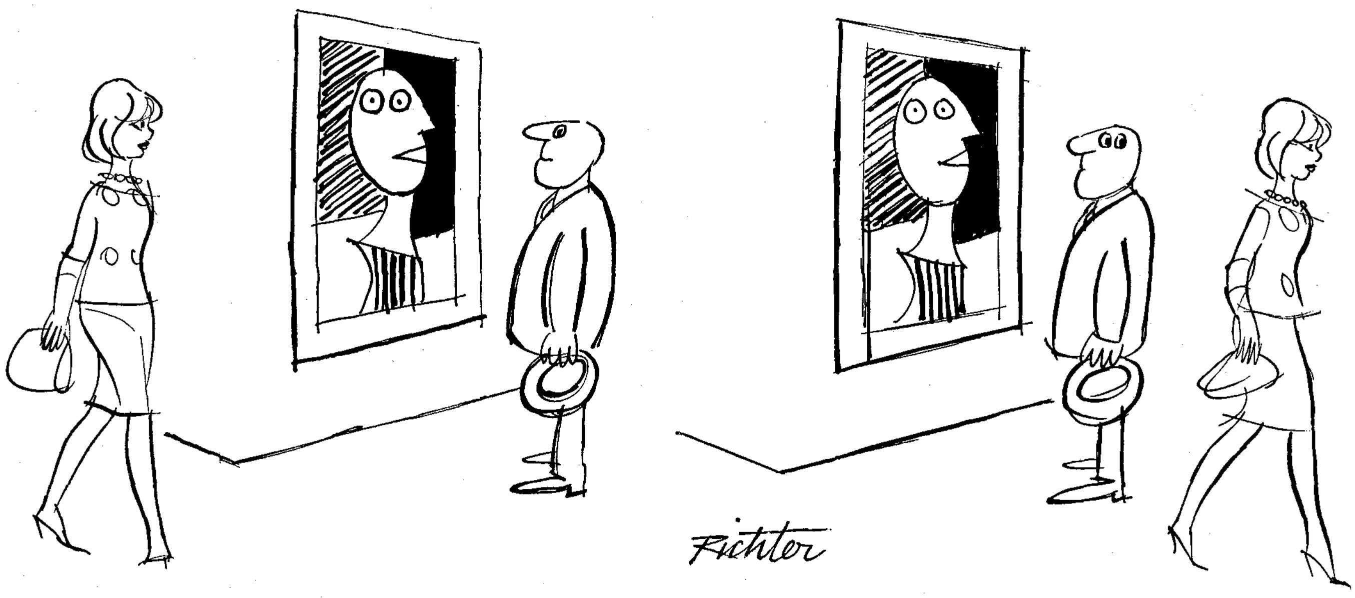
THAT year, we talked about ourselves constantly: our feelings, our actions, our pasts—though, as to that, none of us had a lot of past to talk about, and it's a wonder that we managed to fill so much time with it. There was a good deal of time to fill, too, in 1930 in New York. Today, everybody knows what that date stands for, but then we didn't realize it was significant, and this is odd when you come to think about it. When I read about some important moment or era in history, I always take it for granted that the people it happened to were aware of what was going on. In my mind's eye, I see the agricultural workers of England during the Industrial Revolution feeling the pinch and saying to each other, "Eh, lad," or whatever agricultural workers would say in those days, "what dost tha expect? It's this Industrial Revolution at the bottom of it, taking away a considerable proportion of the farming land, forcing us from our cottages and into the smoky cities, much to the detriment of our lungs. Worst of all, it makes possible that detestable phenomenon of the times, child labor." Then they go and smash the spinning jenny. Again, every schoolchild in America knows how well informed the Colonists were in the seventeen-seventies, when they fought the Redcoats. In ringing tones, they said, "Wicked British imperialists will have to learn the lesson taught by the fate of Rome. Our years of frontier life, during which we had to outwit crafty Indians and chop down trees in the primeval forest, have imbued us with the stout spirit of nationalism, so come on, boys, and get that tea moving." History is tidy. That's what makes it history. Somehow, though, New York in 1930 was different. We were living at a moment of great importance to the economics of the world, but we just went on talking about ourselves.



"And I find you guilty as charged."

I knew hardly anything about the great crash in Wall Street, and if I hadn't been told the connection later I would never have known that it caused the scarcity of jobs that gave me and my friends so much leisure. Stock-market panics happened to the sort of person I had no contact with. All I knew about investments was that my mother had once, long ago, bought German marks—a transaction that had become a family joke—but why it was funny, or what turned German marks into worthless things, remained a mystery I made no attempt to solve. As a child, I hadn't an inquiring mind, and though in New York I was no longer a child, I still wasn't inquisitive about the stock market. If I'd actually seen a broker jumping out of a Wall Street window, it would possibly have meant something. I certainly hope so. As it was, life went on much as usual for a long time after the panic. Wheels slowed down, but they did it gently, and when the slowing down became noticeable at last, it seemed to have happened by itself—a natural holdup, inexplicable. As I'd always understood it, the laws of economics were simple. Once you were out of college, you got a job somewhere and supported yourself forever after. You could ring in changes to some extent. In fact, I'd already rung in several, holding various jobs, and though the fundamentals remained the same, I had learned to be careful with my earnings, putting away money to tide over the periods between. Now, when the periods between stretched out until they were longer than times of employment, I fared better than many of my acquaintances, a number of whom had to leave town and go home to Oklahoma or Iowa or my home state, Illinois. This was always sad. But even so, it was a gradual ebbing away, not a sudden, dramatic exodus. I didn't look around and ask, "What's happening?" I felt merely that life was sad, and this sadness of life had become something I seemed always to have known about.

The girl with whom I shared a tiny Village apartment close to the Sixth Avenue "L"—Kathy, I'll call her—was as frugal as I. Kathy had won a scholarship to a New York dramatic school, and had come all the way from somewhere in the Middle West to use it. It amounted to the fees at the school, nothing more, but her parents sent her an allowance to live on, and she managed. Every morning, she went to school, where she was given lessons in fencing, dancing, and singing, entering a room, sitting down, standing up, and voice-throwing, and though I didn't have to get up when she did except on the rare occasions when I had a job, I did. I wasn't fond of sleeping. Besides, one of the things that made the depression so depressing was the waking moment when you remembered that there was no reason to get dressed and go out. With a job, it was very different; lying there with your eyes not quite open, you made a lot of little decisions—whether to eat one



piece of toast or two, whether to take the subway or the bus, what to wear for the evening's date. To hide from myself the prospect of hours and hours of nothing, I got up and had breakfast with Kathy, though even that wasn't exactly cheering as time went on. Kathy had fallen in love with a boy I'll call Ivan, and was unhappy. This bothered me. I don't mean to imply that I was awfully fond of Kathy, because I wasn't, though I liked her well enough. It was the unhappiness that worried me, the state itself. Anyone's unhappiness, probably, would have hurt me just as much. If you think this trait indicates something nice about my character, you are wrong. It was merely aimless sympathy, a kind of self-indulgence—sympathy gone mad. I was not nice; I was sick.

Moreover, nothing useful came out of this worry over Kathy. I didn't give her good advice. I only listened when she talked about herself—we all listened to each other by the hour, so that was nothing new—and felt sorry. I tried to feel as much sorrow as she did, as if I wanted to take on her unhappiness. I think that's how it started, but soon I began to look for more grief than Kathy's, as if some part of me wanted to feel all the misery in the world. Near our apartment house was a soup kitchen, and all day long people waited there for dishing-up time. I took on their anxieties. I don't mean that I offered to help in the kitchen; I never did anything like that, and it's one of the reasons that I know I was sick. I never even walked past the line at close quarters but crossed the street so that the people in it wouldn't be shamed by my looking at them. It was as far as any helpful impulse on my part seemed to go. That was life, I said to myself. That was how things were. I remember the weather as unremittingly dark and chilly. Though New York in other years lives in my memory as sparkling with sunlight, at that time, as I recall it, the skies were always overcast and the streets mirrored the leaden clouds in sullen, dirty puddles. I know it's not true, but that's the only way I can remember it. It was then, too, that I became vividly aware of the ornamental bridges in Central Park, when I passed by one of them on the lower level one evening just at dusk and saw throngs of people standing around or sitting on the ground underneath, holding their places until nightfall.

Now I moved into another phase of illness, and borrowed grief from the past. Nothing was too small for my brooding. I thought of an afternoon when I had baby-sat in my brother's house in Winnetka. The baby was in a playpen on the porch, and in theory I need not have stayed out there with him. In theory, I was to do my homework indoors, by a window through which I could see if he was all right, but he was eager for company, and for a while I lingered with him. I picked up his Teddy bear when he threw it out of the pen, and made it growl at him, and so on. Time was wasting, however, and the books were waiting. Finally, I covered the bear over with a lot of stuff on the far side of the pen, and while he worked away at the pile to get it out I sneaked indoors. Unfortunately, I could see him perfectly well through the window. I saw him straighten up unsteadily and turn around with the bear in his arms. I saw the dismay on his face before he started to cry. Though I rushed out and comforted him, the expression had been there, and I had evidently kept it in mind ever since. Years had passed, and he had grown up, and still his dismay came back to haunt me in New York—strange company for the soup-kitchen waiters and the sleepers under the bridge, but all was of a piece; it was all unhappiness.

During this wandering and worrying, my personal problem of joblessness—which many people had to face—didn't bother me at all. The sum I had saved was diminishing, but it didn't matter. I looked for work, for a long time failing to find any, and I was quite phlegmatic about the failure. It was happening to *me*, which meant it had no importance, and I think I know why I felt that way. I was proud—too proud to be affected by a national catastrophe like the depression. When I felt fright and apprehension and grief for mankind, being ground to bits by forces beyond its control, I was plunking these disagreeable sensations down on the rest of humanity but not on me, never on me; the enemy couldn't touch *me*. And in a crazy way my feelings seemed justified when I did get jobs—three weeks here as secretary, two weeks there on a switchboard. I never felt hungry, but then why should I? Hunger was not for me but for those others. I was terribly sorry for them, and the emptier my refrigerator was, the sorrier I felt—for them.

ONE unemployed day, I noticed that I was walking past the door of a friend of mine named Mary, and I went in. Mary was there. She was making out, she said, in her work—she was a photographer—and there was no need to contemplate going home to her native state. While she moved around, doing something to a camera tripod, we talked—about ourselves, as usual: personalities, personal affairs, nothing large and comprehensive like the law of supply and demand. But perhaps I didn't talk in quite the same lighthearted way I usually did. I have an idea I must have gone off the rails and talked about Life. At any rate, Mary gave me a queer look and said, "You're in a dreary mood, aren't you?" She broke off to tighten a screw, and added, "Better snap out of it, my dear."

I said, with indignation, that I couldn't very well snap out of it, because I was damn well in it, and so was she, and so were all of us. I said, "That's the way things are."

"Ah, but things wouldn't look like that if you were all right." Mary put away the tripod and sat down. "Are you eating enough?" she asked abruptly.

"Of course I am. Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well, something's the matter with you. Perhaps you'd feel better if you wore decent clothes. Those shoes," she went on, looking with distaste at my feet. "Haven't you got any others? Well, you ought to get some new shoes for a beginning. Can you afford them?"

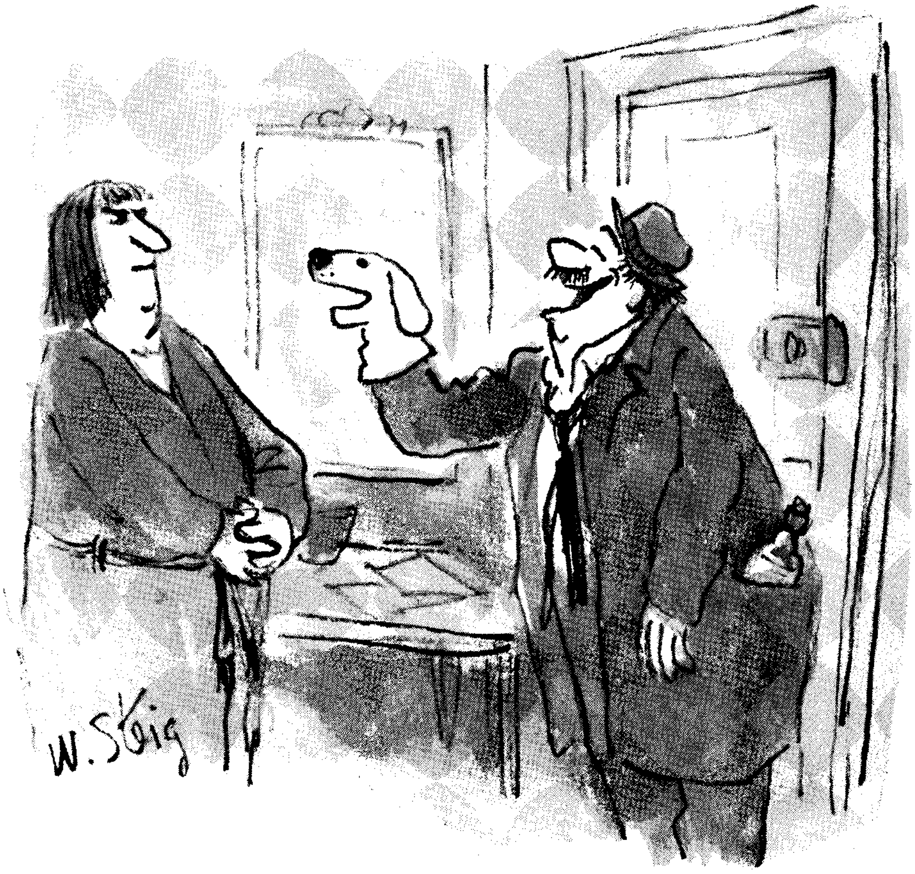
I assured her that I could manage. Privately, of course, I had no intention of buying new shoes. What—bother about petty vanity with the world in the state it was? The idea would have been funny if I hadn't got out of the habit of laughing.

When I left her, Mary gave me a little brown bottle of pills and said, "I can see you're not sleeping enough. One of these ought to fix you up. After you've had a good night, I can promise you, life'll look brighter. You can keep the whole lot—I've got more." And she called through the door after me, "Don't take more than one at a time, now."

That night, I swallowed a pill and it did make me sleep—so soundly that I didn't hear Kathy next morning. In fact, I was still asleep when the cleaning woman came in, much later. Kathy had hired her. During the depression, there was a superabundance of domestic help, and this Swedish woman, Helga, had almost wept, Kathy had said, when she asked for work. Now she was doing all the apartments in the building, twice a week. She apologized profusely for waking me, but apologies were hardly necessary at eleven o'clock, and I said so. Stumbling from one room to the other to keep out of her way, drinking Kathy's coffee warmed over, I was conscious of the mists clearing and observed myself as closely as a doctor feeling a pulse. Did the world look brighter, as Mary had said it would? Helga had squeezed out her mop for the last time and departed before I came to a decision. No, I said to myself, staring out the window, nothing was any better, but at least the pill had got me through most of the morning without the knowledge that it was passing. On the strength of that relief, I was able to write a letter to my mother—something I had put off doing for days. Often I wondered why people went home when they got discouraged in New York. Surely home was the last place imaginable for a failure. I even avoided my sister Helen, who lived in New York now that she was married; she would have understood better than Mother, but still she was family.

The days marched past, sedate as mourners at a funeral. Kathy's love affair continued to wilt, and one day she told me that she didn't expect to see Ivan anymore. She was not a demonstrative girl, and when she cried she tried to do it quietly, usually after going to bed, but now and then when I was at home I heard her. I tried not to be at home in the evenings, not only on Kathy's account but because if a day of unemployment is long an evening at home afterward is endless. Still, now and then I heard her. Betweentimes, I saw a lot of people—Mary and her boy friend, and an actor who'd been out of work for eighteen months, and a newspaperman, and Bernard, who is hard to classify. He'd never been a reporter or an actor or even a painter in his life. He'd never earned his living. He just went to classes at some handy university, studying one subject after another, taking examinations and getting good marks, then starting off on some quite different course of study. Bernard would always have been an oddity, but during the depression he was more than ever peculiar because of his unearned income, which he had inherited and held on to. As if this was not weird enough, he was also being psychoanalyzed, which in 1930 was so rare that I still spoke of his analyst, when occasion arose, as an "alienist." Naturally, I'd never met the analyst, but Bernard talked about him. Sometimes I had dinner with Bernard and his friends and spent an evening listening to them talk about science, literature, or philosophy, depending on what he was studying at the moment. In his way, he worked awfully hard.

ONE day, Kathy came home early from school, white with shock, and told me they'd withdrawn her scholarship and she wasn't to go back anymore. It was not her fault, the au-



"Bowwow!"

thorities had assured her; they were running so short of funds that they had to retrench. I could think of nothing to say but "Oh, Kathy, it's dreadful, it's awful," but it didn't matter, because she wasn't listening. Sitting upright on the edge of a chair, she gave her full attention to the thoughts clamoring in her mind, and it was out of these that she finally said, "Don't tell anybody about this for a while. I don't want it to get back to my parents, or they'll make me go home."

This sounded like sense, and I nodded, thinking I understood perfectly. Then she cried sharply, "Oh, I wish I could! I wish I could go home right now!"

"Then why don't you?"

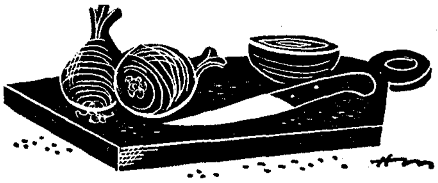
"I can't. I'm having a baby," said Kathy.

What she meant, and did not have to explain, was that she did not intend to have it; outside of books and movies, girls in her predicament never did. Both of us knew that much but very little more, except that the operation was illegal. We discussed possible ways and means at such length that Kathy got distressed to a greater extent, and when I said that we had to get in touch with Ivan she had hysterics and had to be helped to bed. That put things off for a few hours, but in the morning nothing had changed; getting in touch with Ivan was still the first priority, and Kathy agreed at last and telephoned him.

A nasty week followed. Ivan, resentful and suspicious at the beginning, was persuaded after a while to see it as we did—a matter that involved him as well as Kathy. Once he got started, he went the whole way, anxious to get it over with so that he could resume his normal life and forget Kathy all over again. He found the abortionist, he supplied a part, at least, of the money, and he even arranged to be at the apartment on the day of the operation to make sure we got back all right—for I went with her, of course. I can see now that it all must have been a considerable strain on him as well as on Kathy, but at the time, when we got back and found him drunk, I was not inclined to make allowances. I'd found it very difficult to get Kathy up the stairs, and the sight of Ivan, staggering and foolish, was too much. Grimly, I got her to bed. She was trembling, and rather green in the face.

"There now, that's all right," said Ivan. "Let's go out and get something to eat."

At this, I drew a deep breath and let fly. All through my ranting, Kathy sobbed in the background, softly and wearily. She went on doing it even after Ivan had departed, slamming the door. She continued to be weepy for the next two weeks, until she was strong enough to go home and I saw her to the train. She cried until the last minute.



Back in the apartment, though it was quiet now, I couldn't get the sound of Kathy's sobbing out of my ears. I tried. I accepted every invitation that came along, regardless, and my dates multiplied. The telephone rang most of the time, but I couldn't forget Kathy. I was perfectly well aware that this was ridiculous, because Kathy was all right now, and had written to tell me so. But logic didn't work. What bothered me was that the thing had happened.

THE PASSENGERS

Who are they
they come by train by car
they won't stand still
we see them underground
through windows
by lamplight
they read they speak they eat
they move their hands
their breath is on the glass
is moving

toward a fruit tree
beside a river
beside a stone lion on the steps
toward a field of white stones

sit on the floor
eat fish place salt upon your tongue
throw in pine cones and pieces of cedar
throw in kleenex and coffee grounds
and the remnants of shoes
raise a lament of white scarves

in a field of white stones
cultivated by the wind
among white pebbles in a light rain
we cast
a shadow
that moves over the ground
like the shadow of a bird

every single thing contains all things

the pebble in your mouth its blue flame
the feather its blood
your hand falling releases the light
that your hand rising encloses
the shadow of pain in your eyes
the shadows of clouds over water
in principle your eyes
could annihilate the earth
with their shadow

the fruit tree moves its branches beside the river
the stone lion licks salt from its eyes
a building at the bottom of a lake
between me and the sun
gives back the light
particulate petals of the flower
a window an orange a shadow of an odor.

—David Antin

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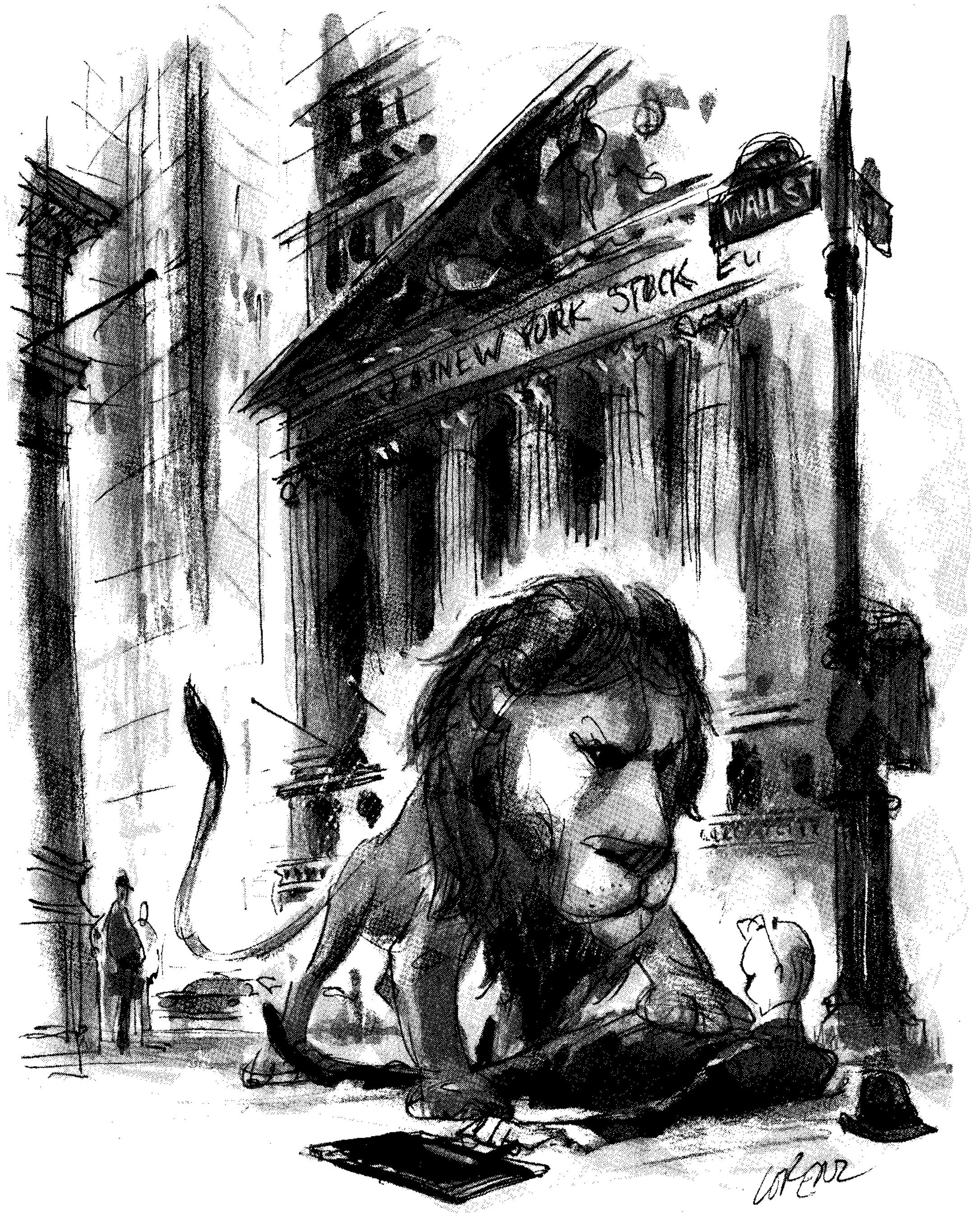


"I'm awfully sorry, but every cent I have is tied up in tax-free municipals."

• •

It didn't matter that it was all over. Though it was past, and though it was Kathy, not me, someone had gone through all that cruelty. It didn't matter whether it was Kathy *or* me, and it made no difference that the cruelty was in the past, because, past or not, it was *there*. A thing like that could happen. I grieved accordingly, and the more I did, the less I wanted any part of life. Life had let me down. I knew how to get out of it, too. I'd used only three of Mary's pills and there were at least twenty in the bottle—enough to kill, if taken all at once.

I had just about decided on the pills when I went to have dinner with Bernard in his apartment near N.Y.U. He had a nice place, full of bookcases. He opened a can of soup and fixed some spaghetti, and after we'd eaten he smoked a pipe while I talked about the pills, and my decision, and the rest of it. I did this not so much because I wanted to hear his opinion but out of habit. Talk, talk, talk. Bernard puffed for a while, then gave a reasoned speech of disagreement with my argument for suicide. It added up to the statement that I had a lot to be thankful for and ought to snap out of it. Just like Mary, I said to myself, and equally uncomprehending. Bernard went on to catalogue the items that he thought should cheer me up, but for all the difference it made he might as well have been talking Japanese. I had simply strengthened my resolve by talking it out.

At last, he said, "You know, I think you need the advice of an expert, like this man I go to."

"The alienist?"

"He's a psychoanalyst, as I've told you repeatedly—a very different thing—and I'm sure he could help you."

I shook my head. Everybody knew that Bernard paid ten dollars an hour for his treatment, and anyway I knew I didn't need treatment. It wasn't my fault if I could see the facts more clearly than anyone else, was it?

Bernard took me as far as the corner when I left. "Well, good night," he said, "and listen . . ." He paused, then came up with something he was sure would keep me going. "I think you're lots prettier than your sister," he said.

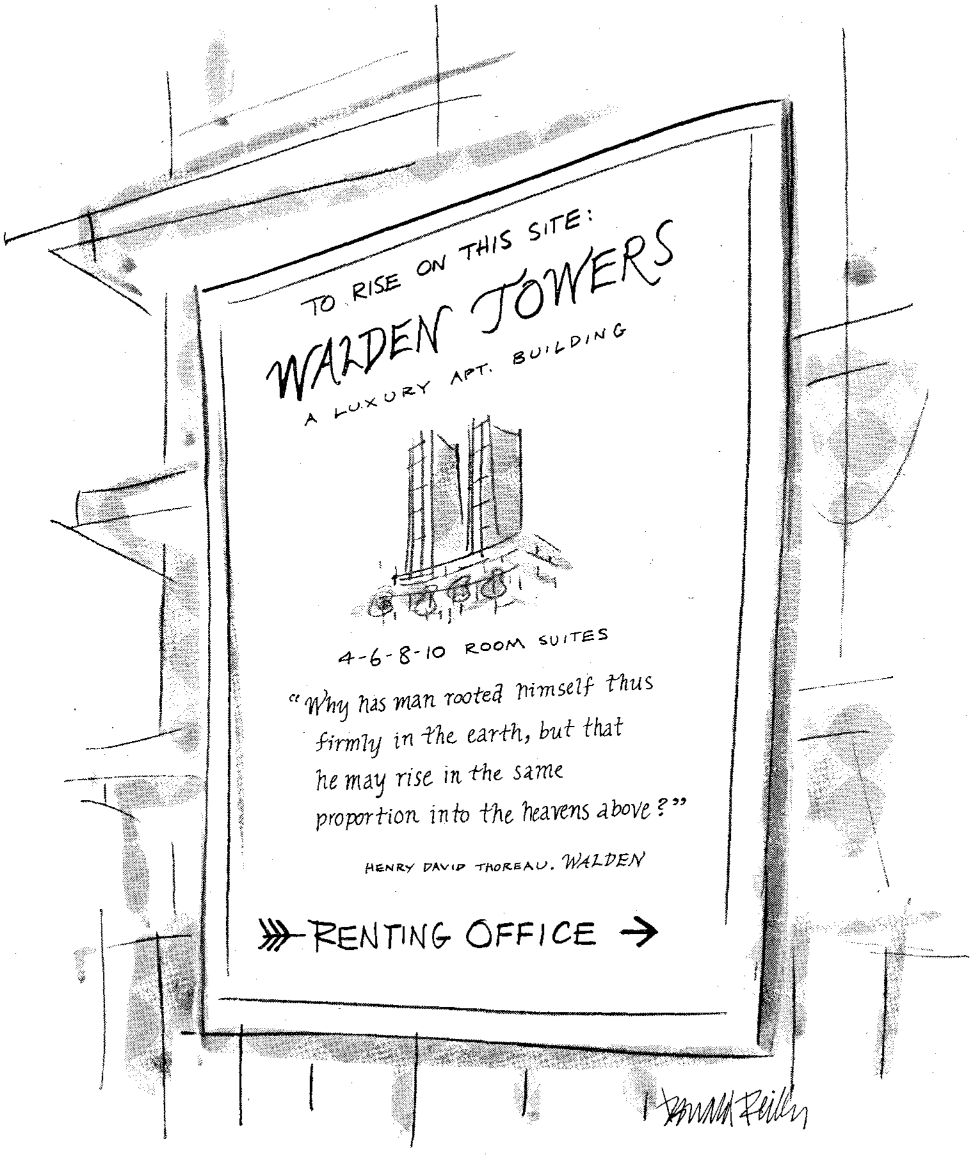
I WENT back to my quiet, empty apartment. If it had continued to be quiet, I might not have gone ahead with my intention, but the telephone rang the minute I had my shoes off, and let me in for a long talk with a friend who was depressed. Hardly had I rung off when it rang again, and I had another chat with another friend, this time a drunk one. The third time the bell shrilled, I grabbed the instrument and tried earnestly to pull it out of the wall by the roots. The cord held, but after a while the bell stopped ringing of its own accord. When I put down the telephone, I was crying.

"This has got to stop," I said aloud. I'm not sure now what I meant—what had to stop. It could have been life, or merely the crying, which embarrassed me. Anyway, I rushed for the pills. I went on crying the whole time I was swallowing them—a process that took some time, because I couldn't get more than three down at once. Afterward, though, I was able to stop crying. For some reason, I felt triumphant. I think I had the idea that I was avenging Kathy. However, the next time I knew what I was doing, there I was crying again, and the room was full of daylight. I was very sick, this time to the stomach. Somebody's arms were around me, somebody was patting my shoulder, and a voice—Helga's, of all things—was saying over and over, "Don't cry, don't cry. You mustn't. I love you," as if she were talking to a baby. She'd heard the noise from the next apartment, she said, and hurried in to find me sick. I think she must have believed that I was just very drunk, for finally she went away and left me to get over it naturally. She knew nothing about the pills—as a matter of fact, I'd forgotten them myself, I was so dopey. I went back to sleep until the telephone bell woke me again and I heard Bernard saying, "Well, how are you this morning?"

Then I remembered, and I found that I could hardly talk, because my tongue felt too big. I said, "Oh, yes. I took that stuff."

WHEN Helen got there with a doctor, I'd gone back to sleep. I prefer to forget what happened after that, but when it was all over and he said I was rid of the stuff, I was taken to Helen's, where I went to sleep on the couch in the living room. He told Helen I'd saved myself, really, by taking so many pills that my system rejected them, and she passed on the information next day when I woke up. She asked me why I'd done it anyway, and I said, "I don't know." It was the truth. All my careful reasons had evaporated. From where I was lying, I could see the sky—a high, bright blue—and trees in delicious shades of green, all the world clear and shiny as I hadn't seen it for years. I longed to get out in it. I was full of ambition. But all was not quite well, because I was frightened by what I had done. It simply didn't make sense. It was terrifying to think I might not be quite right in the head. In those days, we still thought in terms of sanity and insanity, with a nice clear line dividing them, and I had every right to be afraid.

I was still puzzling it out when Bernard came. He waved away my thanks for what he had done—alerting Helen and so on. She'd already thanked him, he said. What he wanted to talk about was the psychoanalyst. "You must realize now that you'd better see him," he said. "You're not rational, you know."


TO RISE ON THIS SITE:
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"Why has man rooted himself thus firmly in the earth, but that he may rise in the same proportion into the heavens above?"
HENRY DAVID THOREAU. WALDEN
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It was so near what I had been thinking that I nodded meekly.

"You can see him as soon as you like," Bernard went on.

"Bernard, don't be ridiculous. How can I possibly—"

"And I'll pay," said Bernard.

I gaped at him, and he hurried to explain. I reminded him so much of what he'd been like before treatment, he said, that he couldn't bear to think of my going on without help. He begged me not to talk about it anymore, and then he hurried out—straight to the analyst, no doubt.

Alone, I was still in a state of shock, stunned by the scope of his offer. Why, it would run into hundreds of dollars!

What happened next was a click in my mind, and then it was as if a window blew open, letting anger flow in. I knew all about that anger, though I hadn't felt it for a long time. It was as pure as the new color of the sky, and hot as the sun. Helen came in and found me up and dressed, tying one of my shoelaces that had broken. I said to her, "Bernard wants to pay for me to be analyzed."

"Yes, he told me. It's awfully nice of him, isn't it?" said Helen. "Are you sure you feel like getting up?"

"Well, he's not going to," I said. "What does he think I am? Pay for me, indeed!" I combed my hair hard, and said over my shoulder, "Nobody pays for *me*. Who wants analysis, anyway?" I had already packed my suitcase; now I picked it up and started out.

Helen said, "Where are you going?"

"Home," I said, "but shopping first. I've got to get new shoes. Just look at me!"

—EMILY HAHN

•

Already at fifteen, Schubert was Schubert, and had to do it his own way. So even the literally quoted, rather aphoristic Mozart-theme must be extended and pulled until it's a true Schubertian "Gesangs" theme; the "unhuman" unison representing Fate has to be followed by human, warm answers; the complex Mozartian drama form becomes, naturally, a true Schubertian Lied form. We are closely assisting one of the fascinating wonders of organic nature: The youthful Schubert-tree, under the warm rays of Mozart's sun, starts assimilating through the chlorophyll-catalyst of his own unfolding genius—his very own starch.
—*Philharmonic Hall program note.*

A nasty situation, calling for quick action.

PROFILES

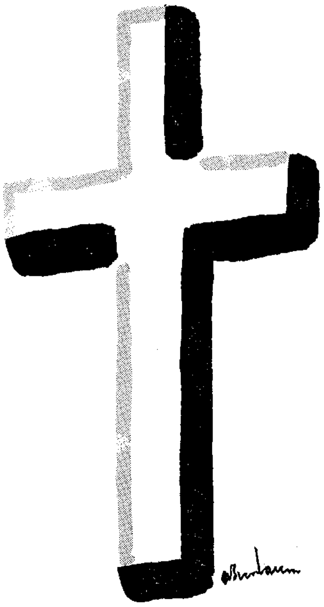
THE NEW THEOLOGIAN

I—ECCE HOMO

"OUR IMAGE OF GOD MUST GO" was the startling headline on an article by the Right Reverend John Robinson, Suffragan Bishop of Woolwich, that appeared in the London *Observer* for March 17, 1963. An explanation just a little less startling followed: "'Honest to God,' by the Bishop of Woolwich, will be published on Tuesday. In this article the Bishop expresses the main theme of this controversial book: the urgent need to question the traditional image of God as a supernatural Person if Christianity is to survive." "Image" was an advertising word. What did it have to do with God? "Honest to God" was a blasphemy. What was the Bishop doing blaspheming in public? And how, exactly, had a book become "controversial" before it was published? My hackles were up, and the Bishop's article did little to pacify me. "Few people realise that we are in the middle of one of the most exciting theological ferments of the century," it began spectacularly:

> New ideas about God and religion, many of them with disturbing revolutionary implications, are breaking surface. If Christianity is to survive it must be relevant to modern secular man, not just to the dwindling number of the religious. . . . Men can no longer credit the existence of "gods" or of a God as a supernatural Person, such as religion has always posited. Not infrequently, as I watch or listen to a broadcast discussion between a Christian and a humanist, I catch myself realising that most of my sympathies are on the humanist's side. . . . The new ideas were first put on record by a German pastor in a Nazi prison in 1944: "Our whole 1,900-year-old Christian preaching and theology rests upon the 'religious premise' of man. . . . If one day it becomes apparent that this *a priori* 'premise' simply does not exist but was an historical and temporary form of human self-expression, *i.e.*, if we reach the stage of being radically without religion—and I think this is more or less the case already—what does that mean for 'Christianity'? *It means that the linchpin is removed from the whole structure of our Christianity to date.*" [The Bishop of Woolwich's italics.]

After noting that these historic words about what the Bishop identified as "religionless Christianity" had been written on April 30, 1944, by Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the imprisoned German pastor who was executed by the Nazis not long afterward and whose book



"Letters and Papers from Prison" was posthumously edited and published by Pastor Eberhard Bethge, a close friend, the article went on:

> When his letters were first published—a bare ten years ago—one felt at once that the Church was not ready for what Bonhoeffer was saying. Indeed, it might properly be understood only 100 years hence. But it seemed one of those trickles that must one day split rocks. . . . Modern man has opted for a secular world: he has become increasingly non-religious. The Churches have deplored this as the great defection from God, and the more they write it off, the more this movement has seen itself as anti-Christian. But, claims Bonhoeffer boldly, the period of religion is over. Man is growing out of it: he is "coming of age." By that he doesn't mean that he is getting better (a prisoner of the Gestapo had few illusions about human nature) but that for good or for ill he is putting the religious world-view behind him as childish and pre-scientific.

All this was sensational stuff, even without the authority of the episcopate. The language matched the occasion, as when the Bishop, doffing his mitre to the boys of "Beyond the Fringe," observed, "Only in the private world of the individual's psychological need and insecurity—in that last corner of 'the sardine-tin of life'—is room apparently left for God." It was the episcopal word with the common touch.

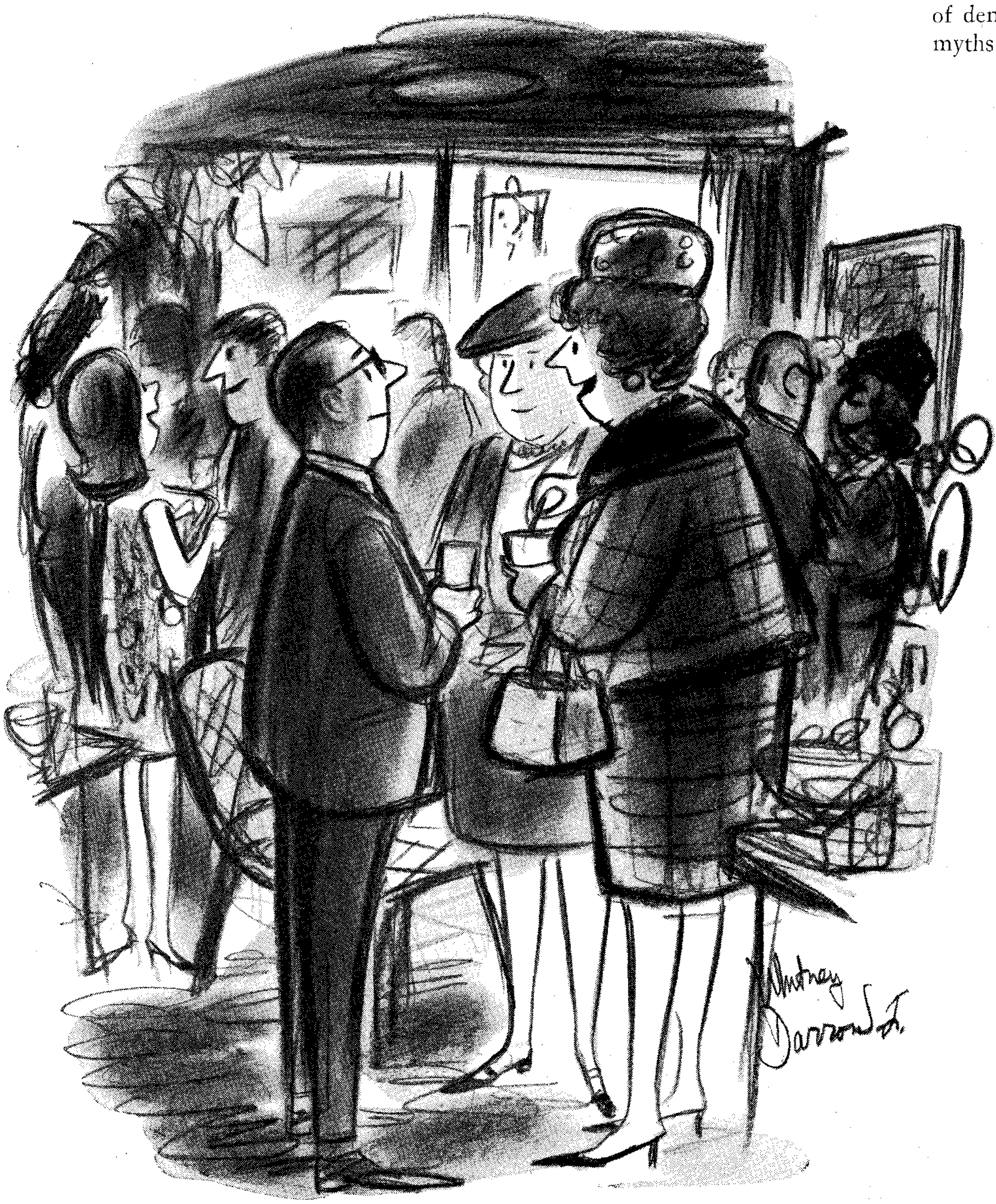
"Our Image of God Must Go" was some of the lava of the book, I discovered upon getting it on the appointed Tuesday and reading it; "Honest to God" was intended to be nothing less than a volcano. To me, just as to many others at the time, the story of Bonhoeffer—or, rather, what there was of it—was not unfamiliar. A theologian of great promise, he had been robbed of life at the age of thirty-nine before he had been able to achieve his full powers, remaining, therefore, a shadowy figure who could just be glimpsed in his many books, which, considered together, presented a man groping with ideas, profound but disturbing and half-born, and showed a person hedged about with contradictions, such as those to be found in "Letters and Papers from Prison." In any case, that book, as the Bishop said, might be one of those trickles that split rocks a hundred years hence; "Honest to God" was an attempt to shatter them now. Though it was a five-shilling paperback, only a hundred and forty pages long, it immediately established itself as a popular classic. (Within a few weeks of publication, a number of translators were at work on editions for Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and the Netherlands, and soon the Bishop and his publishers, the Student Christian Movement Press, of London, were collecting reviews and readers' letters, to be included, along with the Bishop's second thoughts, in another book, called "The Honest to God Debate," for by this time "Honest to God" had sold three hundred and fifty thousand copies, which was proclaimed a record for any "book of serious theology in the history of the world." Now the combined world sales have almost touched a million, which will probably stand as a record in the history of the world for some time to come.)

THE argument of "Honest to God" went something like this:

Once upon a time, men, including the writers of the New Testament, believed in a three-decker universe of Heaven, earth, and Hell—a belief that enabled them to speak and write about God as "up there." When, under the first onslaught of science, this universe collapsed, the loss was easily borne by a mere shift in verbal notation. God "up there" was amended to God "out there." This little tinkering with the spatial metaphor left the New Testament story intact and at the same time extricated Christianity from the flat-earth cosmology. Then came the Copernican onslaught—the dislodgment of the geocentric universe in favor of the heliocentric—which tended to make nonsense of God "out there." But some men, quickly coming to terms with this revolution in science, were able to go on thinking about God as in some way "beyond" outer space, perhaps because any further tinkering with the spatial metaphor might bring about an outright denial of the existence of God. The recent spying into space with radio telescopes and rockets, however, had dealt the coup de grâce to God "out there" and eliminated any other site where He might be supposed to have erected His house of many mansions. Along with Bonhoeffer, Rudolf Bultmann, an emeritus professor of theology at the University of Marburg, and the late Paul Tillich, who taught theology at (among other places) Union Theological Seminary and the Divinity Schools of the Universities of Harvard and Chicago, were among a number of modern theologians who had long since accepted the death of this God, who had accordingly set about modernizing Christianity, and who had commended themselves to the Bishop on these counts as soon as he happened to read them.

Bultmann, for his part, acknowledged that the New Testament writers presented Christ as a divine being—for example, as incarnated through a miraculous birth, as performing signs and wonders in testimony to his celestial origins, and as supranaturally redeemed and resurrected—but he asserted that these categories of preëxistence and incarnation, descent and ascent, miraculous intervention, and cosmic catastrophe were mythological, and, for us today, were as primitive in their philosophy as the Book of Genesis was in its science. They belonged to a completely antiquated world view, he maintained, and, even when it was current, were used not to describe a supranatural event of any kind but to give expression to the real depth and significance—the "trans-historical" character—of the historical Jesus of Nazareth. Bultmann asserted, moreover, that Christianity was not committed to any mythological or supranaturalist picture of the world. Instead, according to him, it was today in need of a thoroughgoing "program of demythologization," not because all myths and symbols ought to be spurned but because Christianity had to sever its dependence on one particular mythology of supranaturalism. The difficulties and the consequences of the program were nowhere more evident than in its application to the doctrine of the Incarnation—the subject of many heresies and debates—which, at least in popular Christianity, had always stated that two distinct natures, that of God and that of man, were united in the person of Christ, or, in the words of Charles Wesley's hymn, "Veiled in flesh the Godhead see." But here, as elsewhere, Bultmann's answer was to read the Nativity story without supposing that its validity depended on a literal interruption of the natural order by a supernatural occurrence. Indeed, in his view, naturalism—the attempt to explain Christ's doings, like everything else, by humanistic and rational presuppositions—could alone claim the allegiance of intelligent men today.

Tillich's approach to the post-Copernican problem was somewhat different, the Bishop explained. For him, God was not a projection "out there," an Other, of whose reality we had to convince ourselves, but was within us, the very "ground of our being," "the deepest springs of our social and historical existence." As Tillich also put it, and the italics are his, "The name of


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Oh, I remember you. You were a child prodigy. What ever became of you?"

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this infinite and inexhaustible ground of history is *God*. That is what the word means, and it is that to which the words *Kingdom of God* and *Divine Providence* point. And if these words do not have much meaning for you, translate them, and speak of the depth of history, of the ground and aim of our social life, and of what you take seriously without reservation in your moral and political activities. Perhaps you should call this depth *hope*, simply hope. For if you find hope in the ground of history, you are united with the great prophets who were able to look into the depth of their times, who tried to escape it, because they could not stand the horror of their visions, and who yet had the strength to look to an even deeper level and there to discover hope." By reading "depth" for "height" in the Biblical imagery, and thus, in a sense, reversing the terms of the spatial metaphor, Tillich tried to give the Christian symbols relevance and meaning. God, instead of being conceived of as "the highest Being," was now defined as the depth of personal relationships—indeed, the depth of *all* experience "interpreted by love"—and, accordingly, theological statements were to be used to analyze this experience rather than to describe a supreme person. Similarly, Bonhoeffer spoke of God as "the 'beyond' in our midst." He began his reinterpretation of the Christian message where Bultmann had left off, and maintained that the traditional conception of God as a *deus ex machina* was as obsolete as the rest of Bultmann's myths. Man-come-of-age had no need to resort to the God hypothesis; in fact, it was a hindrance rather than a help to anyone trying to understand the workings of nature. Bonhoeffer would have agreed with Julian Huxley's remark "Operationally, God is beginning to resemble not a ruler but the last fading smile of a cosmic Cheshire Cat," but, unlike Huxley, Bonhoeffer chose to keep the Gospel and jettison only "Christianity" as "a pattern of religion." He died, however, before he could develop further this idea of "religionless Christianity."

To the Bishop, the ideas of Bultmann, Tillich, and Bonhoeffer, taken together, amounted to nothing less than a new Christianity; they suggested a radical reinterpretation of every Christian doctrine. Heaven was now conceived of as "the union-in-love with the ground of our being," this union being exemplified in Jesus Christ. Hell was "union-in-estrangement with the ground of our being"—a form of un-

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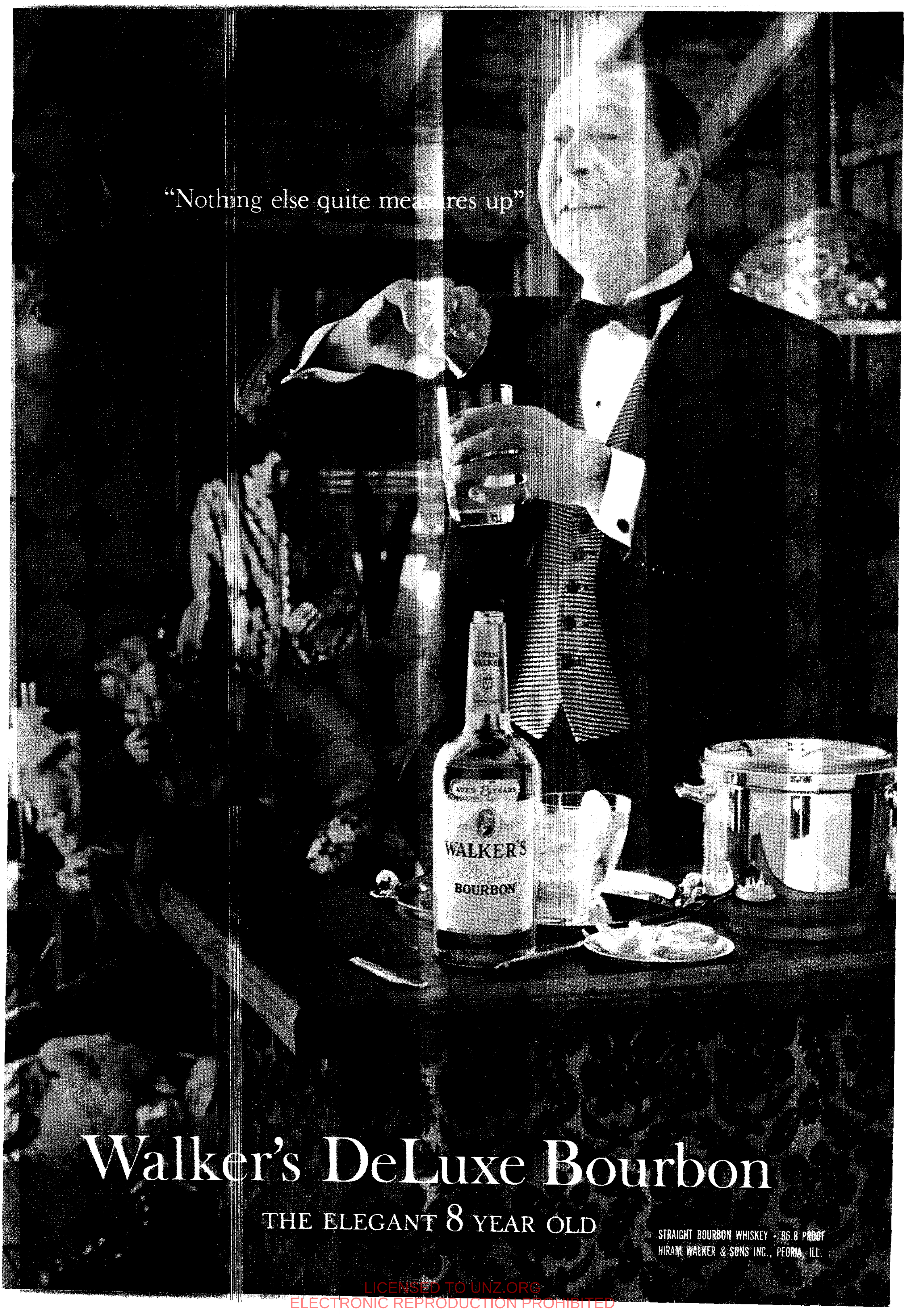
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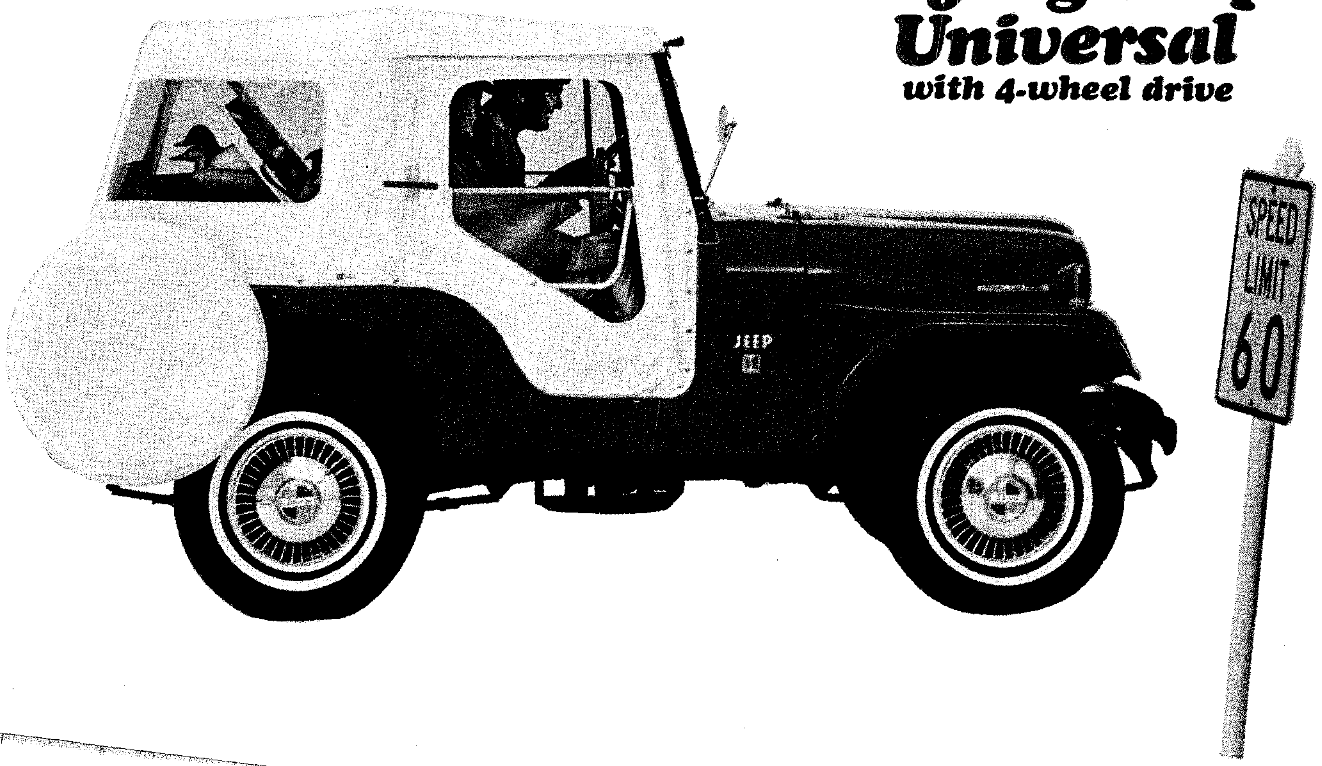

ion exemplified by a sense of failure in coming to terms with oneself and others. Sin was "the abyss of separation" from that "ground of our being," as when one despaired. Grace was an offer of "life, in all its divine depth, to overcome the estrangement and alienation" from, again, that "ground of our being." The last thing the Church was intended to be was an organization for religious men. The motto for believers, in the new Christianity, was, more or less, "Hold to Christ, and for the rest be totally uncommitted," or, in the words of St. Augustine, "Love God, and do what you like." Indeed, the function of worship was to "sharpen and deepen our response to the world and to other people beyond the point of proximate concern (of liking, self-interest, limited commitment, etc.)," and the function of Holy Communion was to proclaim symbolically that Christ and "the beyond" were at the center of life. In the realm of ethics, similarly, the moral precepts of Christ were under no circumstances to be regarded as legislative, setting down courses of action universally right or wrong. On the contrary, they were to be taken as illustrations of what love might at any time require of anyone, the thing to remember in this case being that the Christian ethic was "a radical 'ethic of the situation,' with nothing prescribed—except love."

To look at only one instance of the application of the new morality, the sacrament of marriage was not to be taken as a union made in Heaven, and thus as possessing any metaphysical quality, but as something relative to the particular relationship, the particular situation. In this ethic of the situation, there was not even any hard and fast Christian rule about sexual experience before marriage, since there was nothing intrinsically evil except lack of love. But how was one to set about telling the believers from the non-believers? Here, as elsewhere—in fact, throughout the book—the Bishop left one in no doubt that he wanted to have things both ways. Though he had said that divorce and premarital sex experience were not in themselves wrong, he nevertheless insisted that they might be wrong "in 99 cases or even 100 cases out of 100." This was actually prejudging the situational ethic. The radical thinking, it turned out, was rooted, if not in the church of the Pharisees, in something pretty close to it. The Bishop even tried to narrow whatever gap might exist, on the chance that any Christian should take it into his head that his was the hundredth case. "To

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the young man asking in his relations with a girl, 'Why shouldn't I?' " the Bishop wrote, "It is relatively easy to say 'Because it's wrong' or 'Because it's a sin'—and then to condemn him when he, or his whole generation, takes no notice. It makes much greater demands to ask, and to answer, the question 'Do you love her?' or '*How much* do you love her?' and then to help him to accept *for himself* the decision that, if he doesn't, or doesn't very deeply, then his action is immoral, or, if he does, then he will respect her far too much to use her or take liberties with her." The Bishop's attempts to disarm any would-be critics of his Janus-like views were little more rigorous than what might be called the "respect for" logic. For instance, his answer to the question "If God had no existence separate from nature, then was the new Christianity pantheistic?" was that pantheism allowed for no personal moral freedom, whereas the new Christianity was rooted in the ideas of personal choice and love. These were but the most obvious cases of muddled thinking that struck me as I read.

I had thought that the newspaper statements, in themselves brief and tantalizing, would gain somehow in substance when they were elaborated in "Honest to God," but they did not. The style of the book, like that of a schoolboy's composition, was showy—bulging and straining at almost every point with farfetched analogies constructed for purposes of polemics: "The traditional supranaturalistic way of describing the Incarnation almost inevitably suggests that Jesus was really God almighty walking about on earth, dressed up as a man. . . . He looked like a man, he talked like a man, he felt like a man, but underneath he was God dressed up—like Father Christmas. [The Episcopal word à la sardines.] However guardedly it may be stated, the traditional view leaves the impression that God took a space-trip and arrived on this planet in the form of a man." Here, the Bishop felt the need of a qualification: "I am aware that this is a parody, and probably an offensive one, but I think it is perilously near the truth of what most people—and I would include myself—have been brought up to believe at Christmastime." This, however, carried little conviction, especially since in the next breath he was off again: "It [Incarnation] conjures up the idea of a divine substance being plunged in flesh and coated with it like chocolate or silver plating." Nevertheless, the Bishop sometimes appeared defensive, and

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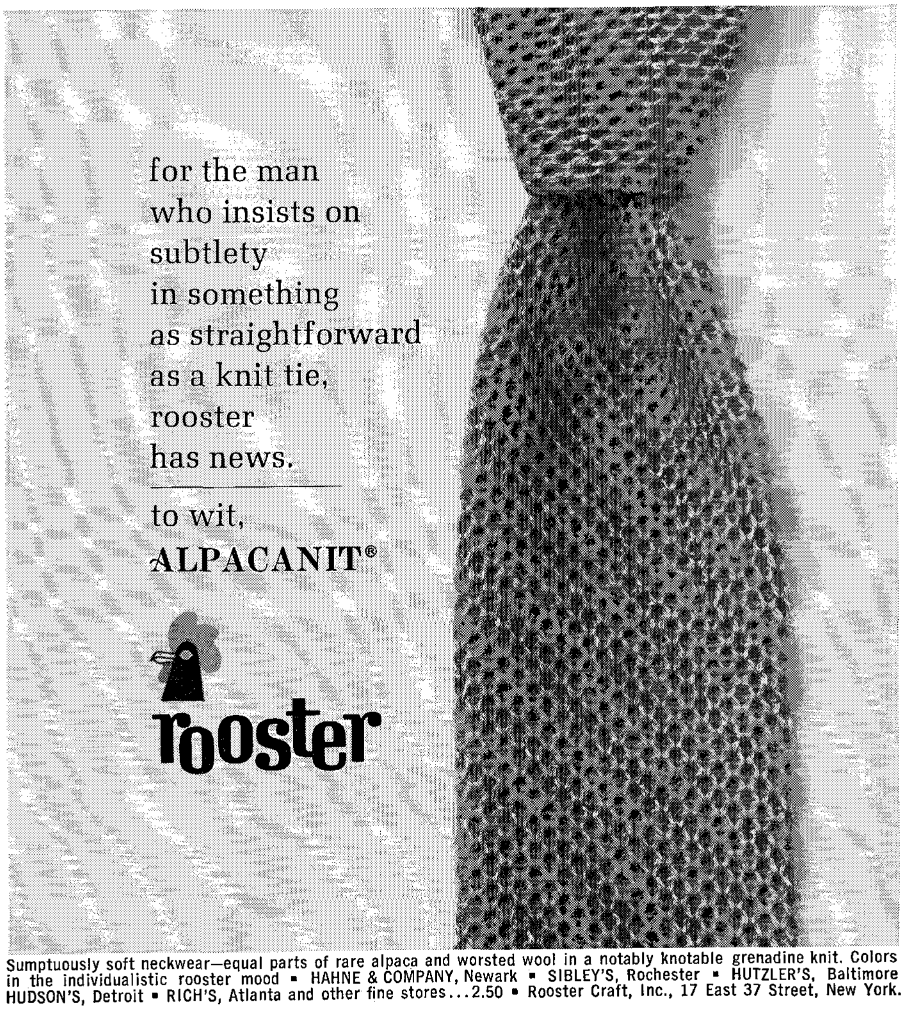

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this not only furnished a relief from the ordinarily heavy-handed writing but helped to make him seem a more sympathetic speaker. "I never seriously thought of being anything but a parson," he said in a peroration to a chapter, "and, however much I find myself instinctively a radical in matters theological . . . I have never really doubted the fundamental truth of the Christian faith. . . . I am well aware that much of what I shall seek to say will be seriously misunderstood, and will doubtless deserve to be. Yet I feel impelled to the point where I can no other. . . . It is . . . a matter . . . of groping forward, almost of being pushed from behind. All I can do is to try to be honest—honest to God and about God—and to follow the argument wherever it leads." At other times, however, he gave the impression of someone still chafing under the conventional demands of his faith. Though he had served the Church since his days at theological college, he clearly had not always enjoyed it. "I believe the experts [clerical variety] have induced in us a deep inferiority complex," he confessed apropos of his difficulty in praying. "I can testify to this most strongly from the time I spent in a theological college, both as a student and as a teacher. . . . Here one ought to be able to pray, if ever one could. . . . I discovered there what I can only describe as a freemasonry of silent, profoundly discouraged, underground opposition, which felt that all that was said and written about prayer was doubtless unexceptionable but simply did not speak to 'our' condition. . . . But nothing else was offered in its place, and to this day we have an inferiority complex. We dare not admit to others or to ourselves what non-starters we are." The fact was that the Bishop had many voices, and he talked in all of them in discussing his own theory of prayer, and, by implication, the spirit of his book: "I am one of those who find that all my thinking and writing comes to me through immersion in what I have to *do*. Indeed, it is largely only literally by the activity of writing, *with pen in hand, that I can think at* all. . . . Isolate myself from the world [as in a period of withdrawal for prayer], and there is no grist to the mill. But it is equally clear that it is not only the mills of God that grind slowly. Time, space, withdrawal, if only from the telephone, is necessary if any fruit is to be brought to perfection. . . . It is then [in immersion in action] if ever, in this incarnational relationship, that deep speaks to deep and the Spirit of God is able to take

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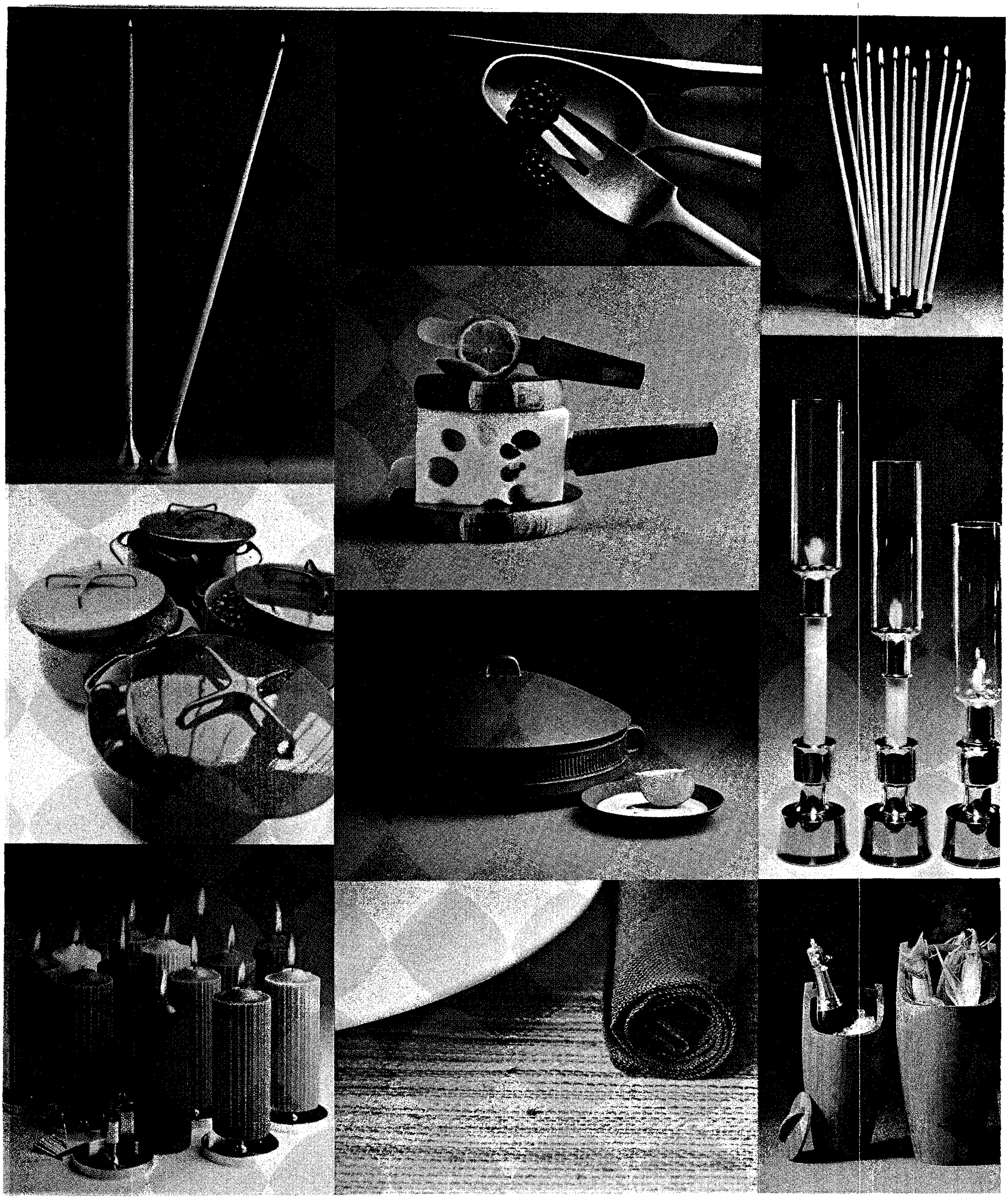

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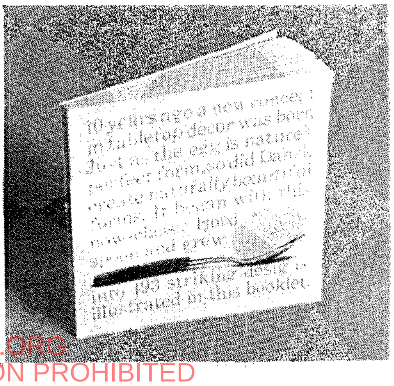

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up our inarticulate groans and turn them into prayer." Above all, then, "Honest to God" and its newspaper harbinger were prayers—*cris de cœur*.

PERHAPS initially because of the sensational headline "Our Image of God Must Go," or because the writer of the article printed below it happened to be a bishop, and one who was familiar to the British public (he had been in the news before), or because his subject was religion and there was a smell of *succès de scandale* about the forthcoming "Honest to God," or because its bald conclusions were published in a newspaper, or because there were people in the offices of that paper and others who thought the Bishop and his controversial God would make good copy for weeks to come, the reaction to the Bishop of Woolwich's article in the *Observer* was immediate and violent. It was an intellectual spectacle—a sort of entertainment, I have learned through the years, that the British delight in. The Bishop was arraigned for heresy in the columns of several national papers and in some of the provincial press as well. The tone of the proceedings was either laborious or light, yet the judges succeeded in raising some serious questions and in demonstrating beyond any doubt that the Bishop's ideas, in spite of the questionable literary quality of their presentation, were as revolutionary as he had all along said they were, and that his personal dilemma was analogous to that of Christianity in the twentieth century. One newspaper reported that his fellow-bishops, the lower clergy, and the laity were calling his ideas "dangerous," "wrong-headed" and "incoherent," and another bitterly remarked of "Honest to God" that it "has been extravagantly praised by many who are not in the least interested in the better expression of theological truth but rather in seeing to it that there shall be no theological truths to express." Still another fusty magistrate was inspired to call for a full-scale heresy hunt among the clergy. "What should happen to an Anglican bishop who does not believe in God?" he wrote. "This, I hold, is the condition of the Bishop of Woolwich as revealed in his paperback 'Honest to God,' and it raises, I maintain, a question of Church discipline which cannot be shirked without the gravest repercussions on the whole Anglican Communion." The gentleman on the bench at the London *Times*, choosing a more contemporary approach, called in the aid of Oscar Wilde, who, in his turn, conjured up the doubting Thomas:

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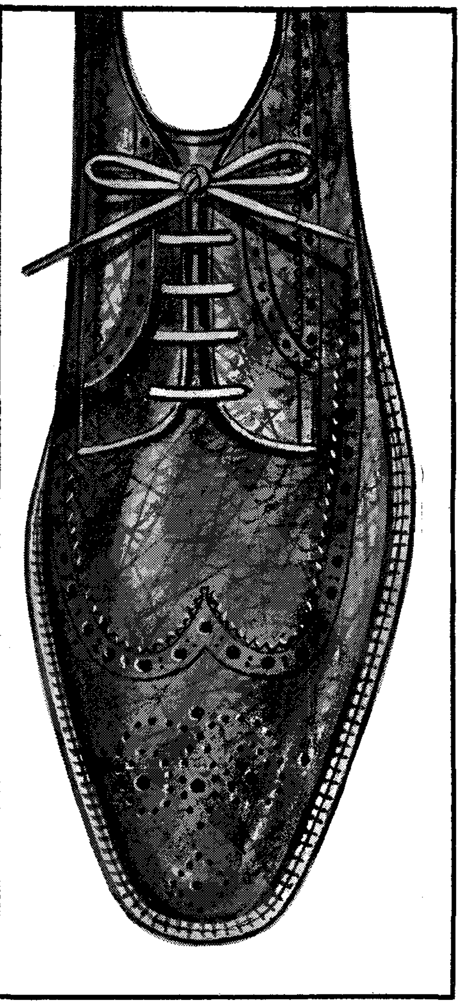
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

" 'In the English Church a man succeeds not through his capacity for belief but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only Church where the sceptic stands at the altar, and where Saint Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle.' If it seems a little unkind to quote Oscar Wilde against a bishop who is obviously well-meaning, the justification must be the disturbance he seeks to cause sophisticated as well as simple Christian minds. . . . The picture [of someone's praying to the Bishop's nonexistent Heaven] is so bizarre that perhaps the comment may be made of Dr. Robinson that was made of Auguste Comte: '*Une religion sans Dieu! Mon Dieu, quelle religion!*' "

Naturally, the paper at the center of the *cause célèbre* was the *Observer.* The Sunday following the appearance of the article, one of the best of the young English humorists, Michael Frayn, reported in its columns on a fictitious mass rally of OIGMGO—the Our Image of God Must Go Movement—in Trafalgar Square. The rally, it seemed, had been called to update the image of God, and was presided over by a Bishop of Twicester. Thanks to his fantastic gyrations, it was said, this Bishop was a director of a business, Christianity, of which "Honest to God" was a study explaining that sales were falling off and recommending, instead of the liquidation of the business, a new advertising campaign. In the words of Frayn's dispatch, "The article in these pages last week by the Bishop of Woolwich . . . 'shall light such a neon sign by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.' Or so the Bishop of Twicester, the well-known progressive divine, will say this afternoon. [The guarded prophetic tone, the cool simile, and the inversion of the quotation and its tag were a fairly accurate forgery of the Bishop of Woolwich's own hand.] This is a moving moment for me, witnessing at the birth of OIGMGO. As I'm sure some of you know, I have always been a strong supporter of Oecumenical, or broadening, trends in the Church, and opposed to Oiccumenical, or overdemanding ones, and I'm deeply convinced that Oigmgogicalism is the most Oecumenical and anti-Oiccumenical development yet. . . . The ordinary man in the street simply doesn't believe it [in God, that is]. The Bishop of Woolwich's great breakthrough has been to point out that the ordinary man in the bishopric doesn't believe it either."

Ordinary men in the street mounted the soapbox provided by the letters column of the *Observer* and commented



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PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES like a Greek chorus on the *hubris* of that bishopric:

What we have left is not worth having.

The Bishop of Woolwich, who was studying theology at a time when I was a carefree atheist, seems to me to be suffering from postponed adolescence.

I am wondering if the Bishop would demonstrate the courage of his convictions by adopting the suggestion . . . that he cease to accept a secure living from the Church whose main traditional doctrines he now repudiates, and cast his bread upon the waters of this secular world, which, in his opinion, is so mature as to be able to dispense with a "Father-God," and to look after itself.

It is good to read the Bishop of Woolwich saying that the images of God that are meaningful and helpful in our age are not necessarily meaningful or helpful, or even true, for another age. This is precisely the Unitarian objection to making the acceptance of creeds and dogmas an essential condition of Church membership.

But what exactly—apart from mystical language—is left of the Christian religion when God drops out of it? Here the Bishop's courage seems to fail him, for there is only one answer: humanism. Some may consider Dr. Robinson's suggestion that humanists should then become Christians a somewhat impudent one. Has it ever occurred to him that Christians should become humanists? The humanists got there first, after all.

The thesis expounded by the Bishop of Woolwich was expressed rather more succinctly by Lenin when he said that the Communist revolution would never succeed until the myth of God had been wiped from the minds of men.

It was a festive occasion, too, for everyone whom the *Observer* specially invited to come and take stock of its prize. The Most Reverend Dr. Edwin Morris, Archbishop of Wales, was just plain incredulous of what he saw: "The Bishop makes no mention of man's need of grace, redemption, salvation. Modern man, it seems, has become not only the measure of things but also the measure of God. I see no Gospel in this doctrine," and "I should like to know how the Bishop performs the verbal gymnastics needed, say, when celebrating the Holy Communion, to translate the Prayer Book into the language expressive of his present views. It must be very exhausting. Fortunately, he does not have to do it audibly." The Reverend Dr. E. L. Mascall, Professor of Historical Theology at London University, was quite insulted by, among other things, the way *he*, as one Christian, was regarded: " 'Our whole mental image of God must undergo a revolution.' But what is this image? As he [the Bishop] describes it, it is a mere caricature of anything that any

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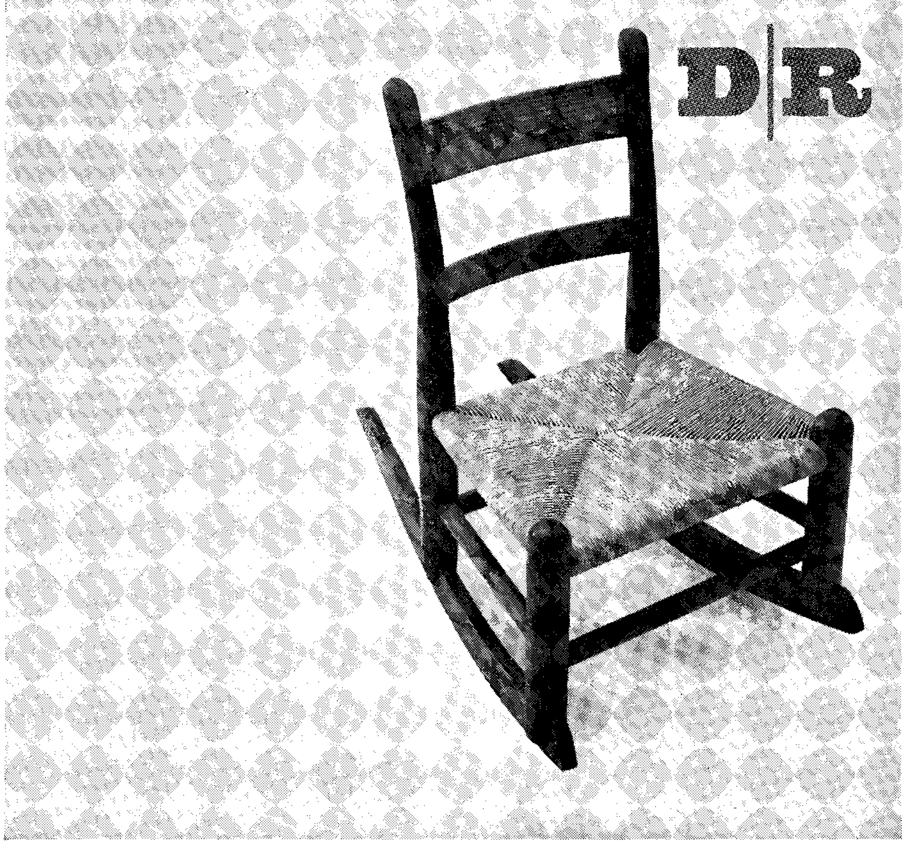

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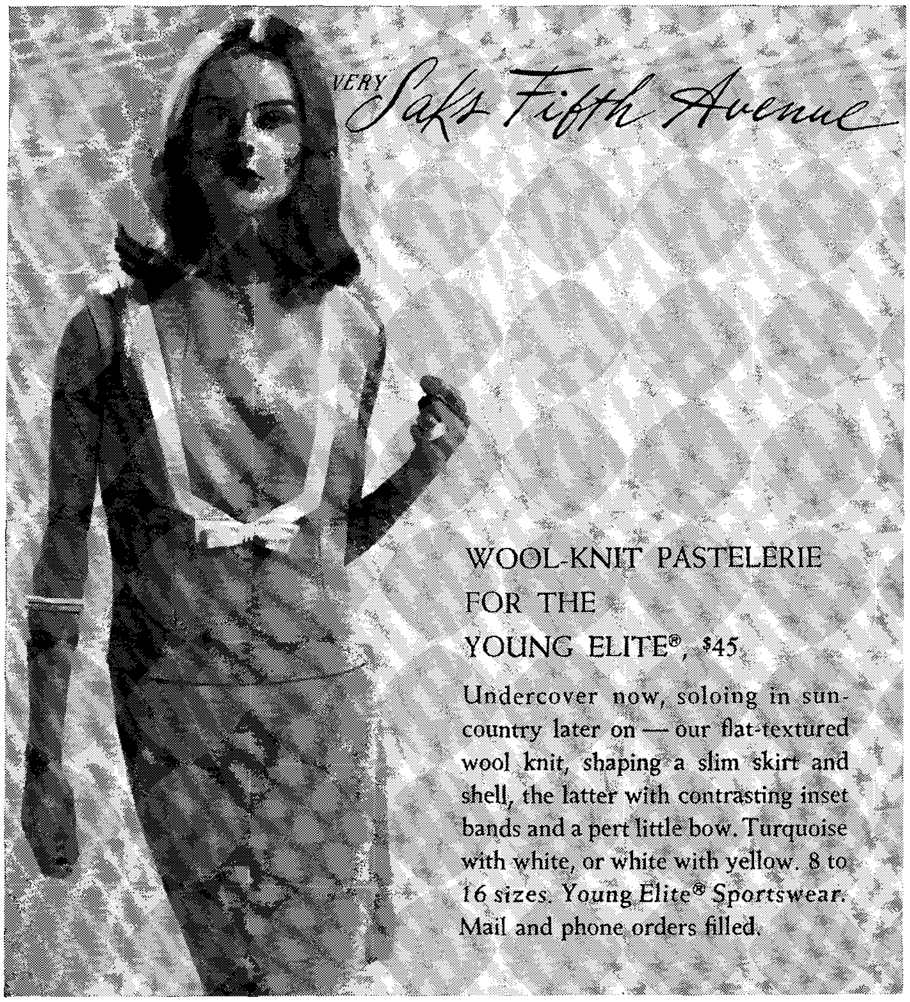

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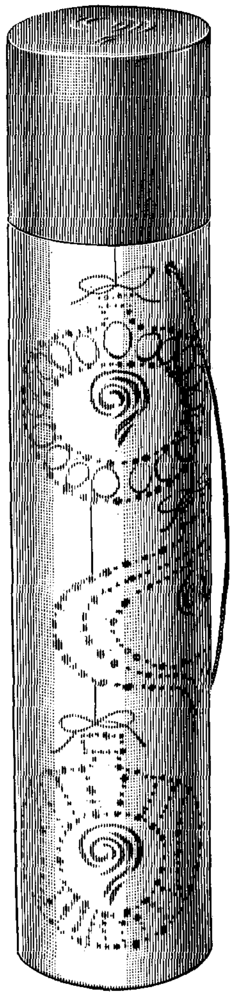

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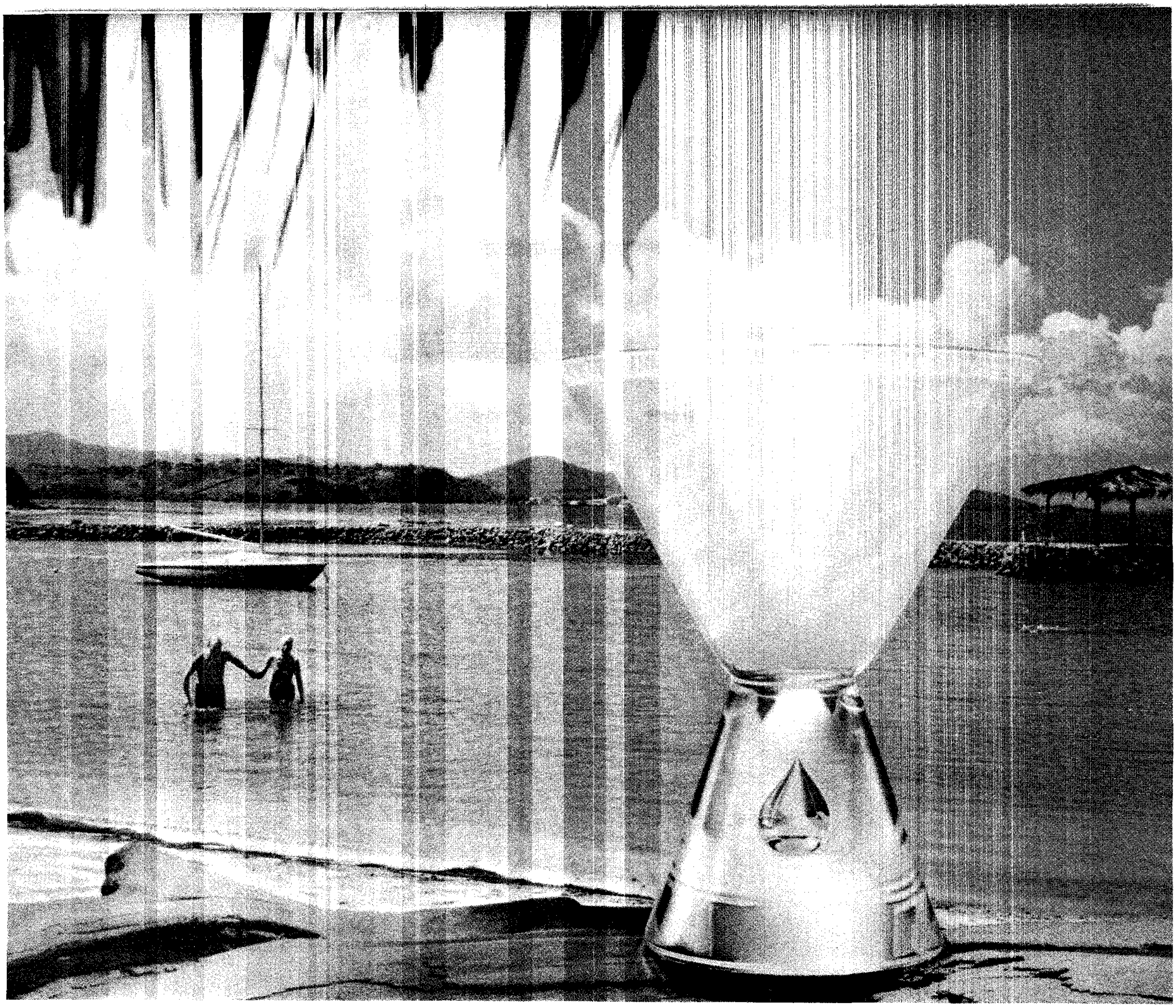
intelligent Christian has ever taken literally. . . . Having rejected these two images [of 'up there' and 'out there'], Dr. Robinson shows a quite naïve predilection for the equally spatial image of 'depth,' which he thinks will appeal to modern man with his interest in depth psychology. . . . He really ought not to ascribe this shattering discovery to Dr. Tillich; he could have found it equally in St. Augustine. . . . Much of what he says a theologian will recognise as platitude in the form of paradox." Dr. C. S. Lewis, the late Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English at Cambridge, made the same point with all the authority of a great student of popular Christianity: "I have never met any adult who replaced 'God up there' by 'God out there' in the sense 'spatially external to the universe.' If I said God is 'outside' or 'beyond' space-time, I should mean 'as Shakespeare is outside "The Tempest," ' *i.e.*, its scenes and persons do not exhaust his being. . . . He [the Bishop] draws a sharp distinction between asking 'Does God exist as a person?' and asking whether ultimate reality is personal. But surely he who says yes to the second question has said yes to the first? Any entity describable without gross abuse of language as God must be ultimate reality, and if ultimate reality is personal, then God is personal." And Anthony Flew, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Keele, in Staffordshire, and rebel against the Church, brought along—as one might have expected—the philosopher's stone, and pressed home the point that Lewis had made about the personal God. He began with a puzzling affirmation by the Bishop in "Honest to God" that "reality at its very deepest level is personal" and the Bishop's philosophically contradictory assertion that "this has nothing necessarily to do with positing the existence of a Person." To shore up that contradictory statement, the Bishop had invoked Tillich and his view that what is most deeply true about us and for us—"depth," that is—is what the word "God" means. Flew drove home with: "If that is how the word 'God' is now to be used, then it is indeed going to be hard to be an atheist: 'For,' as Tillich says, 'if you know that God means depth . . . you cannot then call yourself an atheist or unbeliever. For you cannot think or say: "Life has no depth!" ' This is one short way with dissent." Flew then brilliantly stood the Bishop and his mentor on their heads: "But does Dr. Robinson appreciate that it must make Tillich's theology, in all but Tillich's own peculiar sense, athe-



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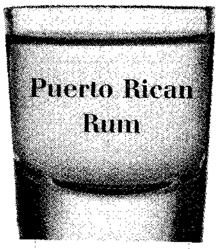
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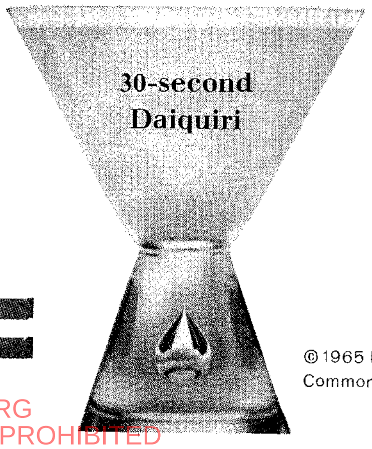
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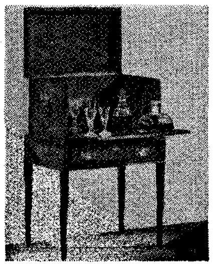

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HERITAGE • A LIVING TRADITION IN FURNITURE ist? For he—and no doubt Tillich, too—is also dedicated to the convictions: 'that . . . there is "nothing, in death or life . . . nothing in all creation that can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord" '; that under the regularities of nature 'and giving ultimate significance to them, is the yet deeper reliability of an utterly personal Love.' What can these claims mean, and how could they be true, if they are not to involve the sort of view earlier rejected so vigorously? Perhaps they could be 'reinterpreted' as simply a special sort of exhortation, or an affirmation of merely human possibilities. But Dr. Robinson rejects this option both in the article and, more clearly, in the book: 'The Christian affirmation is not simply that love *ought to be* the last word about life, but that, despite all appearances, it *is*.' Dr. Robinson seems to want both to refuse his cake and have it."

Probably the rebuke that stung the Bishop, as a clergyman, most painfully came on television from the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Arthur Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury: ". . . When the Bishop goes on to say that God is 'deep down' and we must think of God in depth, I would say that I have always done that. I have always believed and have always taught all through my time that God is deep down as well as beyond. . . . When the ordinary Christian speaks of God as being 'up there' or of God 'being beyond,' he does not literally mean that God is in a place beyond the bright blue sky. He's putting in poetic language, which is the only serviceable language we have, that God is supreme. . . . I think he is right when he is trying to find whether some new mode of the image of God may be going to help some of the people who are right outside Christianity and the Church, but it is utterly wrong and misleading to denounce the imagery of God held by Christian men, women, and children; imagery that they've got from Jesus himself, the image of God the Father in Heaven, and to say that we can't have any new thought until it is all swept away." But in a subsequent booklet he wrote on "Honest to God," entitled "Image Old and New," the Primate of All England seemed inclined to restore the fallen Bishop: "We state and commend the faith only in so far as we go out and put ourselves with loving sympathy inside the doubts of the doubting, the questions of the questioners, and the loneliness of those who have lost their way. . . . We need to see if there are some who are helped by thinking not

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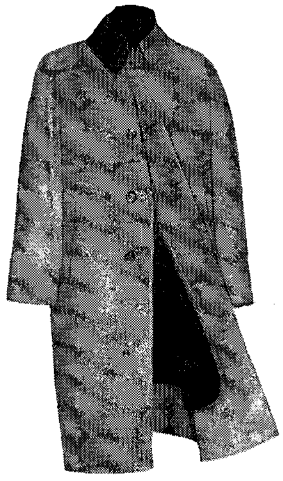
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about God above us in heaven, or even God around and near, but about the deep-down meaning of human life in terms of love. There may be those who find there the heart of the matter: and this *is* God, even though a man may not be able to cry with Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.' " But as the dispute kept on gathering throughout England, like a tempest, the Primate seemed to be tossed about by the contrary winds. His booklet had not been out for much more than a week when, in a presidential address to the Convocation of Canterbury, he stiffened again: "I was specially grieved at the method chosen by the Bishop for presenting his ideas to the public. We are asked to think that the enterprise was a matter of being 'tentative,' 'thinking aloud,' 'raising questions,' and the like. But the initial method chosen was a newspaper article, crystal clear in its argument and provocative in its shape and statement, to tell the public that the concept of a personal God as held both in popular Christianity and in orthodox doctrine is outmoded and that atheists and agnostics are right to reject it. Of course, the association of this thesis with a Bishop of the Church caused public sensation and did much damage."

THE most cursory reading of theological and lay writings made it clear that this thesis, to which, according to the Primate, Bishop Robinson had so flagrantly lent his name, had its roots among some of the leading Christian thinkers in Europe and America. There was hardly a major center of Christian study in any part of the world where the thought of Bultmann, Tillich, and Bonhoeffer was not being daily expounded and interpreted by these theologians' pupils and disciples, many of whom, distinguished theologians in their own right, had also been meeting regularly for some years to discuss the latest developments in what was generally known as "the new theology." Nor was the ferment mainly German; the English, while spurning Teutonic categories of thought as a matter of course, were in the middle of a little revolution of their own, although, naturally, there were many theologians who were going along quite obliviously in their old ways. Their chief organ, the *Journal of Theological Studies*, was filled with such articles as "Scientific Hermeneutics According to St. Thomas Aquinas" and "An Eighth-Century Melkite Colophon from Edessa" and "A Lost Hebrew Word in Isaiah II:6." A group of "iconoclastic" Anglican clergy had, within the space of a few months, con-

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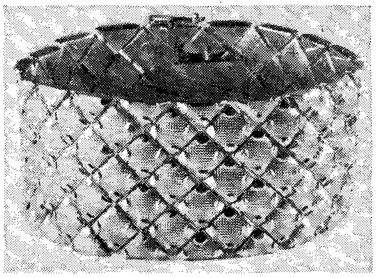

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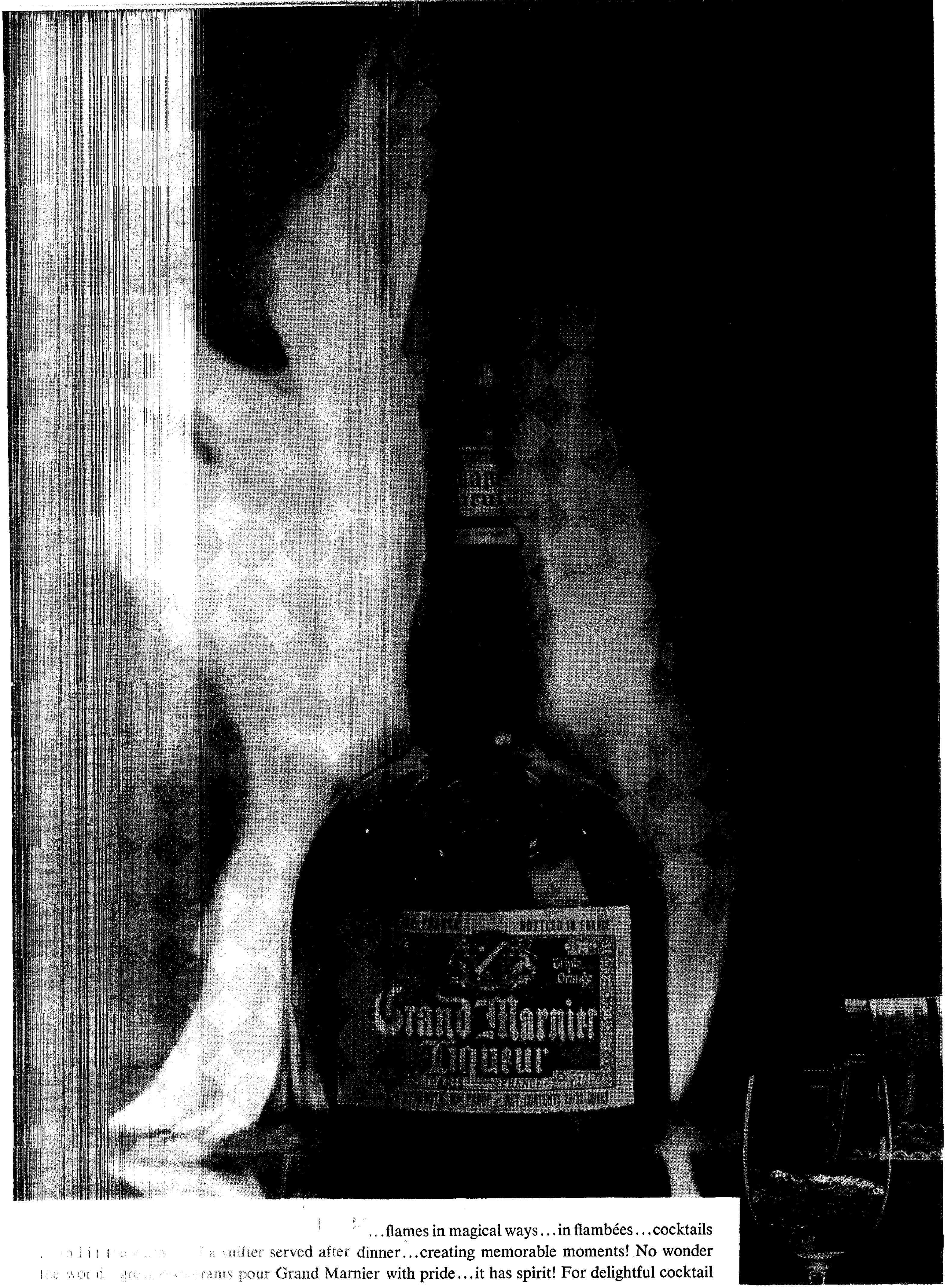
vened twice at Keble College, Oxford, and the papers read at the first conference had been collected and published under the title "Layman's Church." Typical of the collection was the article by Canon Douglas Rhymes, of Southwark Cathedral, advocating "holy worldliness," with which clerics were somehow to take their faith outside the Church and put it to use in their secular environment. Elsewhere—in the Anglican monthly *Prism*, to be precise—John Wren-Lewis, an International Chemical Industries official and lay theologian, was writing on why it was sometimes better not to go to church, and also, in the *Guardian*, about modern Biblical scholarship, which had shown, for instance, that "the famous parable of the sheep and the goats . . . says nothing whatever about life after death, and the judgment it describes is not of individuals but of *nations*," and that "it tells us the *nations* that have cared for the hungry and afflicted are blessed, while the nations that have neglected to do so are accursed: if we want to apply it in modern terms, it is a demand for Welfare States rather than for strained individual virtue." Around the same time, Werner Pelz, a European refugee who had become a vicar in Lancashire, surprised Britons with a book, which I found unreadable, called "God Is No More." Indeed, back in 1962, before "Honest to God" erupted on the island, about a dozen dons and professors, mostly from Cambridge, where the Bishop himself had once been a student and then a tutor, had published "Soundings: Essays Concerning Christian Understanding," a rather uneven work that, growing out of years of study and conversation among the contributors, tried to evaluate Christianity in the present day. In the disarming opening words of its editor, A. R. Vidler, Fellow and Dean of King's College, "The authors of this volume of essays cannot persuade themselves that the time is ripe for major works of theological construction or reconstruction. It is a time for ploughing, not reaping; or, to use the metaphor we have chosen for our title, it is a time for soundings, not charts or maps." But the body of the book almost belied its modest presentation, as when H. A. Williams, Fellow and Dean of Trinity College, after commenting at some length on how the prostitute in the Greek film "Never on Sunday" commits a Christian act of charity by taking to bed a sailor who lacks confidence in his "capacity for physical union" (that recalcitrant one case out of a hundred), went on to consider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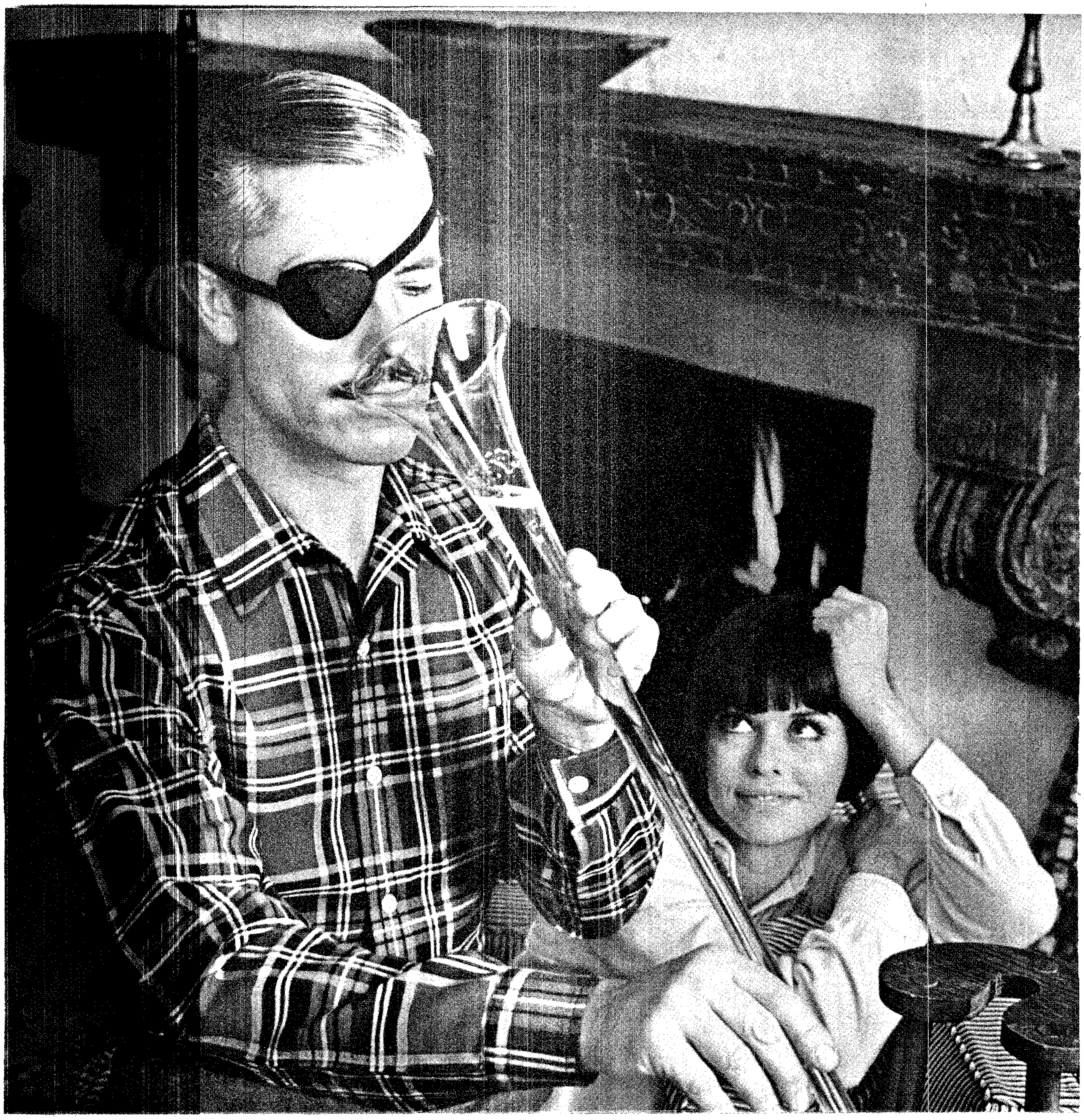

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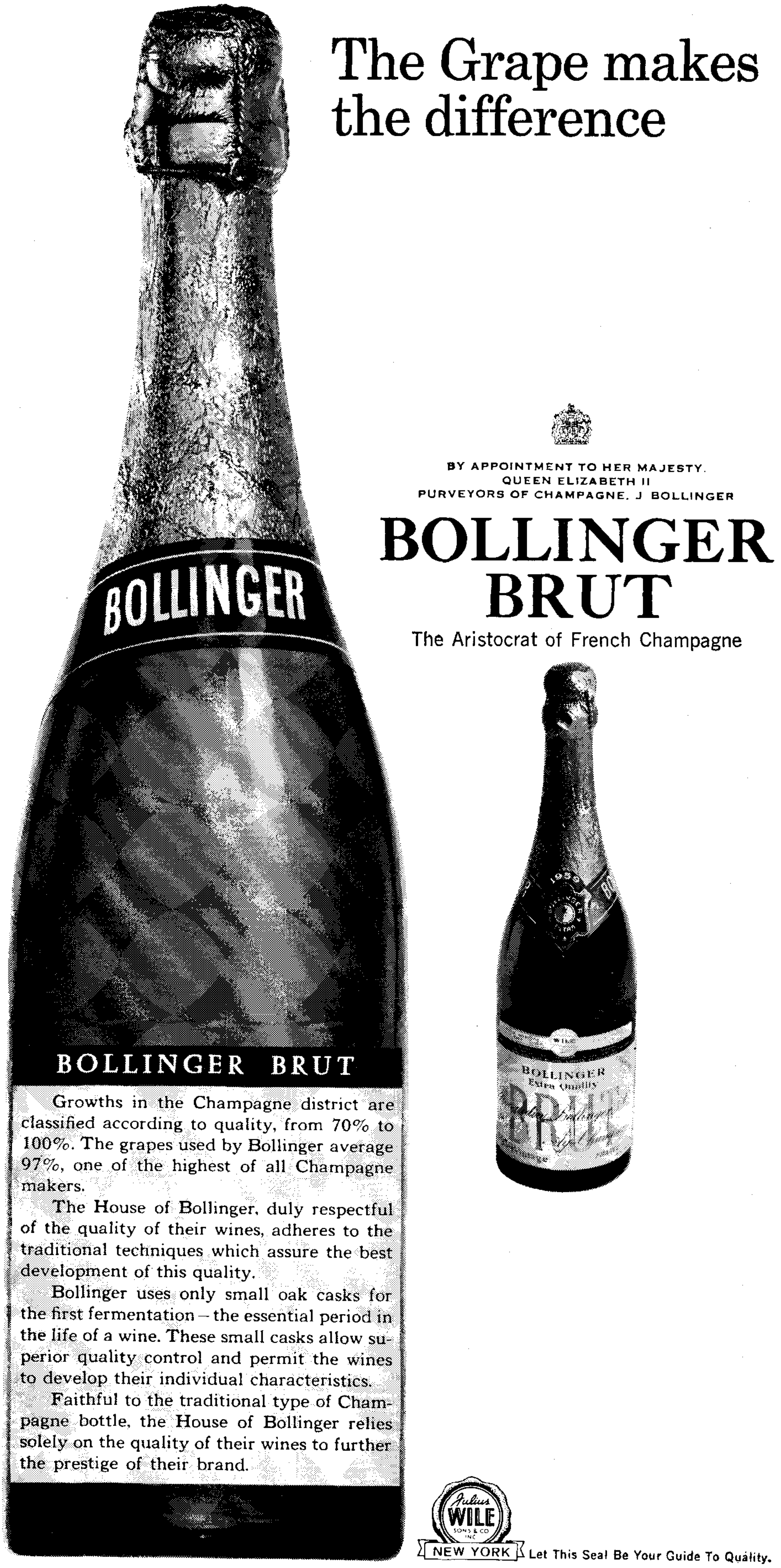
the theological implications of another film—an English one, this time—called "The Mark." He wrote, "It tells of the rehabilitation into normality of a man strongly attracted to small girls. His abnormality, which can do nothing but untold harm to everybody, is due to his fear of commitment to an adult woman. However, in time, a woman of his own age inspires him with enough confidence for them to go away for a weekend together. They have separate rooms at the hotel. But it is clear that until he sleeps with her he will not have established enough confidence in himself to deliver him from his utterly destructive abnormality, which tends to exploitation to the *n*th degree. Will he be able to summon up the necessary courage or not? When he does, and they sleep together, he has been made whole. And where there is healing, there is Christ, whatever the Church may say about fornication. And the appropriate response is—Glory to God in the Highest. Yet each of the men in these two films might have disguised his fear by the cloak of apparent morality. Like the Pharisees in the Gospels and many good churchmen today, they might have been the victims of unconscious hypocrisy, keeping the law as an insulation against the living God, the Creator." The book sometimes left an impression of intelligent Anglicans sunk so deep in the sea of Christian thought that one could only wonder if there was any bottom to it.

I naturally looked forward to further soundings. Within two weeks of the unveiling of "Honest to God," four members of the Cambridge Faculty of Divinity—Professor D. M. MacKinnon, of Corpus Christi, and J. S. Bezzant, Fellow and Dean of St. John's, and Vidler and Williams, all described as high churchmen—were in print with "Objections to Christian Belief," on this occasion with the avowed claim that the case against Christianity could not be met by "the mere repetition of old arguments," since the primary need was to understand "as clearly and deeply as possible what the fundamental objections to Christian belief now are." The book, which had an essay from each of the four authors, dealing with moral, intellectual, psychological, or historical objections, was in fact a collection of lectures that had been delivered at the university and subsequently mulled over by student groups—circumstances that gave it such a pre-publication impetus that it was easily able to ride indefinitely, piggyback fashion, on the sales of "Honest to God," and later itself provoked and helped to sell two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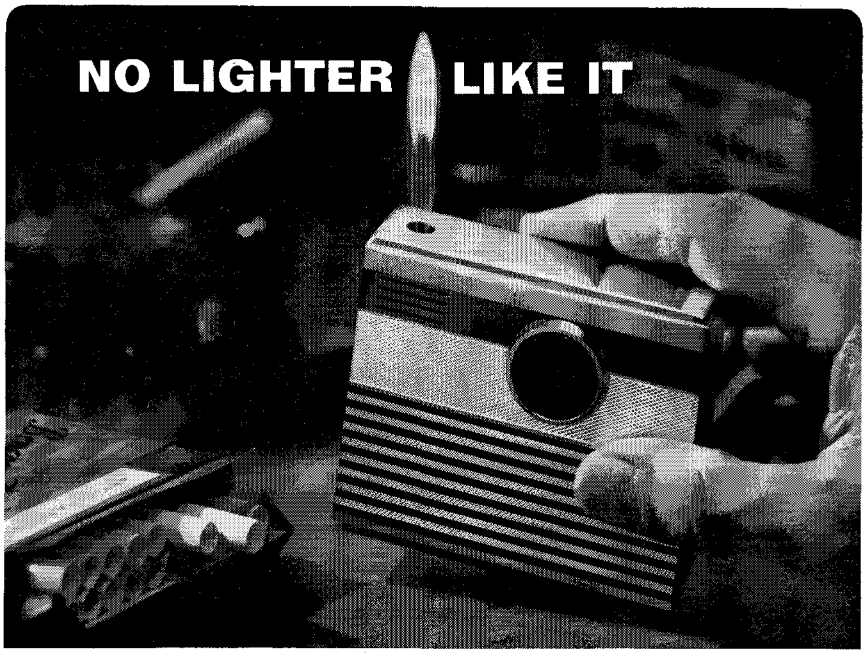

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companion volumes: "Objections to Catholicism," a combined effort by several Catholic clergymen and laymen, and "Objections to Humanism," by a group of professed humanists. A *Guardian* editorial remarked that "anyone who still supposes that Dr. Robinson is out on a solitary limb would be well advised to read . . . 'Objections to Christian Belief,' " and how all these Christians managed to balance themselves on that crowded limb was made fairly clear in the essays by two earlier "Soundings" contributors. Vidler, pointing out that Christianity was a historical faith in the sense that it seemed to stand or fall, in Professor Mascall's words, "by certain events that were alleged to have taken place during a particular period of forty-eight hours in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago," and then raising formidable objections to Christianity as a faith, going as far as to question the existence of Jesus Himself, tried at the same time to maintain that one could be a Christian in spite of these obstacles. He wrote:

> First, I would call your attention to a fundamental objection to any tie-up between Christian belief and alleged historical events or the existence of an historical person. . . . [This] objection was expressed by the Mahatma Gandhi in an address . . ."I may say that I have never been interested in an historical Jesus. I should not care if it was proved by some one that the man called Jesus never lived, and that what was narrated in the Gospels was a figment of the writer's imagination. For the Sermon on the Mount would still be true for me." . . . [People like Mahatma Gandhi] considered that Christian belief ought to be about the teaching, not the person, of Jesus. They considered that Jesus happened to enunciate certain spiritual and moral truths, ideals or principles the validity of which was independent of his own person or circumstances. . . . I fancy that there are a great many ordinary Christian believers who, if they were articulate, would confess that it is the *practical* implications of Christian belief which are of decisive importance for them, and not the historical origins or the *speculative* implications. . . . [Historical statements involved in Christian belief] are not matters of universal agreement: in fact, the early Christians were regarded as mad because they believed them, and it has often been so since. . . . It is well enough known that the experts—those who have made themselves competent to form an opinion of their own about Christian origins—differ very widely in their conclusions. There have even been learned and intelligent men who have denied that Jesus ever existed: the so-called "Christ-myth" theory.

But one soon sensed that Vidler, like the Bishop, wanted both to refuse his cake and to have it.

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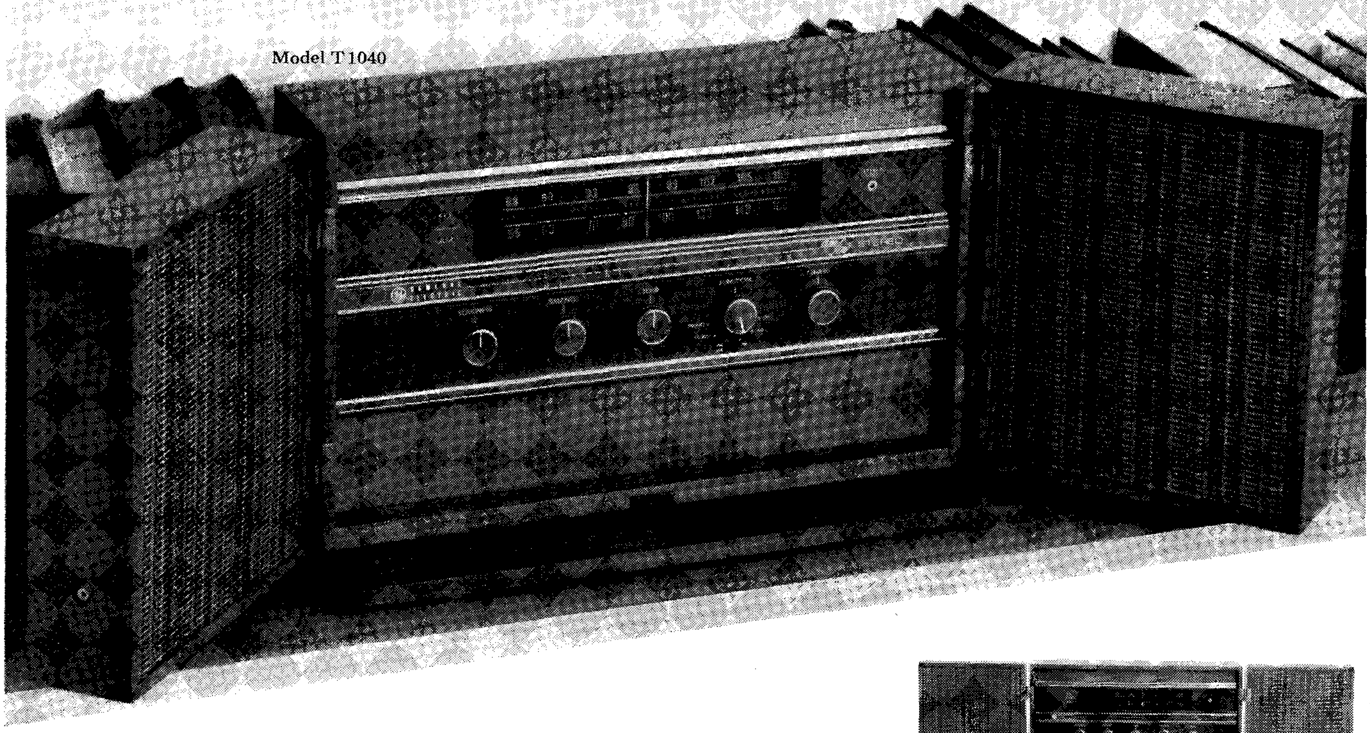

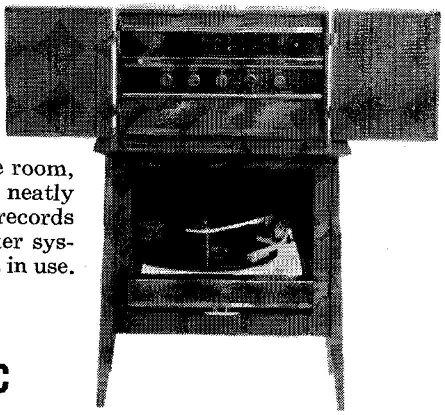

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> origins of Christianity—where the evidences in the narrower sense are manifestly susceptible of more than one interpretation—should be influenced by his assessment of the total Christian phenomenon in history. . . . So that, finally, I would say that the way in which a Christian believer responds, in the last resort, to the historical objections to Christian belief which we have been considering is likely to be settled by one or both of two things, which are not unrelated. On the one hand, by the enduring impression or impact that is made upon him by the person of Jesus as he is portrayed in the Gospels. . . . And, on the other hand, whether a man decides to become or to remain a Christian believer may also be settled by what I would call his participation in the Christian mystery as a present reality: by what he finds, or by what finds him, in the shared experience of the community of believers—it may be the eucharistic sacrament or in the Friends' meeting house: by whether or not he is convinced that there is something there which, despite all his puzzlements, holds him and speaks to the deepest levels of his being. This, I take it, is what Paul Tillich had in mind when he said: "The affirmation that Jesus is the Christ is an act of faith and consequently of daring courage. It is not an arbitrary leap into darkness but a decision in which elements of immediate participation and therefore certitude are mixed with elements of strangeness and therefore incertitude and doubt." . . . And here I might interject that I often find myself more in sympathy or en rapport with non-Christians who have a sense of the strangeness and incertitude of our world and of the duty of a large measure of agnosticism than I do with Christians who are cocksure about their belief.

Williams went further, if anything. Writing on the theme of psychological objections, he developed his concept of the conflict between (in his words) "what I once believed to be the essentials of Christianity" and "what I have discovered about the way I work as a human person, the subterranean forces and strategies of which I have become aware within"—a reference to Freud's discoveries and to some years Williams himself spent undergoing psychoanalysis. With the bludgeon of psychoanalysis, he went after the Church and what in his view was its cardinal error: "Let a person feel guilty enough, and he will do what he is told"—as in matters of sex and marriage. Williams went on to illustrate the inconsistency of the Church's dicta, writing:

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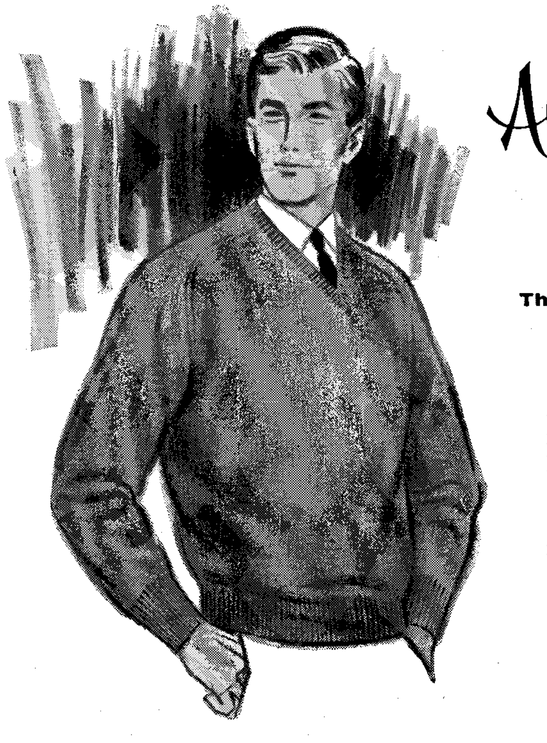

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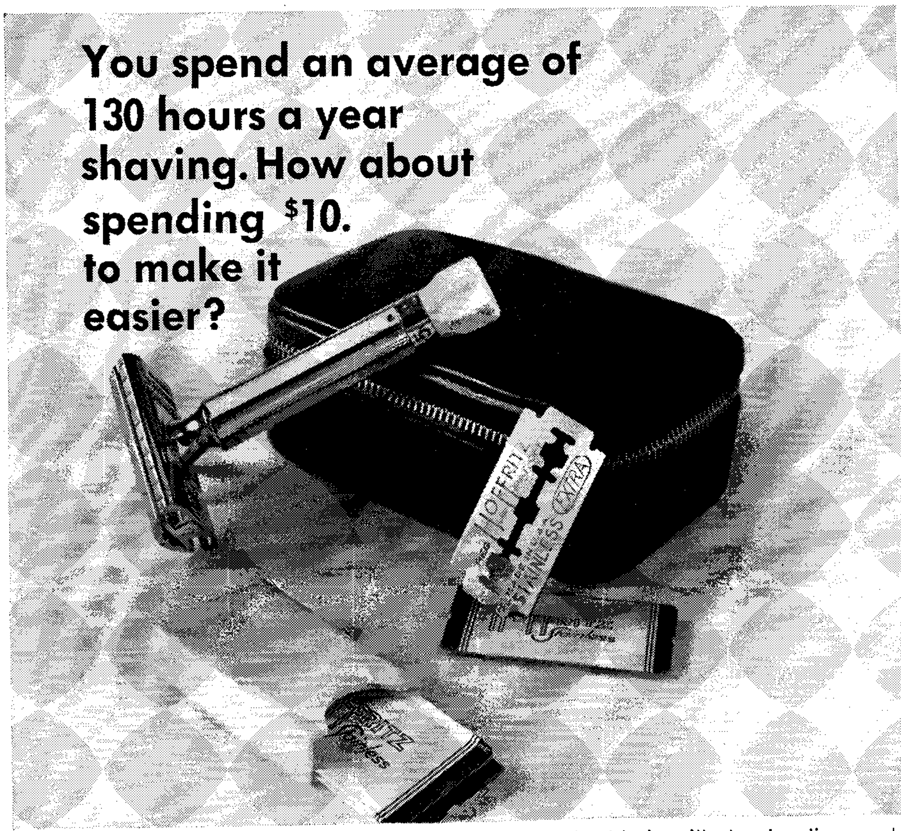

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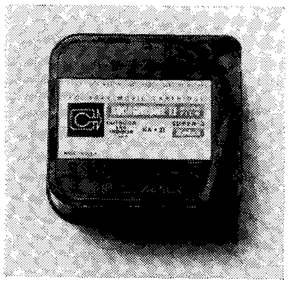

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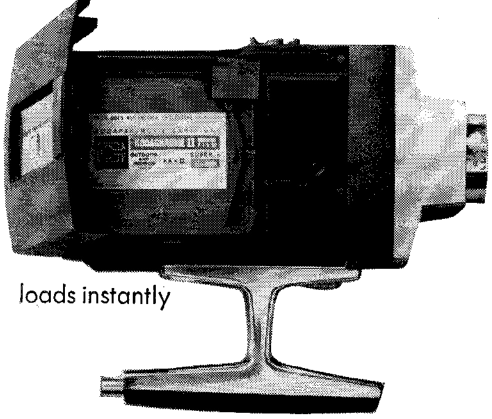

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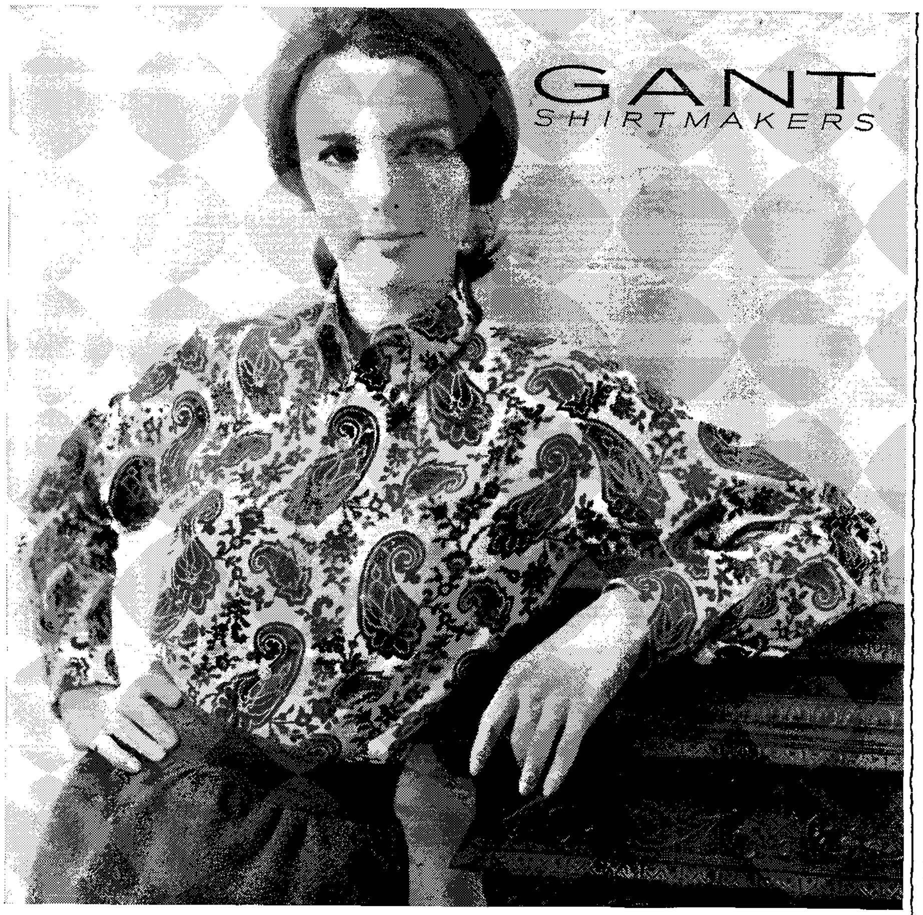

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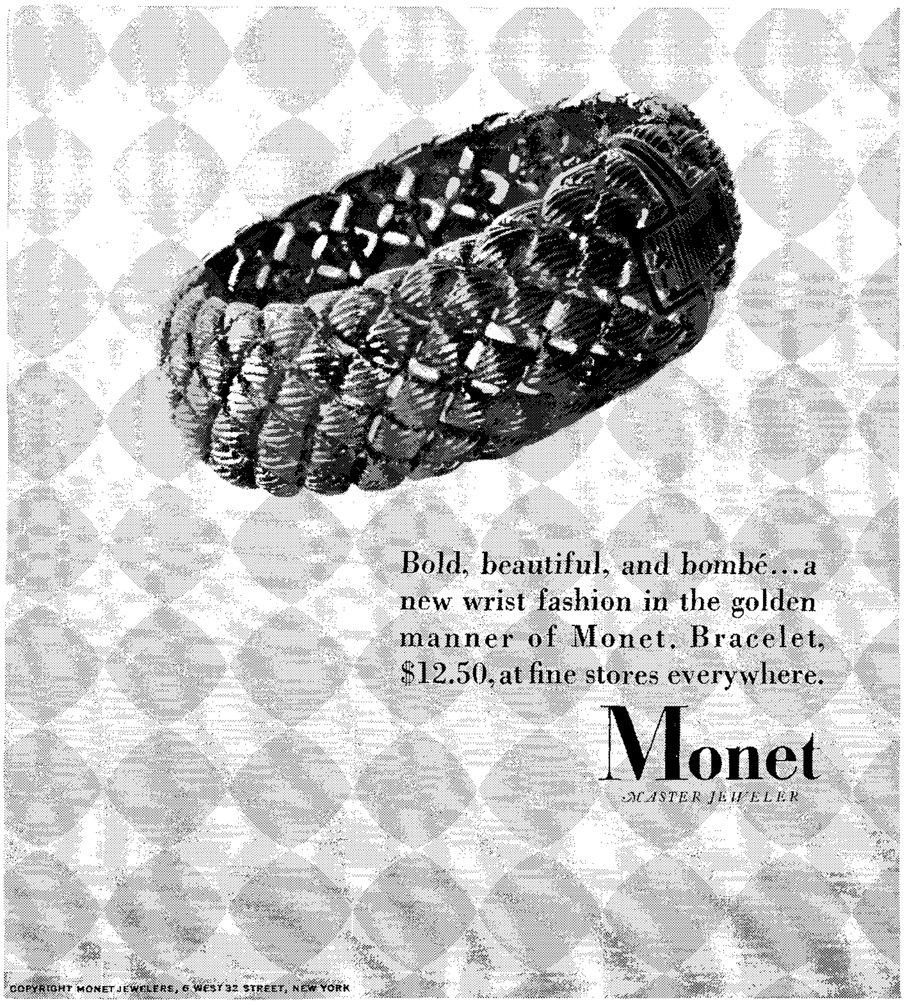

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> eral, despised and rejected. . . . Most of us have an enormous but unrealised vested interest in not recognising Christ when He comes to us in forms of which our culture and civilization disapprove. . . . They [Christians] use Him [God] chiefly as the whitewash with which to paint the sepulchre where their own corruption lies concealed. . . . If you are the slave of guilt-feelings, you can deceive yourself and call it the service of God or even the free response to God's love. That is why a congregation of "good" people in church can be much further from the heart of God than those who have strayed from the path of conventional behavior. . . . I believe that behind the outwardness of much worship and good words there lies a fact which Christians unknowingly do all in their power to keep hidden from their eyes—the fact that they have sold themselves as slaves to the demon of guilt-feelings, however much intellectually they refuse the idea and however enlightened their theology of the atonement.

And Williams' analysis of the demon of guilt feelings made him embrace a Christianity more eccentric in some ways than that of the Bishop. He wrote:

> I know a man—he was a person of some academic intelligence—who was loyally practising his religion as a devout and rather high church Anglican. One night he had a nightmare which proved to be a turning point in his life. In his dream he was sitting in a theatre watching a play. He turned round and looked behind him. At the back of the theatre there was a monster in human form who was savagely hypnotizing the actors on the stage, reducing them to puppets. The spectacle of this harsh inhuman puppeteer exercising his hypnotic powers so that the people on the stage were completely under his spell and the slaves of his will—this spectacle was so terrifying that the man awoke trembling and in a cold sweat. After several months he gradually realised that the monster of the nightmare was the god he was really worshipping in spite of his having got a First in the Theological Tripos. And to this god he had painfully to die. He had to accept the terrible truth that the practice of his religion had been a desperate attempt to keep his eyes averted from the monster of the nightmare. He had thought that, with many failures, it is true, but according to his powers, he was responding to God's love. His dream showed him that he was a devil's slave—his devotion and his goodness being a compulsive response to a deeply embedded feeling of guilt, and this, in spite of his regular use of sacramental confession. It broke him up temporarily. But later he was certain that, although he was much less religious in the usual sense, he had been brought to the strait gate and the narrow way. For life and behavior based on feelings of guilt excludes charity. To be bullied, compelled, by subtle inner unidentifiable fear to apparent worship and goodness is to destroy the self. And without a self one cannot give. There can be no charity, no love for God or man. The dreamer whose history (with his permission) I have recounted was seen, about two years after his nightmare, drunk among the bars and

brothels of Tangier. He was learning that for him evil was not what the priests had told him it was, but rather that evil was the disguised slavery to his own hidden corruption which had led him to go to Mass every day and to confession every month. And he told me that words of Jesus rang in his ears like bells of victory—the words which Jesus addressed to the churchmen of His day—"Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you."

This type of thinking made the writer Wayland Young quip, "Surely the only function of the new theology is to make premarital and extra-marital sex respectable." Most commentators, however, took the view that, as one of them put it, "we are today at the beginning of a considerable theological revolution which may well assume for this century the importance the Reformation had for Western Europe four hundred years ago." Some went as far as to contend that the revolution, this time, would not be limited to Western Europe, or to Protestantism, as it would even take in its tow the Vatican, and, indeed, there were radical voices hailing from all corners of Christendom. There was, for instance, a fiery tongue over the head of the Episcopal Bishop of California, the Right Reverend James A. Pike, whose name was often linked with Robinson's, though Pike sounded like an instructor in a department of which Robinson was the head. On the Roman Catholic front, Thomism or Neo-Thomism, the representatives of scholasticism and the predominant schools of thought in this century, were being edged aside as Catholic theologians tried to rethink, and find new language and concepts for, traditional problems. The messengers of this change included, among others, disciples of ecumenicity (which inevitably would involve a certain amount of doctrinal modernizing and horse-trading with the Protestants), and those, on the one hand, who would come to grips with the problem of secularization by developing the theological implications of Teilhard de Chardin's ideas (not, however, by recourse to Bonhoeffer and his notion about "religionless Christianity," since his influence was confined, as yet, only to the students at Catholic seminaries), and those, on the other, who would "desecularize" our world in order to rediscover the Christian meaning in it (the first names that come to mind in this connection are those of Father Hans Küng, in Tübingen, and Karl Rahner, S.J., who is a professor of dogmatic theology in Innsbruck and an official theologian to the Second

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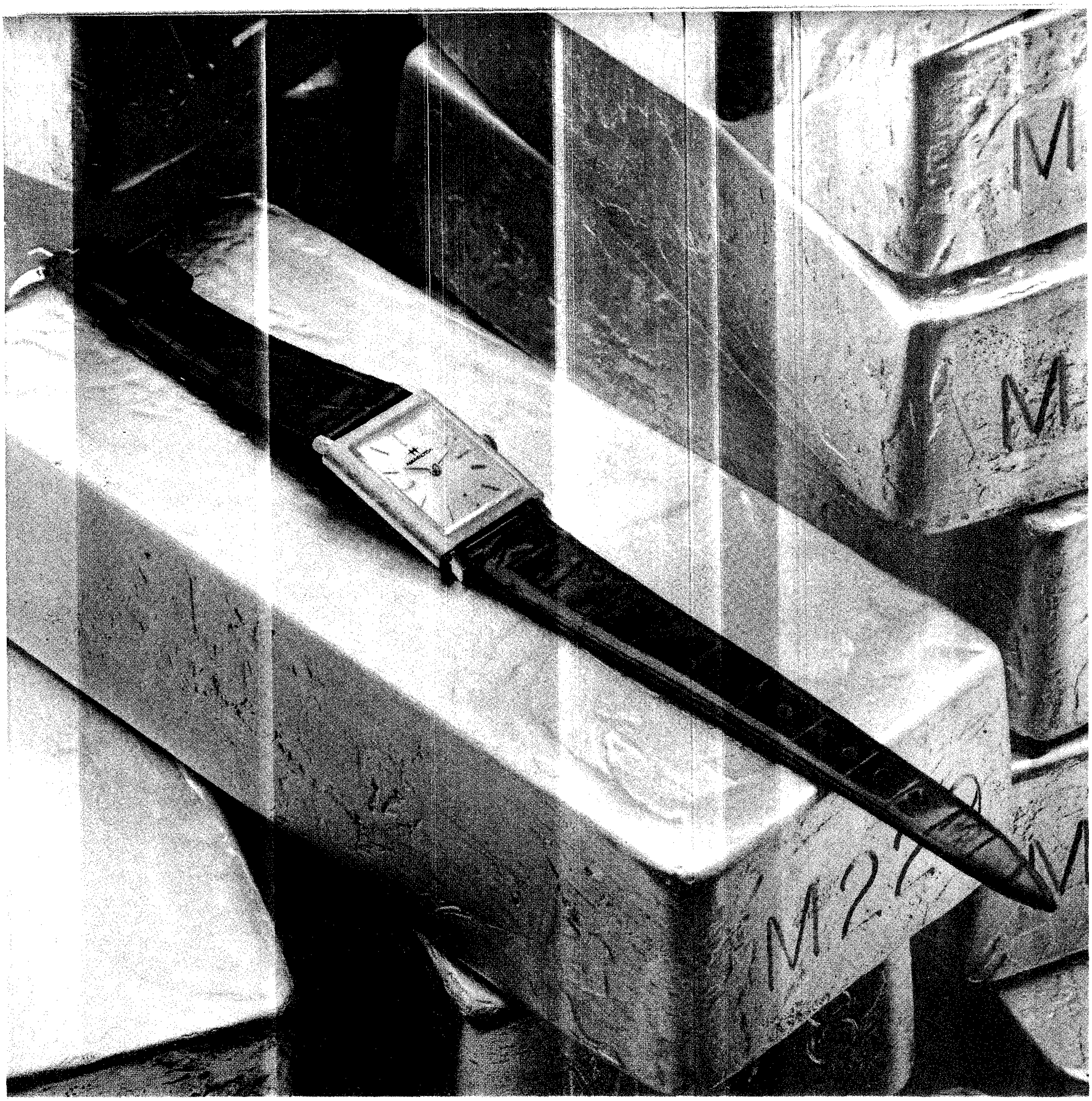
Vatican Council, which in time, it is hoped, will give rise to the "new" Church). The sixteenth- and seventeenth-century battles of the Reformation and the Counter Reformation might, in fact, it was thought, one day be forgotten in what Pope John XXIII called and proclaimed the era of a "new Pentecost."

AS controversy still whirled about the Bishop, I turned eagerly to "The Honest to God Debate," which was in and out of the bookstalls with almost the speed of "Honest to God," in the hope of finding some sort of resolution. Because the Bishop was such an easy mark for criticism, and the comments of his detractors had been so abundant, making so many points (some of them off the top of the head), and yet the congregation at large had been so nearly silent, one felt in need of a leisurely retrospective view, together with additional lay comment—particularly as it became clear that the Bishop was not just crying in an intellectual wilderness. "The Honest to God Debate," a selective compilation of articles on "Honest to God," letters to the Bishop, and essays written for the book by various clerics and laymen, was intended to satisfy this need, but it succeeded only in exacerbating it. It appeared too soon after "Honest to God," it suffered from being edited indulgently and ponderously by the Reverend David L. Edwards, managing director and chief editor of the Bishop's publishers, and, as a book, it seemed to lack direction and clarity, even allowing for the divergence of style and content to be expected in such a collection. Still, the book *was* about "Honest to God."

A chapter, written by the Bishop, that dealt largely with his critics appeared calculated to appease the howling winds. He wrote, temporizing, "The issues raised by the debate, theoretical and practical, are too big to be taken up so soon or within the scope of an essay, and the atmosphere at some points is still too emotionally charged." He took shelter behind rigmarole: "My original title [for the *Observer* article] 'A New Mutation in Christianity?' was designed to be positive and to draw attention to the contribution of Dietrich Bonhoeffer. . . . The one suggested to me [by the *Observer*]—'Our Image of God Must Go'—struck me as negative and arrogant. I resisted it, but under pressure of time and with nothing convincing to propose in its place, I eventually concurred. Journalistically it was a good title, as events were to show. But as well as leaving a destructive impression, it also had the effect of shifting the centre of gravity of the subsequent debate." He covered his tracks with begged questions: "The initiative for . . . [the article] came entirely from the staff of the *Observer* and presented (at short notice) what I still believe was a real opportunity outside the normal channels of the Church to engage at a serious level as a Christian in the intellectual debate of our day. Whether I used the opportunity aright must be left to others to judge." In fact, he proved himself in the "Debate" to be fluent in diversionary talk from both sides of his mouth: "The important thing is that what is history is not more true because it is history nor what is myth less true because it is myth. . . . But it is essential to see the myth for what it is, and not simply to say that the Christian myths are true because 'they happened.' "

The other contributors to the "Debate" were more straightforward, as when the Right Reverend Arthur Mervyn Stockwood, the Diocesan Bishop of Southwark—to whom Robinson is a suffragan—tried to polish up the somewhat tarnished name of his assistant: "I have known John Robinson for twenty years. He has proved himself a faithful pastor, a fearless thinker, and a dynamic Christian. Although I cannot pretend to keep abreast of his thinking, there is no man in the Church for whose mind I have a greater admiration or for whose integrity and single-minded devotion I have more respect. I have read 'Honest to God' three times, and it has taught me much." The Bishop of Southwark was grandly assisted by Rudolf Bultmann, one of the masters on whose work Robinson had drawn so heavily. In a review from *Die Zeit*, reprinted in the "Debate," Bultmann professorially advised all those who would shrug the Bishop aside as old hat to exercise forbearance: "One may say that for many people, especially for German theologians, the author's intention, and often its achievement in detail, are not new. . . . Yet it seems to me very unjust when German voices, as far as they have come to my knowledge, say rather lightly, 'Nothing new for us!' For the book deserves all respect as evidence of an attempt to wrestle with the problems involved in the situation, and the author is entitled to ask us to consider his ideas conscientiously. And is our situation really so enlightened, and have the relevant problems been so finally solved, that there is no need for them



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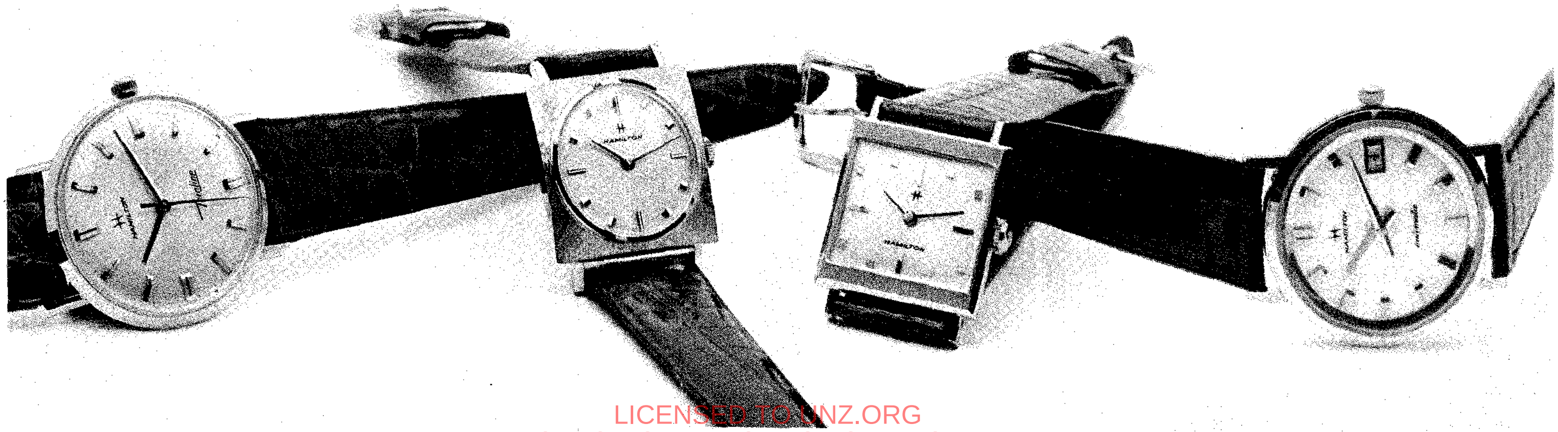

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to be constantly thought out afresh?"

For an ordinary reader, the most novel part of the "Debate" was the section containing letters—mainly from laymen. Most hostile letters had been excluded, so the published correspondence gave a somewhat one-sided impression. The letters came from writers described anonymously as "a colonel," "a civil engineer," "a schoolteacher," "an English doctor," "a professor of medicine," "a professor of mathematics," "a businessman," "a well-known politician," "a man in the street," "a woman of twenty," "an undergraduate at Oxford," "a woman of 83," "an old lady," "*a woman from Devon*," "a woman from Canterbury," "a vicar's wife," "a woman's voice from the vicarage," "a voice from the pews," "a less faithful churchgoer," "an archdeacon," "a priest," "a doctor who might have been a priest," and so on, and despite their variety, almost every one of them saw in the mirror of "Honest to God" the reflection of his own emotions, most of the confessions reading along the lines of the following:

> May I quote to you from one of Dannie Abse's poems which seems so well to express this need and inability to accept the popular image?
>
> "Dear God in the end You had to
> go.
> Dismissing You, Your absence
> made us sane.
> We keep the bread and wine for
> show . . .
>
> "And still our dark declensions
> sorrow
> That grape is but grape and grain
> is grain.
> We keep the bread and wine for
> show."
>
> So many of our poets and writers are writing this way—but they cannot leave the source of their creative power; however they stretch and pull at the umbilical cord it draws them back again, until like T. S. Eliot and Thomas Blackburn they "break through" the veil of reasoned disillusion and the outworn creeds of man's convenience.

And:

> I have a deep inner desire to return to church, which I find I can satisfy by attending church services abroad where I can understand nothing of the message, yet can be reminded by the environment and by the deeply reverent attitudes of the worshippers, as well as by the magnificent music and the religious pictures, of the intention behind the ritual, and of the deep religious experiences I used to feel as a boy. So often I find myself wishing I had never grown up.

The most interesting essays came from the hand of David Jenkins, Fellow and Chaplain of Queen's College,

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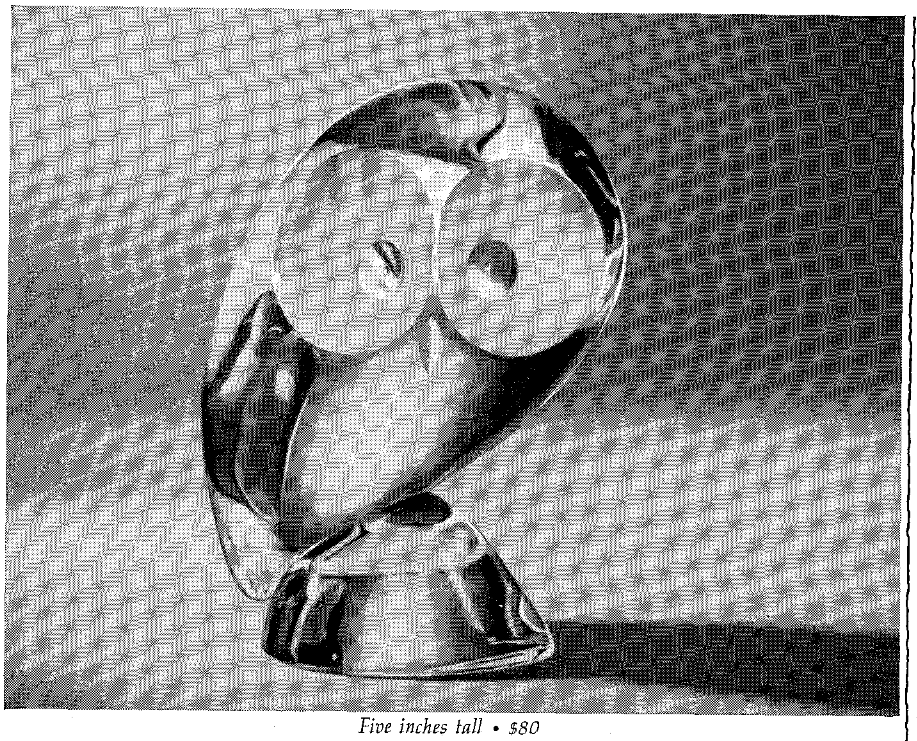
Oxford, and Alasdair MacIntyre, Fellow of University College, Oxford. Though MacIntyre was the more single-minded and relentless in argument, both scholars were bent on pinning a charge of intellectual atheism on the Bishop, and—sometimes implicitly but most of the time explicitly—on Bultmann, Tillich, and Bonhoeffer as well. Indeed, the spectre of intellectual atheism—raised earlier by Flew, among other critics—had been stalking these theologians all along. According to Jenkins, Robinson's attempt "to be honest to God is so dishonest to the God of, for example, Athanasius or the fourth century Cappadocian writers or of Thomas Aquinas, let alone Augustine or, again, to the God of the author of the 'Cloud of Unknowing' or, say, to the God who is worshipped in and through the shape of the Orthodox Liturgy, that it is clearly high time that we were confronted by an explosive reminder of the need to 'get our theism right.' " Jenkins' examination was built around such questions as: Is the "ultimate reality" of Tillich and Robinson any more objective than the traditional God they reject? Or, alternatively, is the experience of "ultimate reality" more self-evident and objective than the awareness of the traditional God? And aren't Tillich and Robinson guilty of some legerdemain when, in their eagerness to prevent "ultimate reality" from becoming simply a subjective experience, they claim for it a sort of objective status and then surreptitiously endow it with personal attributes? When Robinson asserted that often in debates between Christians and humanists his sympathies were on the humanists' side, he saw fit to explain: "This is *not* in the least because my faith or commitment is in doubt." The difficulty that Jenkins found with this was "For me, 'faith' implies 'faith in' and 'commitment' implies 'commitment to.' I do not think this is just a question of language—or, alternatively, if it is, it is a point to be followed up because, in one sense, the whole discussion is about language—about how we should talk and have grounds for talking about 'ultimate realities.' " Jenkins next turned to Tillich, who had said, "The first step to atheism is *always* a theology which drags God down to the level of doubtful things." While admitting that this might be so, Jenkins went on to develop the main line of his argument:

> I very much fear that there is a real sense in which the existence of God is doubtful (i.e., capable of being doubted), that atheism will always seem a real ex-



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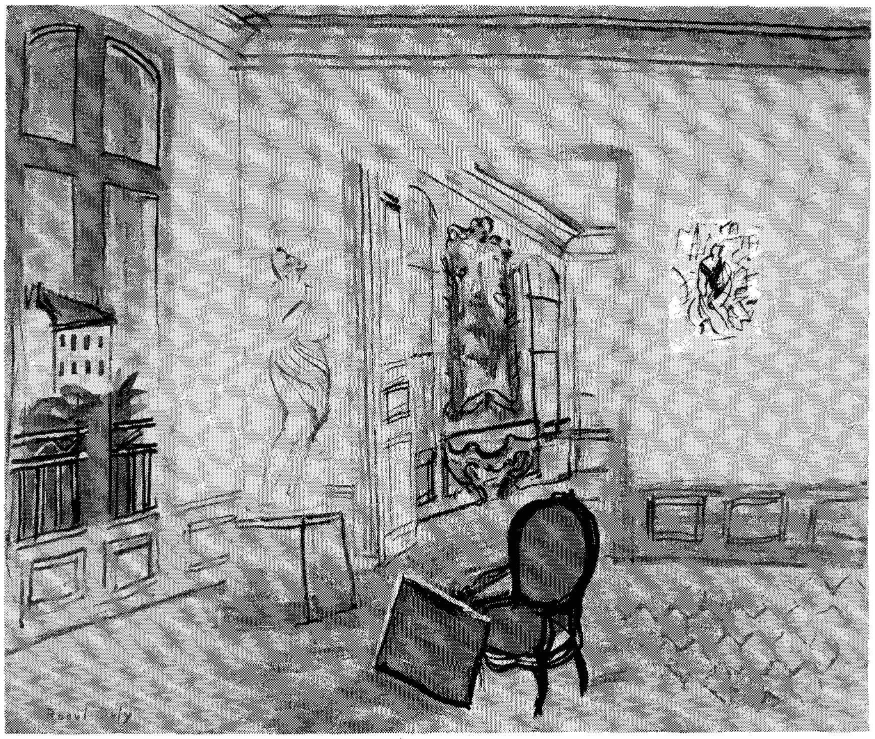

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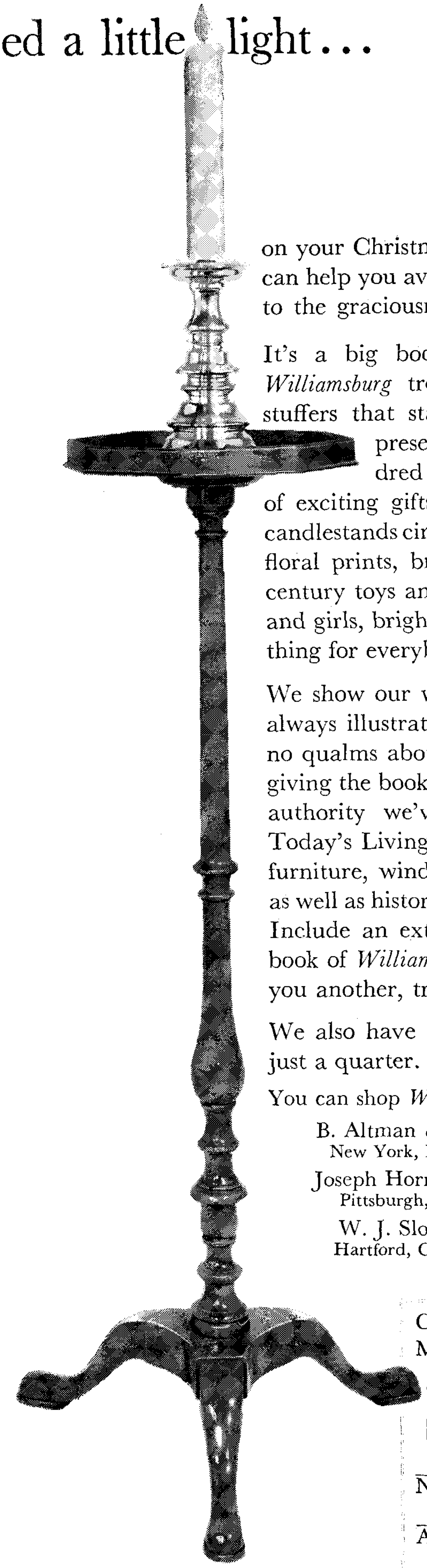

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istential possibility, and that this remains so even if you attempt to restate the doctrine of God in terms of "ultimate concern" and the like. In this connection a remark of the Bishop's is very instructive: "God is, by definition, ultimate reality. And one cannot argue whether ultimate reality exists." We have, I think, detected some very determinedly anti-traditional-metaphysic thinkers trying to get away with a concealed and possibly inverted version of the traditional ontological argument. (This is the argument that the *idea* of God includes the idea of existing and so God *must* exist. The mistake in this has usually been supposed to be that while the *idea* of God may include the *idea* of existing the fact that people have *ideas* of a certain sort is, of itself, no evidence at all that anything corresponding to the ideas *really* exists.) Of course you cannot argue whether ultimate reality exists. You can only ask whether pretentious phrases like "ultimate reality" are wanted at all and, *a fortiori*, whether there is any case for bringing the word "God" within smelling distance of the argument. Moreover the "ultimate reality" or "ultimate concern" of Robinson and of Tillich (in the quotations Robinson uses) is no more an obvious, self-evident or demonstrably necessary feature of the world or of our experiences in the world than God is. Thus Robinson continues the passage I have just referred to: ". . . one cannot argue whether ultimate reality exists. One can only ask what ultimate reality is like. . . ." It is quite clear that the answer he wishes to maintain as the true answer to *that* question is by no means self-evident, and if it is not self-evident it is, of course, doubtful and deniable (like the God of the theism he is wondering whether to repudiate). For example, on p. 49 he writes: "To believe in God as love means to believe that in pure personal relationship we encounter, not merely what ought to be, but what is, the deepest, veriest truth about the structure of reality. This, in face of all the evidence, is a tremendous act of faith. But it is not the feat of persuading oneself of the existence of a super-Being beyond this world endowed with personal qualities. Belief in God is the trust, the well-nigh incredible trust, that to give ourselves to the uttermost in love is not to be confounded but to be 'accepted,' that Love is the ground of our being, to which ultimately we 'come home.' " "In face of all the evidence," "the well-nigh incredible trust" and so on make it quite clear that talk about the existence of ultimate reality not being arguable is irrelevant bluff. "Ultimate reality" is a trivial and meaningless phrase until you begin to characterize "it," and the character the Bishop (and Tillich) want to give "it" is something over and above "it" where "it" is just plain matter of fact reality (the "stuff" that is "all the evidence"). . . . But the logical difficulties of theism are not even clarified, let alone removed by their procedure. Indeed a good deal of the language seems in danger of being less clear and, thereby, possibly more dishonest than some more traditional statements. Take, for example, the extended quote from Tillich on p. 81, where the talk is of grace. Grace is carefully referred to as "it," but "it" behaves in a very personal way (and, indeed, since the

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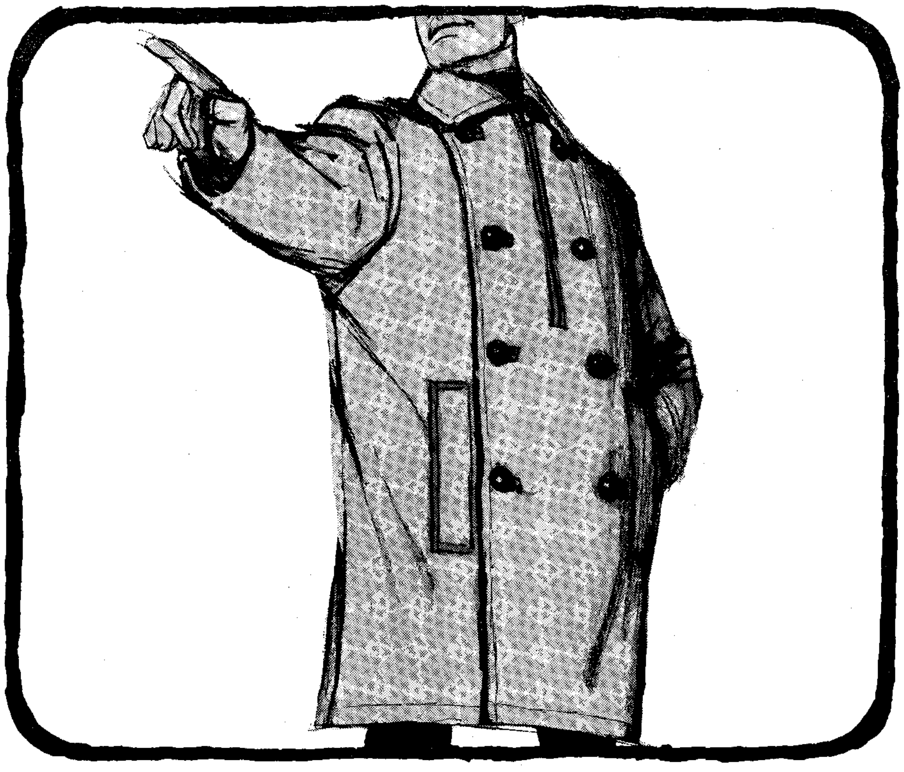

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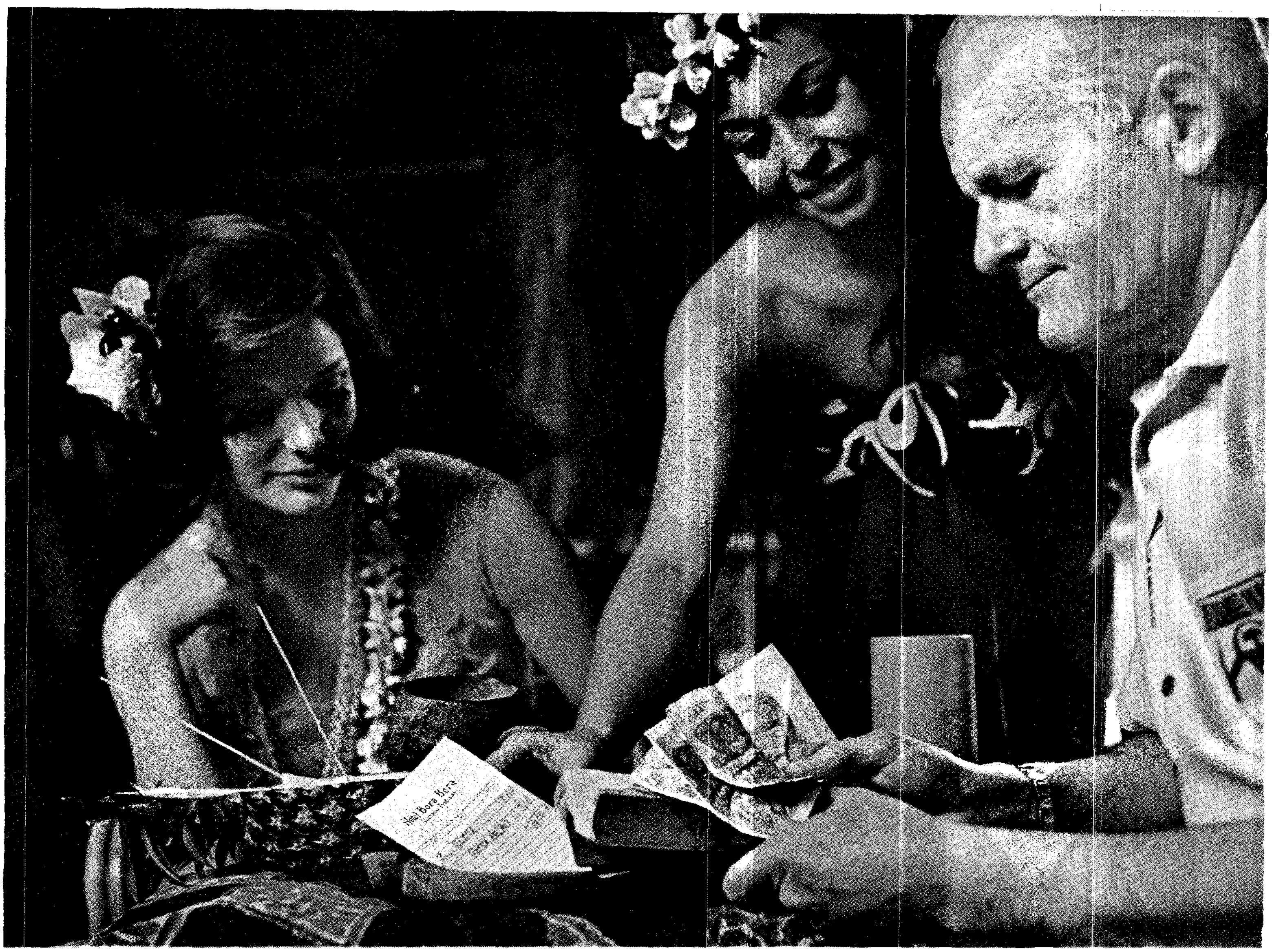

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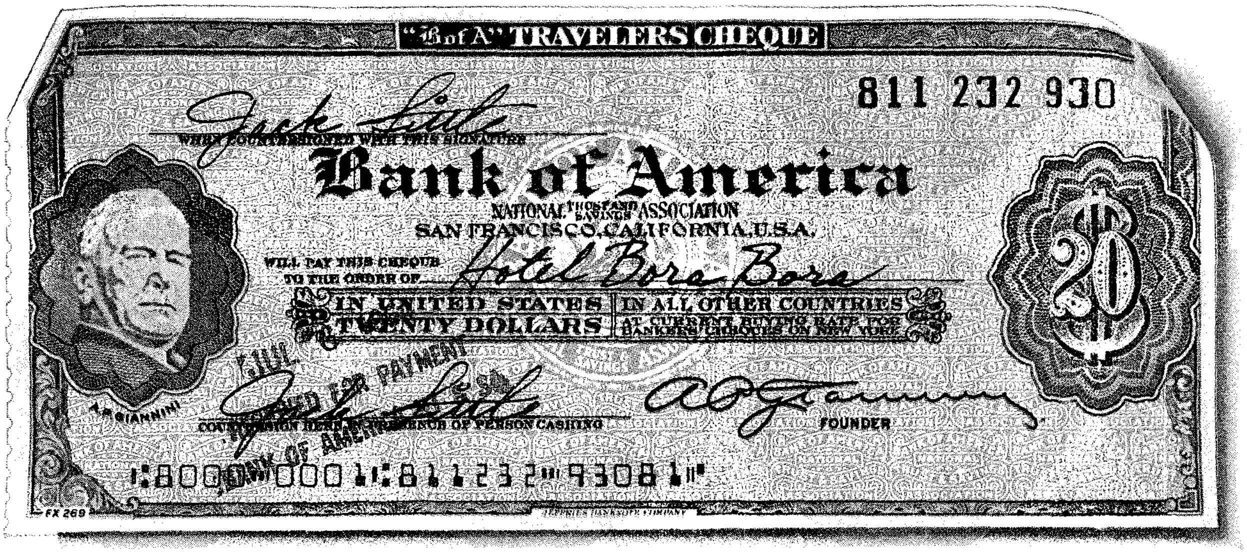

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BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION "happenings" involved are said not to be at our command it looks very much as if grace "comes in from outside"—at any rate from outside us). The situation referred to is "as though a voice were saying 'You are accepted.' " Now "seeming to be addressed" and still more "accepting the fact that we are accepted" sound like descriptions of a personal relationship with a being who is at least personal and we may perhaps believe that that *is* what is being pointed to, as later on the term "Ground" gets a capital "G," which suggests that perhaps it is being treated as very like a proper name. . . . I should maintain, therefore, that the traditional theistic talk about a personal God is no more (although admittedly no less) *logically* difficult than is the talk about "ultimate reality" and "ultimate concern" which is urged upon us. For *as used* the term "ultimate reality" no more refers to some self-evident existence than does the name "God."

MacIntyre went further. Not only were Tillich and Robinson atheist in substance but also Bultmann and Bonhoeffer, even though all of them continued to use a theistic vocabulary. In fact, his article, entitled "God and the Theologians," which was reproduced in truncated form in the "Debate" because of some publishing vagary, was so sweeping that I found myself compelled to look up the fuller version, originally printed in *Encounter*. His bombardment was directed at the sources of the Bishop's wide appeal. As one source he distinguished two varieties of atheism. The first variety he described as "speculative atheism, which is concerned to deny that over and above the universe there is something else . . . and in general to expose religion as a series of intellectual mistakes." The second, he said, involved the assumption that "religion needs to be translated into non-religious terms and not simply rejected." MacIntyre insisted that the Bishop was atheist on both counts, then wrote:

> Yet I think that we might well be puzzled by this strong desire for a theological vocabulary: for the only reason given for preserving the name "God" is that "our being has depths which naturalism, whether evolutionary, mechanistic, dialectical, or humanistic, cannot or will not recognize." . . . And that our accounts of human nature are all inadequate, most atheists would concede. But what, according to the Bishop, is at issue *is* how to describe *our* nature and not anything else. . . . The response to his book might suggest that the combination of a religious vocabulary with substantial atheism has a wide appeal. And this is a second reason why "Honest to God" may be important. . . . The liberal idealism, which easily confused a secular faith in uninterrupted progress with belief in the actions of a divine providence could not survive the trenches of World War I. Tillich was an army chaplain, as Bultmann was to be later on. Bonhoeffer was to be executed by the Nazis. The problem of evil had to

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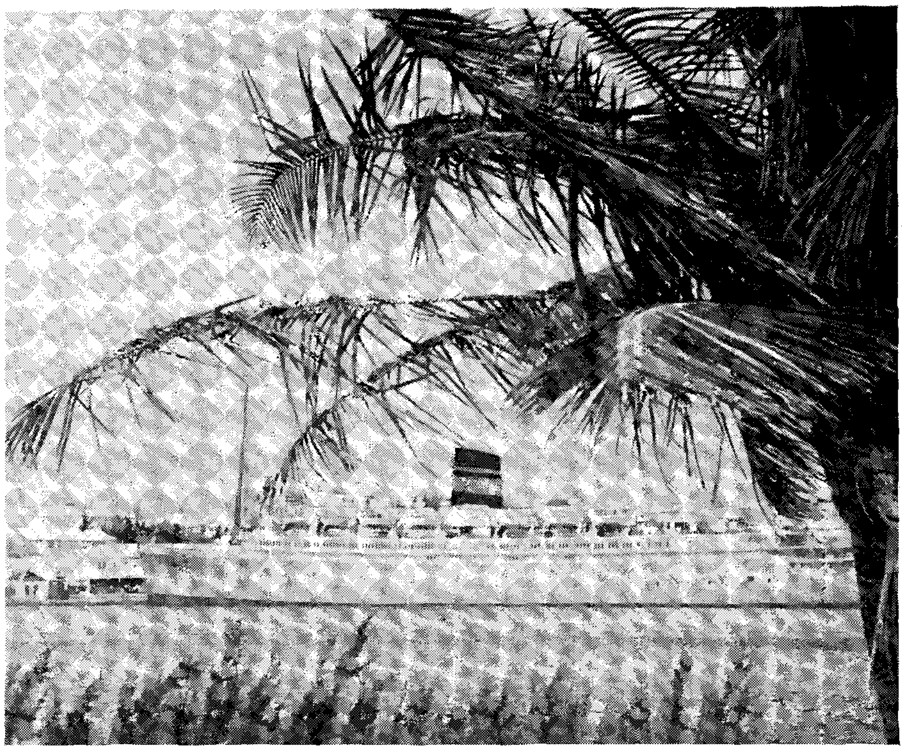

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be more than an academic exercise. Moreover, the matter of traditional Protestant preaching, with its moralizing and its promise of pietistic consolations, could scarcely survive. Two questions pressed in: How can we think of God after the Somme, after Auschwitz? And how can we preach to contemporary man?

But this response to the evils of the Somme and Auschwitz was by no means the only one, and MacIntyre, by turning to an alternative that had been monumentally argued by Karl Barth, opened up a second front in his attack on the atheistic theologians.

The first answer to these questions was Barth's commentary on *Romans* ["The Epistle to the Romans"], where St. Paul's Greek is conjured into a blend of Luther, Calvin, Dostoevski, and Kierkegaard. (Not so misleading either, for each of them had digested large quantities of St. Paul.) Barth's message is that any attempt to justify belief in God or any attempt to comprehend God's ways by translating revelation into terms other than its own is bound to fail. God is infinitely distant from man and totally other. In revelation he condescends to us; we can only accept or reject, we cannot argue. Evil cannot be explained; but we can be redeemed and saved from its power.... And certainly as Barthian theology has developed systematically, it has remained a keystone of orthodoxy.... But Barthian theology nonetheless contains the materials for its own self-transformation. For if the Word of God cannot be identified with *any* frail human attempt to comprehend it, the way is open for sympathy with those who reject human theologies which have attempted to substitute for the Divine Word.... If it is *any* human work or word which we have to carefully avoid identifying or confusing with the divine, then we are in a very different position from that of traditional Protestant pietistic orthodoxy. For none but God can be infallible; and hence no church authority, and not even the scriptures, can be treated as infallible without impiety. This was the basis upon which Barth welcomed radical, scholarly criticism of the New Testament while fundamentalist orthodoxy always rejected it. . . . At this point, therefore, Protestant theology has had to face up to its own inadequacies.

MacIntyre now addressed himself to Bultmann, Tillich, and Bonhoeffer individually:

Bultmann's theology has three quite separate elements to it. There is first of all his historical scepticism about the New Testament events. Closely connected with this is his belief that the New Testament message is presented in terms of a pre-scientific cosmology and that consequently the gospel must be "de-mythologized" before it can be preached to scientific man. And there is, thirdly, his view of what the de-mythologized message in fact is.... This mythology conceals rather than conveys the message that man is a prey to an inauthentic existence, that Jesus summons him to a decision, by which he can face up to his being as that of one who is going to die and so begin to live

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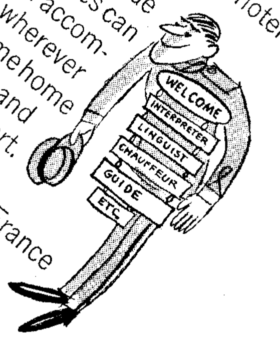


authentically. . . . When the gospel is demythologized, a theistic existentialism is what remains. But is this existentialism more than nominally theistic? Bultmann's pupil [Wilhelm] Kamlah took the final step of pointing out that what Bultmann takes the life of faith to be makes its possibility logically independent of the occurrence of any event in Palestine in the first century and, indeed, of the existence of a supernatural being. . . . Tillich's contrast with Bultmann is at first sight sharp. ". . . if you know that God means depth, you know much about him. You cannot then call yourself an atheist or unbeliever. For you cannot think or say: Life has no depth! Life is shallow!"

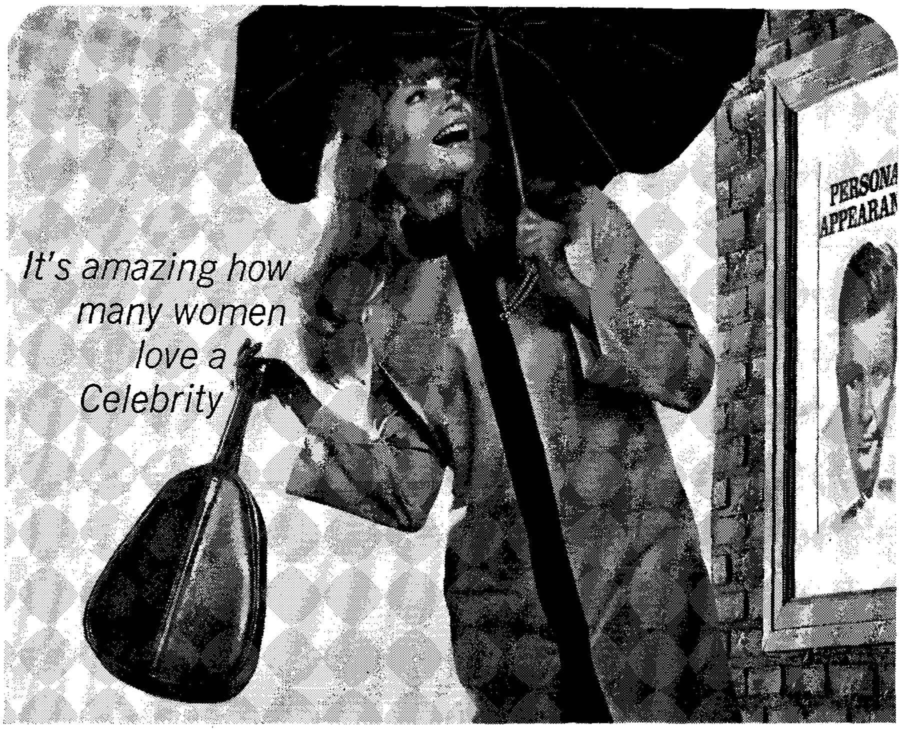
MacIntyre now blasted these much quoted lines from Tillich:

> Clearly, however, the conversion of the unbeliever is only so easy for Tillich because belief in God has been evacuated of all its traditional content. . . . Even if we were to concede Tillich a verbal triumph over the atheist, the substance of atheism has been conceded. Just as Bultmann's view of the New Testament points towards scepticism, so does Tillich's analysis of the doctrine of God.

Explaining that Bonhoeffer's Christianity was intelligible in only one context, that of the thirties in Europe and of Nazi Germany, where God and man were in a sense powerless, where the Christian role was reduced merely to one of suffering witness, and where, therefore, Bonhoeffer's God came to have special relevance, MacIntyre added:

> Outside that context it lacks precisely any specific differentia from the way of life of sensitive, generous liberals. It does not issue in atheism as the conclusion of an argument (as Bultmann's theology does), and it does not present atheism in theological language (as Tillich's theology does), but it fails in the task for which it was designed and in our sort of society it becomes a form of practical atheism, for it clothes the ordinary liberal forms of life with the romantic unreality of a catacombic vocabulary.

The specific rebuttal that the Bishop made in the "Debate" to the charge of atheism levelled at him and his masters showed, at best, that even though MacIntyre had succeeded in cornering them intellectually, he had violated their spirit. Yet MacIntyre, who was perhaps a victim of that fashion among certain English intellectuals—particularly the breed of "don-journalists"—of going in for elementary sociopsychology, also failed in his task, since his explanation of why these learned men retained a theistic vocabulary while acquiring an atheistic substance amounted only to the contention that their ambivalence was due to the uneasy peace between theism and atheism existing today, as when people continue to be baptized, married, and buried in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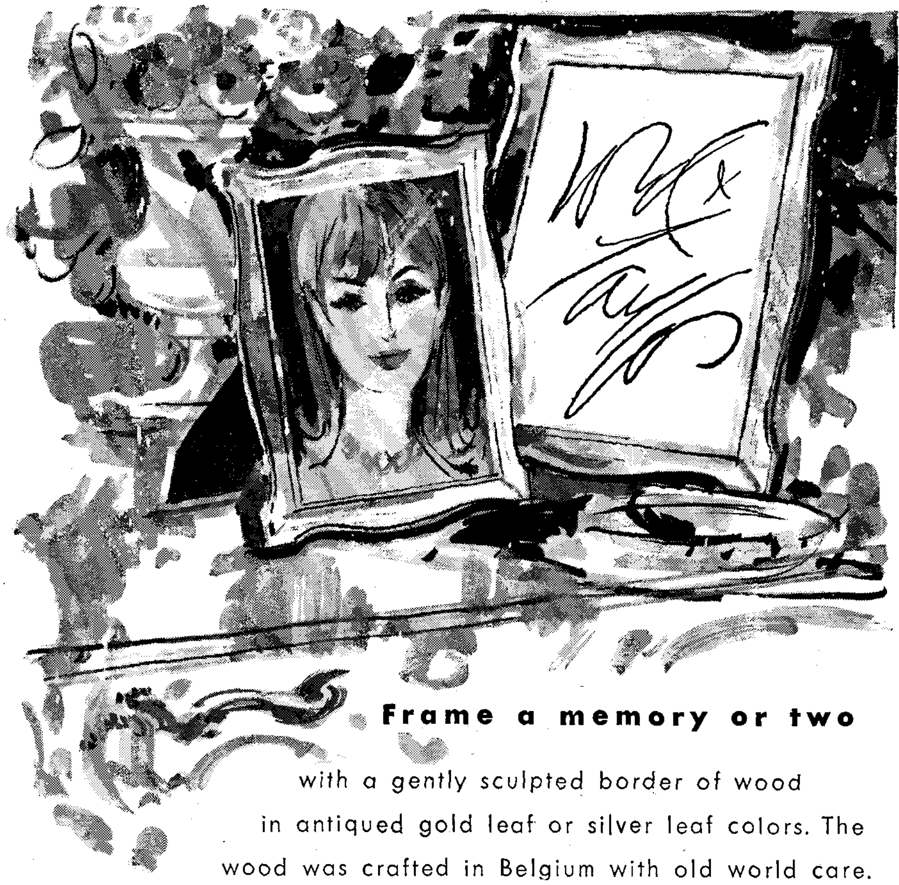

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the church, even if they are actually non-believers.

IN recent years in Britain, as the walls between classes have begun to collapse, and the élite and the populace have been more and more closely meshed into one attenuated and ever-expanding middle-class literate public, the press of both the masses and the classes, seeing a vast market to be exploited, has given intellectuals their head in prominent columns, with the result that the distinction between the two types of newspaper, once so marked, has itself tended to disappear. Apart from the sellers, the main beneficiaries of this trade have been the big cultural names—especially those with a polemical bent, a fast and easy pen, and an eye for the hemline in ideas on war and politics, sex and religion, or any other subject of general interest. The phenomenon is now so widespread that a casual visitor to Fleet Street, listening to the discussion of reputations, watching them be pumped up and punctured, might come away with the impression that the district was a financial exchange on which the stock of each intellectual was liable to sudden fluctuations in value. If one asks an editor, as I did on a visit to Fleet Street not long ago, about the pros and cons of the new system, the question is hardly taken seriously, so rapidly has the system become a part of the scene. However, one newspaperman, who, after some badgering, stopped to reflect, replied by dwelling almost entirely on the positive aspects of the new era. "We are living in the sixties and we might as well face it," he said. "The system is the child of democracy. People want to be up on intellectual things. It's a legitimate aspiration, which we have a duty to satisfy. We have a duty to air ideas with any public interest at all; that's just good journalism. And the more controversial the better; controversy keeps people interested, and another function of good journalism is to entertain. Besides, all these debates in the newspapers help to bring those rarefied dons and professors and bishops nearer to the public, just as they help to keep intellectuals in touch with the world by constantly subjecting their ideas to the test of common sense. British thinking has always had deep roots in common sense and empiricism, and if this has led to a certain amount of cheerful vulgarity—well, that, too, has been a part of British life. Also, sending off polemics, rebuttals, and criticisms is as healthy as cricket—it's a safety valve. It's been said that polemics, by definition, slant and exaggerate, but, in a sense, that can be said of any sort of writing."

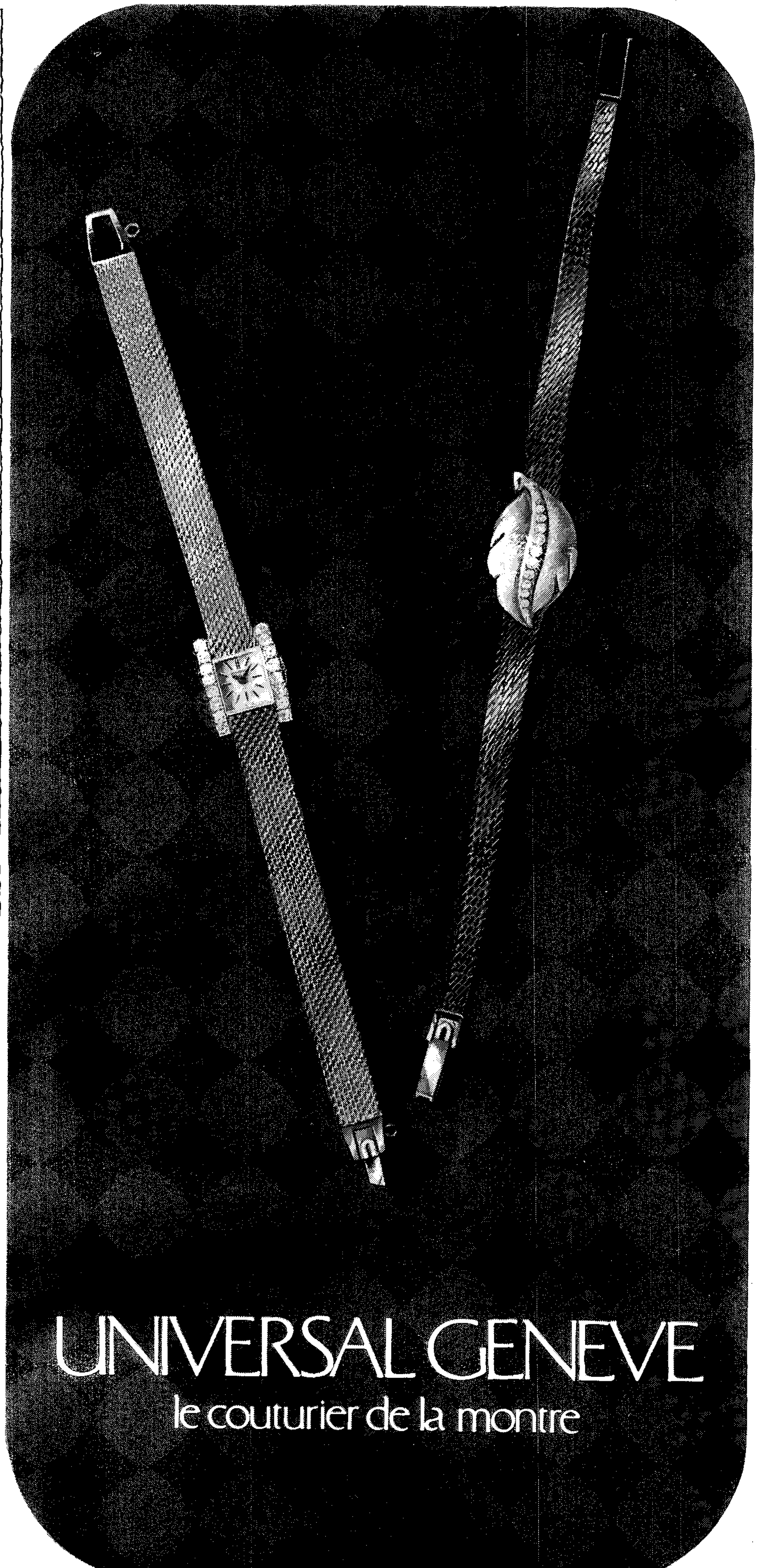
That the system nevertheless has some unhealthy offshoots is undeniable. The controversies are often started up capriciously and then capriciously set aside. They are argued from so many different directions and at such heat that, most of the time, they tend to blur all lines of argument, with few points of view ever coinciding. After all, the forum *is* newspapers, not books; the aim is quixotic journalism, not intensive exploration; the game is more important than the outcome; and the disputes, of necessity, have to be spread thin, over many weeks and many disparate papers. No wonder any glimmering of truth that emerges from the clash of ideas, any demonstrated rights and wrongs of the issue, are lost—simply swept under the editorial carpet with yesterday's news.

Whatever the merits of the system, no one can be entirely pleased with the way each debate is finally enshrined in memory. After the hurly-burly, its main participants and its victims become "controversial"—a designation that in its way is as tenacious as the title of duke or corporal, and much more meaningless. For his effort, the Bishop received that accolade (or raspberry, depending on how one regards it), complimenting (or insulting) him, his challengers, and his readers. As a result of this practice, I have felt no hesitation in carrying on researches of my own into the question of precisely what lay behind the religious puzzles expressed by the Bishop and others like him—the question that MacIntyre tried to answer by recourse to socio-psychology and that the newspapers had no sooner touched than they abandoned.

At the time of publication of the "Debate," I was living in New York, and if the Bishop and his star witnesses were scattered widely over two continents, the eminent American theologian Reinhold Niebuhr was only a few minutes away by taxi. I decided to look him up, and telephoned him at his home. A woman's voice said she would put her husband on the wire.

"By afternoon I'm very tired, but I can see you late in the morning," Niebuhr said, in a middle-western voice. He explained that he had been quite ill.

I was admitted to the Niebuhrs' apartment, on the fifth floor of a building on upper Riverside Drive, by Mrs. Niebuhr. She showed me into her husband's study, a comfortably furnished room, in which Niebuhr was sitting at his desk using an electric typewrit-



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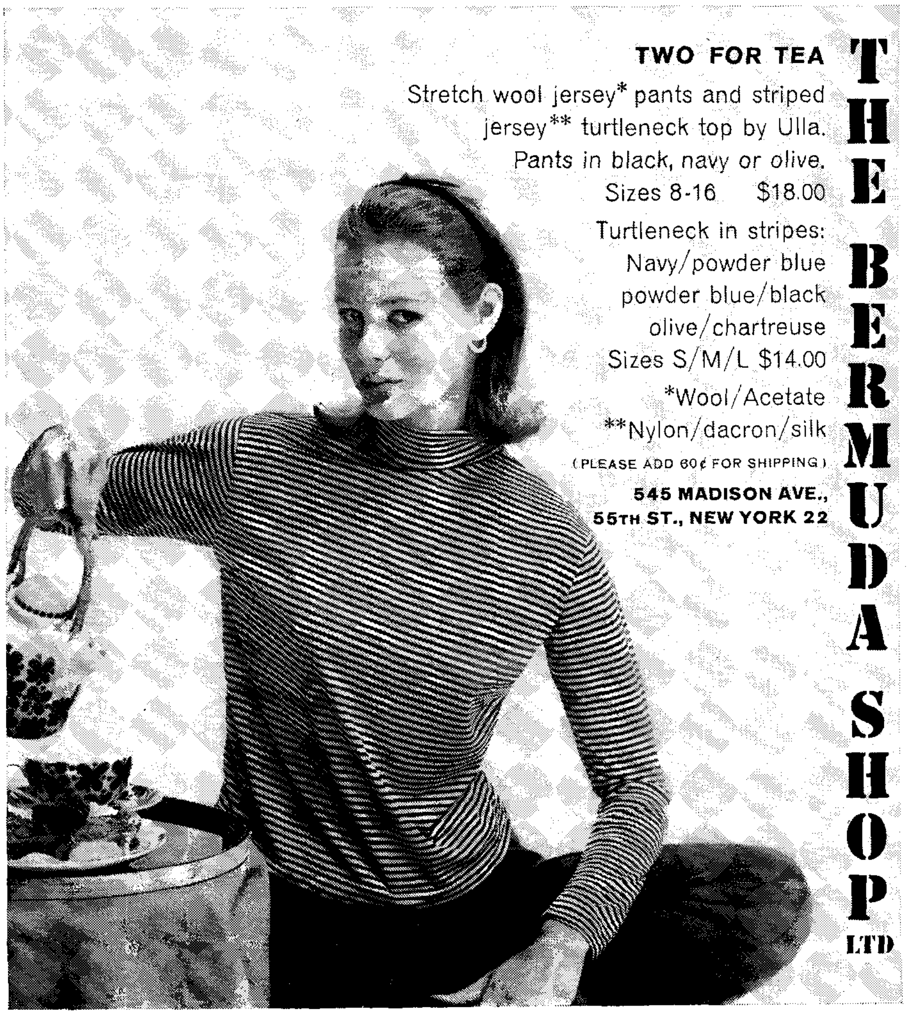

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er. Niebuhr, a large man of seventy-three, was dressed in a loose-fitting light-blue suit and a plain red tie. He slowly stood up and gave me a firm handshake. "You must have known from talking to my wife on the phone that she's English," he said, with a laugh. "As soon as she says, 'Ursula here,' everyone knows that she's English."

"I could be Australian," Mrs. Niebuhr said, and, indicating an easy chair next to the desk, she added, "I think you'll be comfy there. I've had the twin chair of this in my office at Barnard. I was the head of the Religion Department there." A poodle bounced in, and Mrs. Niebuhr patted him. "He's called Jonathan. He's named after Jonathan Bingham," she said.

"Jonathan Edwards, darling," Niebuhr said.

"Well, he's named after *several* Jonathans," Mrs. Niebuhr said. "He *looks* like Jonathan Bingham, but he was named after Jonathan Edwards because he was born in Stockbridge, up in the Berkshires, where we now have a country house. We also thought of naming him Nathaniel Hawthorne, since Hawthorne lived in Stockbridge, too."

Mrs. Niebuhr then said she would make some coffee, and left the room.

I asked Niebuhr what he thought of "Honest to God."

"I'm not much in touch with English thought," he said. "I've been on the shelf since Archbishop Temple. But I was quite surprised that the Bishop of Woolwich should come on the ideas of Bultmann and Tillich so late. I mean, he's a New Testament scholar, and he should have known long ago what Bultmann and Tillich had been saying—that religious statements are symbolic, and that all religious statements are mythological. Many people have been saying this kind of thing about the New Testament for years." Niebuhr talked haltingly, but his voice carried, as though he was used to speaking in a lecture hall, without a microphone. "There are very few theologians today who believe the Resurrection actually happened," he went on. "There is a progressive retrogression in the New Testament. I mean, there are more and more physical details about Christ's appearance, but the Bishop seems to have just come upon the ideas of Bultmann and Tillich. He did, however, succeed in popularizing those ideas, though I don't think he quite got Tillich right."

I asked if he would explain.

"Well, Tillich has this Neoplatonic side to him, a mystical side," Niebuhr said. (Tillich was still living at the time.) "He's very otherworldly in his

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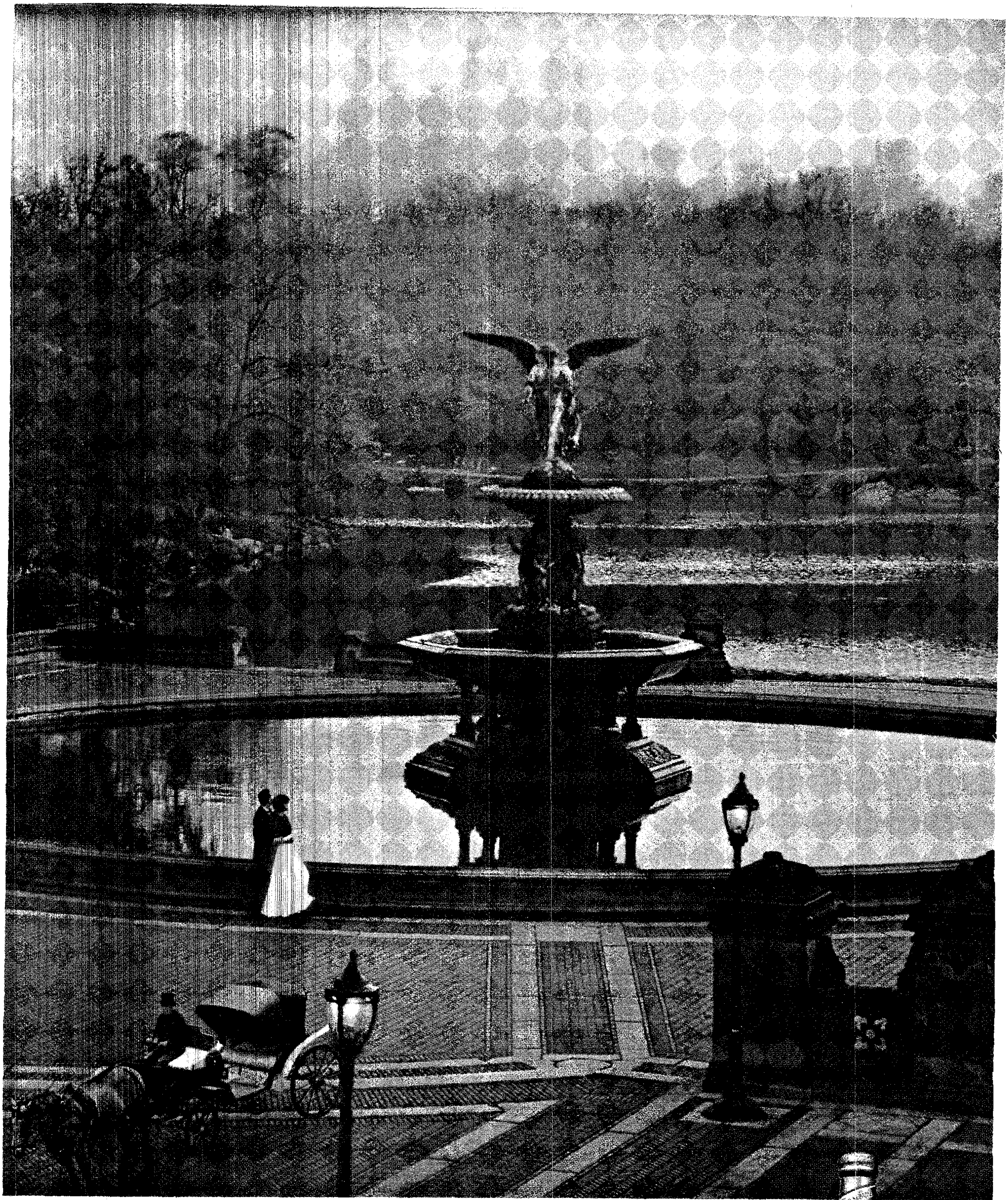

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morality. I mean, I'm not a theologian," he said, even though he was the author of the major theological work "The Nature and Destiny of Man." "I've spent my life in ethics, in social ethics, in theological education. Tillich is a theologian. He's the most learned man I know. Morality has always been an issue with us. We've been debating it ever since he came to this country. I heard him preach a sermon once on that very difficult passage in the Bible, 'Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' He said this was a comment on the injustice in the world. He said there was no justice in the world except as it was grounded in God. You see, he removed himself from all the moral issues that have always occupied me. This is his otherworldliness. Robinson didn't touch on this. Tillich dedicated one of his books—'Morality and Beyond'—to me. Doing that was a scandal. I was embarrassed by the dedication, since morality has always been a point with us. But we were both social radicals, and we both thought that the world depression and the Second World War were going to end the bourgeois order. After the war, Tillich went to the Metropolitan Opera and he came back and told me that he had just witnessed a very *symbolic* thing: there were all these upper bourgeois in their box seats who didn't know yet that their culture was finished. He tends to see everything symbolically."

"The difference between you and Tillich, darling, is that he has a system and you have none," Mrs. Niebuhr said, coming in with coffee. She had put on a raincoat. "He's like a snail who has a shell or house over him that he's spun out. What is the German word for that?"

"Why have you put on a raincoat?" Niebuhr asked.

"Because I'm taking Jonathan out for a short walk," Mrs. Niebuhr said.

"A lot of people were surprised that a bishop would speak out as Robinson did," Niebuhr continued when Mrs. Niebuhr had left. "Churchmen are always at the tail end of any intellectual movement. In Germany, there is a complete separation between the theological thinking in the universities and the theological thinking in the church. Karl Barth has now become a pillar of orthodoxy, and in the universities they have moved on from Barth and now study Bultmann. Like Tillich and Bultmann, Karl Barth started out being a creative theologian. His book 'The

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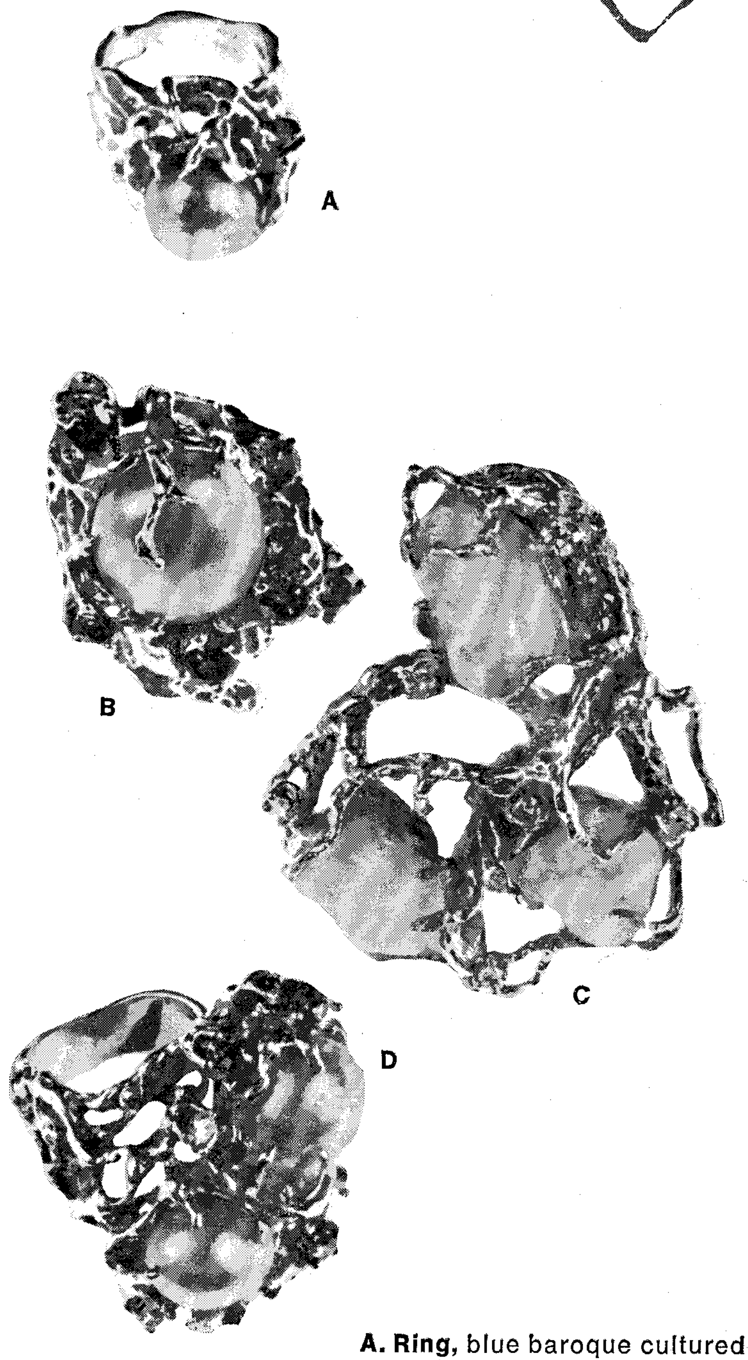

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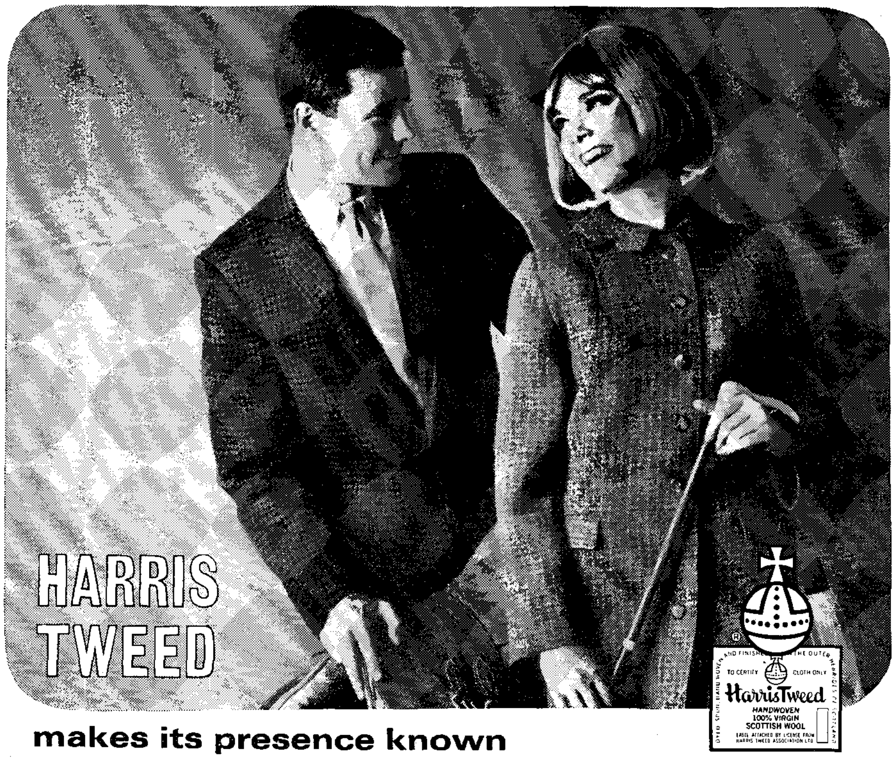

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Epistle to the Romans,' which came out in 1918, was very creative. But later, with 'Church Dogmatics,' he became very orthodox. I've always said that it took a century for Lutheranism to become orthodoxy. Sixteenth-century Lutherans were radical, seventeenth-century Lutherans were arch-orthodox. But Barth became orthodox within the space of a few years."

It was clear that it was a considerable effort for Niebuhr to talk, and that he was getting tired, so a few minutes later I took my leave.

SUCH books of Tillich's as I had looked at or been able to read through were difficult to assess. There was, for instance, his three-volume magnum opus, the first volume of which appeared in 1951, which grouped systematically all the ideas on theology that he had developed over half a century. Yet these synoptic tomes, called flatly "Systematic Theology," were written, I thought, from a point of view that was, in a sense, so out of step with the twentieth century (the tone as well as the sweeping nature of the undertaking was distinctly Germanic and nineteenth-century) that the construct as a whole tended, in spite of brilliant individual insights, to distort whatever it encompassed. Moreover, the systematic treatment almost committed the reader to accept all the connected ideas as an entity, and the chances of any contemporary student's doing this could be judged from a passage, central to Tillich's *Weltanschauung*, that was headed "The Kingdom of God and the Ambiguities of Historical Self-Integration":

> We have described the ambiguities of history as consequences of the ambiguities of life processes in general. The self-integration of life under the dimension of history shows the ambiguities implied in the drive toward centeredness: the ambiguities of "empire" and of "control," the first appearing in the drive of expansion toward a universal historical unity, and the second, in the drive toward a centered unity in the particular history-bearing group. In each case the ambiguity of power lies behind the ambiguities of historical integration. So the question arises: What is the relation of the Kingdom of God to the ambiguities of power? The answer to this question is also the answer to the question of the relation of the churches to power. The basic theological answer must be that, since God as *the* power of being is the source of all particular powers of being, power is divine in its essential nature. The symbols of power for God or the Christ or the church in biblical literature are abundant. And Spirit is the dynamic unity of power and meaning. The depreciation of power in most pacifist pronouncements is unbiblical as well as unrealistic. Power is the eter-

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nal possibility of resisting non-being. God and the Kingdom of God "exercise" this power eternally. But in the divine life—of which the divine kingdom is the creative self-manifestation—the ambiguities of power, empire, and control are conquered by unambiguous life.

One felt that even those stalwarts who were prepared to cast their ballots for the program might hesitate before Tillich's language, for his works, though composed in English, read like literal translations of German and, in addition, had been subjected to the influence of various editors and assistants and secretaries who had helped him with each volume. It was hardly surprising that even crucial terms should shift from upper to lower case, putting one in mind of Don Marquis's archy, and that the sources, instead of being listed in footnotes, should be squeezed into the text: "If one followed the principle that, under certain conditions, quantity becomes quality (Hegel), one would be justified in distinguishing the dimensions of the subatomic, of the astronomical, and of that between them which appears in the ordinary human encounter with reality." The more or less complementary volumes of sermons, "The Eternal Now," "The New Being," and "The Shaking of the Foundations," which were written for a much larger constituency of readers, used some of the central terms and concepts of "Systematic Theology" yet achieved at times an almost mystical power. Yet in the cold light of reason the sermons presented the same philosophical difficulties. Nor was Tillich unaware of these problems. In an intellectual autobiography printed in a commemorative volume entitled "The Theology of Paul Tillich," he noted, "I once said to a Logical Positivist that I would like him to attend my lectures and to raise his finger if something is said that lacks rationality. He answered that he could not accept this task because he would have to raise his finger during the whole lecture." Tillich, however, seemed to be beyond perturbation. In the same essay that contained this anecdote were a number of sanguine passages, among them "For many years I have avoided the term 'absolute' with reference to God. 'Unconditional' means that the realm of finitude is transcended, 'absolute' excludes finitude from a static infinite, a position which I, like Mr. Hartshorne, reject. In such cases precision is not the problem, but conceptual implications."

Yet Jerald Brauer, dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School, where Tillich was then a professor, instead of regarding Tillich as a voice

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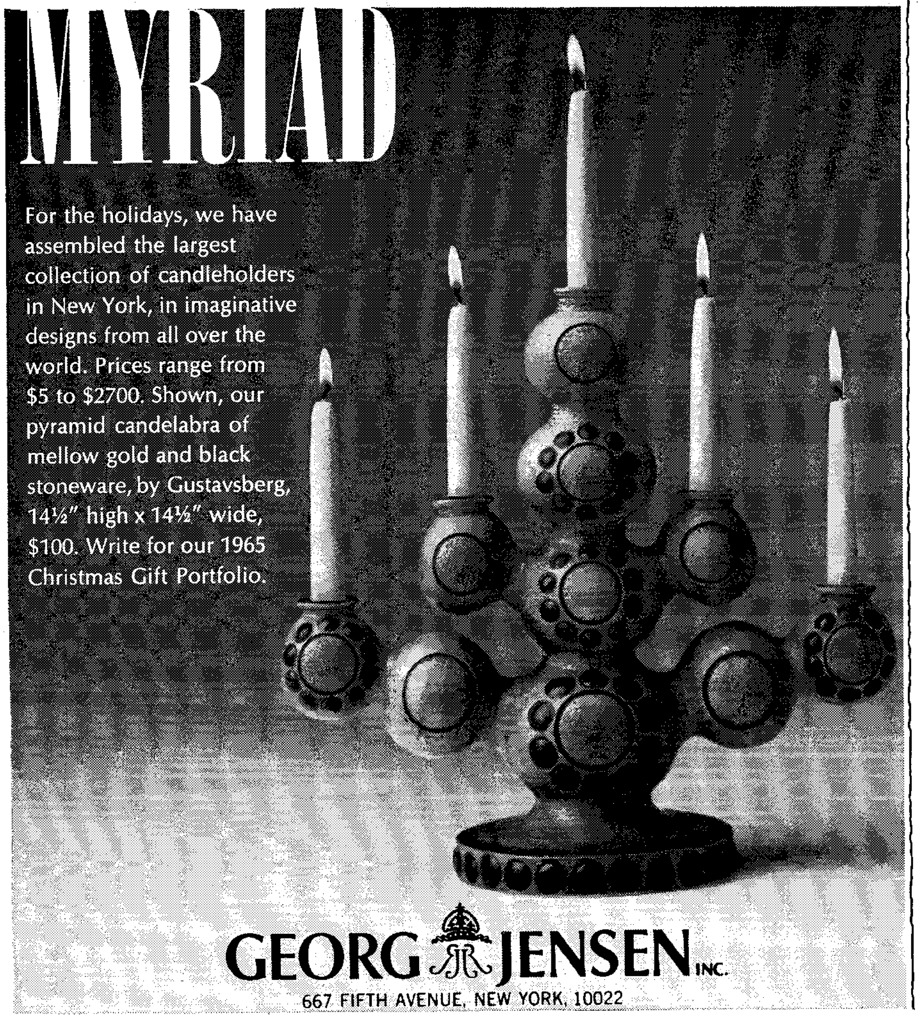

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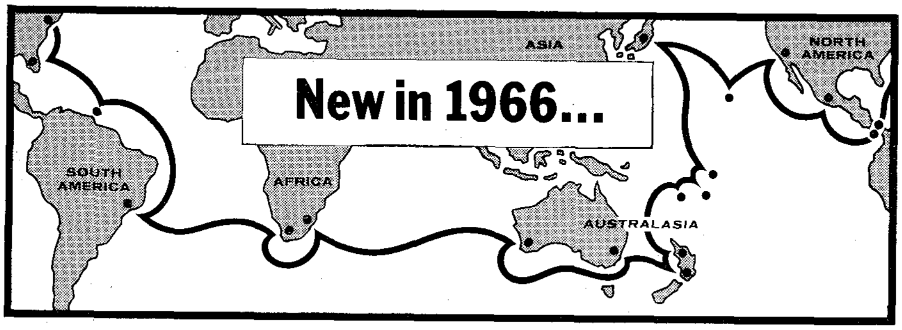

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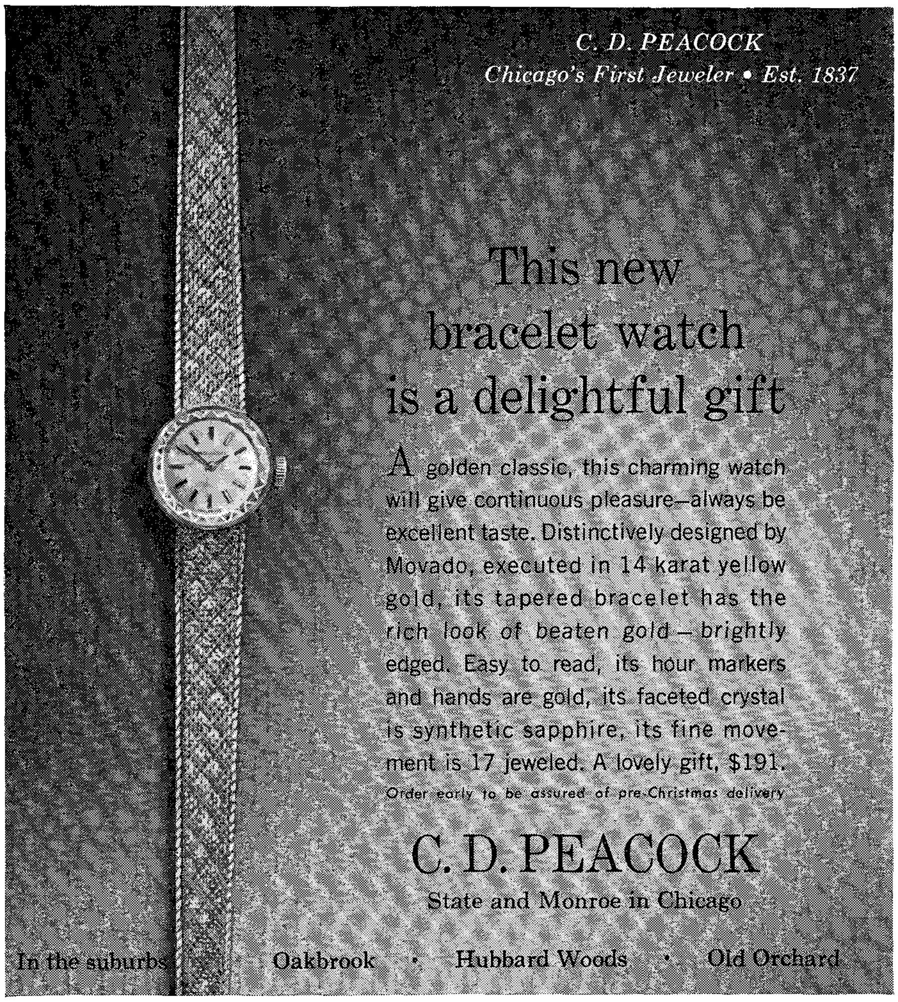
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from the past, felt sure that he was a man who spoke to the future. Brauer explained this view to me by saying, "You see, all his life he has been speaking to the people on the borderline of religion, people who were outside the church but leaning toward it, but *now* the people who are in the church, even those of us in theology, find *ourselves* to be also on the borderline of religion. The people who are on the borderline are growing in number everywhere. They are the people for whom Tillich's theology is really made, so Tillich now has more to say than ever." Indeed, in the opinion of many people, Tillich stood astride the dominions of theology like a colossus, or, as Dr. John Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary, has put it, "a cathedral—one has to walk around him to see him." In fact, except for Emil Brunner, of Zurich, and perhaps Reinhold Niebuhr, Tillich's only peers were considered to be Barth and Bultmann. Langdon Gilkey, a professor of theology at the University of Chicago Divinity School, who had explored the connections among these titans, told me that one of the reasons for their eminence was that they had buried the liberal theology of the late nineteenth century, which is remembered today mostly for its overly optimistic view of man and its uncritical acceptance of the bourgeois order. Barth and Bultmann are now in their seventies, and Tillich was in his seventies when he died last month, and they had all passed into surveys of contemporary theology as "the neo-orthodox" (their repudiation of their elders had flung them back into the classical, or orthodox, way of speaking about God), yet no one who had come along since could begin to match their achievements or their influence. But Gilkey, who was, it seemed, given to labelling and pigeonholing, had written, in a paper:

> . . . The older neo-orthodox leaders had unwittingly "pushed God out of ordinary existence" to its edge (Bultmann), to its depths (Tillich), or to the special place where secular existence had been entered and transformed by revelation (Barth). In the thought of each, secular existence as it is *ordinarily* lived and understood was seen to be devoid of the divine and so in turn the divine could only be found in these special "unsecular" places, dimensions, or depths. Ironically, therefore, neo-orthodoxy did in theory what its oldest and deadliest antagonist, the Enlightenment, had long since done in practice, namely, removed God from the ordinary structures of normal life. So long as a lively sense of the reality and ultimate significance of these special places, of that divine boundary, of that holy depth, or of that sacred Word remained, as they surely did in neo-orthodox theology, total secularism was, so to

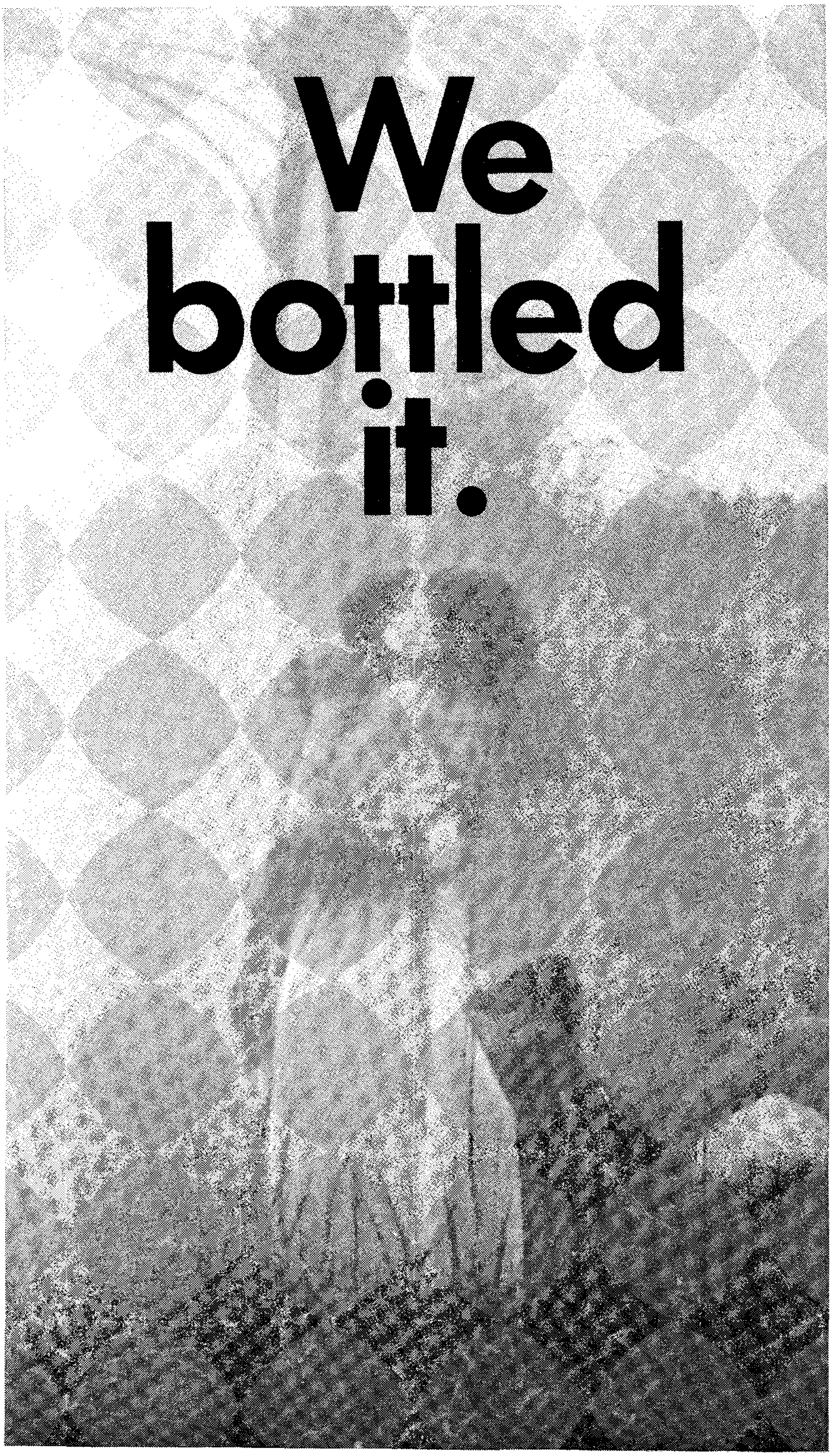
speak, held at bay. With Bonhoeffer, however, the theological significance of these special divine dimensions and places disappears with the basic repudiation of dependence on God; instead of the means of grace, they become the empty "religion" that separates man from ordinary life and that is thus alien to "real Christianity."

On Friday, October 22nd, Tillich died in the University of Chicago's Billings Hospital, where he had been admitted the previous week after a heart attack. A short while before, I had the good fortune to meet him one afternoon. I saw him at the University of Chicago, in his office, which was on the fourth floor of Swift Hall—a building that Frank Lloyd Wright would have described as "cast-iron Gothic." The office, a cubicle without so much as a picture (its total contents were a bookcase, a sofa, a desk, two straight-backed chairs, an electric coffee-maker, a pot of chrysanthemums, and a blue beret and an overcoat hanging from a peg), was a part of a suite, which included a larger outer office that was occupied by his secretary, a classroom, and a couple of other faculty offices. Tillich, who was seventy-nine, turned out to be a rather patriarchal figure with abundant white hair and dressed in a noticeably new blue suit. He greeted me quietly, waved me to one of the straight chairs, and then went over to his desk and sat down.

His secretary brought in the afternoon mail.

Tillich started looking through the letters, mumbling, almost to himself, "I have so many pressures on me. If you only knew the pressures! My letters have been growing each year—sometimes there are twenty-five or thirty a day. I reply to all of them. I use this office and my secretary only for writing letters. I've never been capable of not answering letters. It's the *agape* in me. If I had been born in Tibet, I would have retired twenty years ago. It would not have been my role to answer letters." He pushed the letters aside and said, "I have recently had troubles with my health, and my doctor has told me to lie down—especially after a meal. Do you mind if I talk lying down?"

I said of course I didn't, and Tillich walked over to the sofa, which was opposite his desk. He sat, stood, and walked very straight. He had on plastic-rimmed glasses, which were rather too small for him and tended to ride up his nose. Having adjusted them, he stretched out. Just then, the telephone rang in the outer office. Tillich got up quickly and went over to his desk. (Dean Brauer had told me that Tillich never let a secretary answer his tele-



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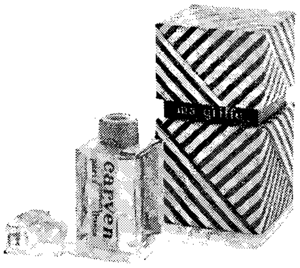

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phone. According to Brauer, this was open to two interpretations: that he didn't trust anybody, or—Brauer's own interpretation—that he didn't want a third presence to come between him and another person. Brauer had gone on to say, "This is typical of him. He's the most democratic German professor there ever was. When I first met him, I was hired to be his assistant at Union. I walked into his office in fear and trembling. He was reading at his desk by a very small light. He looked up and said, 'What may I do for you?' I told him I had been hired as his assistant. He asked my name. I answered, 'Brauer.' He asked, 'But what's your name?' I repeated, 'Brauer.' Then he said, 'No, what is your *name*? What people call you by?' I replied, 'Jerald'—of course, no one ever called me that, they all called me Jerry—and then he said, 'Jerry, call me Paulus.' ")

Tillich picked up the telephone and said, "This is Professor Tillich. . . . No, you've got the wrong number." He hung up.

Thinking that I'd better get to the subject of my interest as quickly as possible, I asked him a general question about his ideas.

"My work is an infinite subject," he said. "Ask me some specific, finite questions."

Upon hearing the words "infinite" and "finite," though I do not have much in common with the Logical Positivists, I mentally raised my finger, but aloud I said that, through Robinson, some of his ideas had become very well known both in England and in America. He nodded, lay down on the sofa again, and said, "I've never had much influence in England. The English are not worried by the problems of loneliness, despair—are not touched by the whole existential movement. I came in on the peak of the wave of 'Honest to God,' and will probably go out when the wave breaks."

I told him Dean Brauer had said of him that he spoke to people on the borderline of religion and that his ideas would have increasing relevance in the future.

"I think my influence is already felt all over the world through my books—except for England," he said. "More than twelve of my books have been translated into Japanese. About four years ago, I was in Japan, and I talked to a lot of Buddhist scholars and monks. I found that they had heard of me, and one of them even admitted that reincarnation in Buddhism was a symbolic statement, as I had thought it was."

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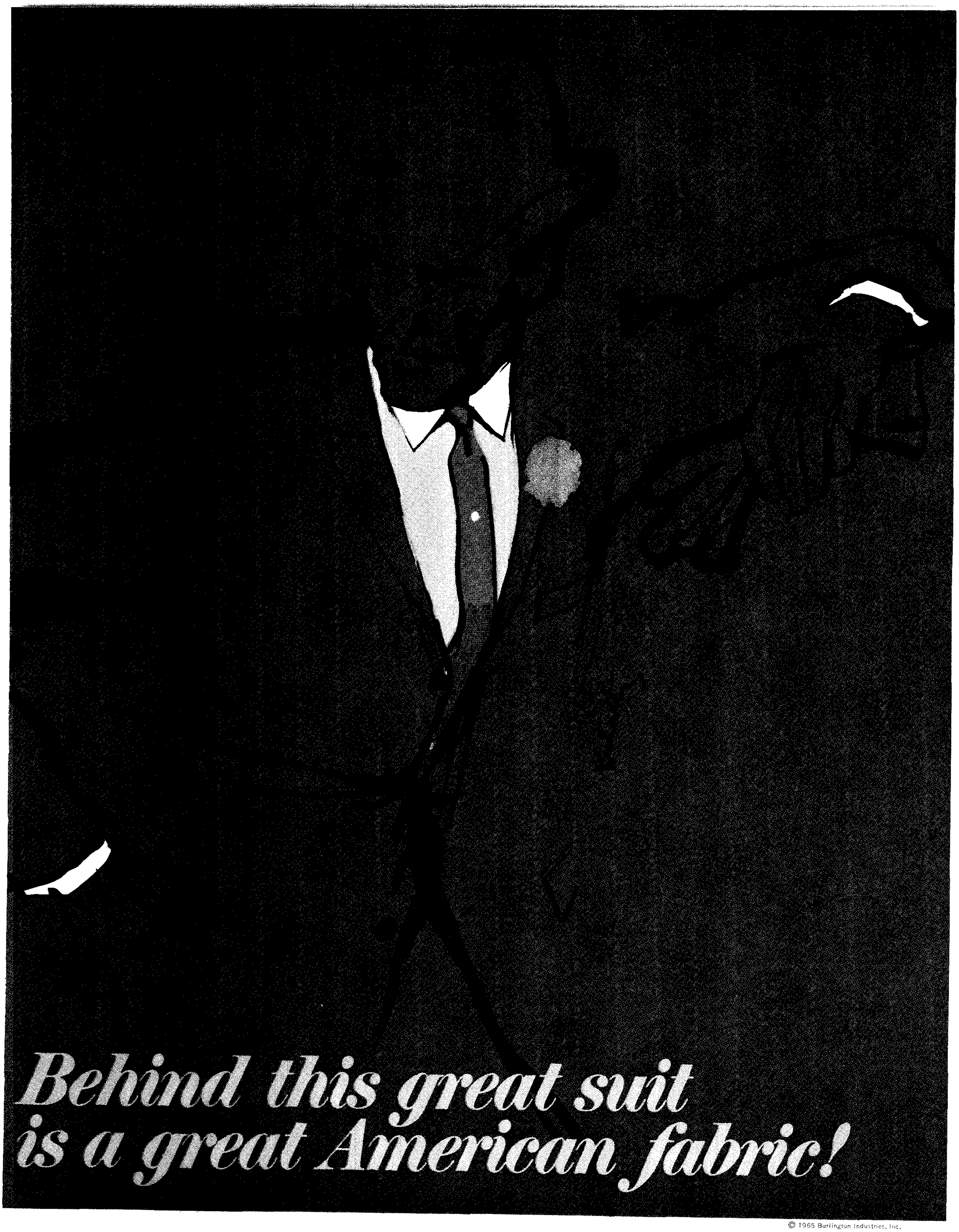
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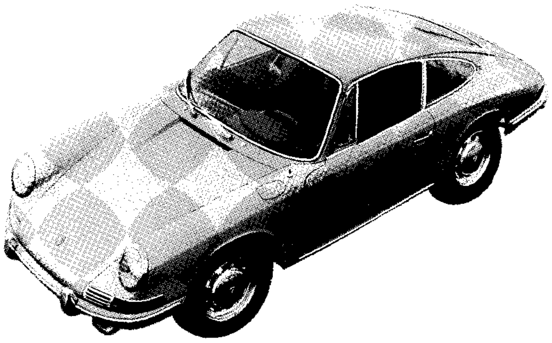

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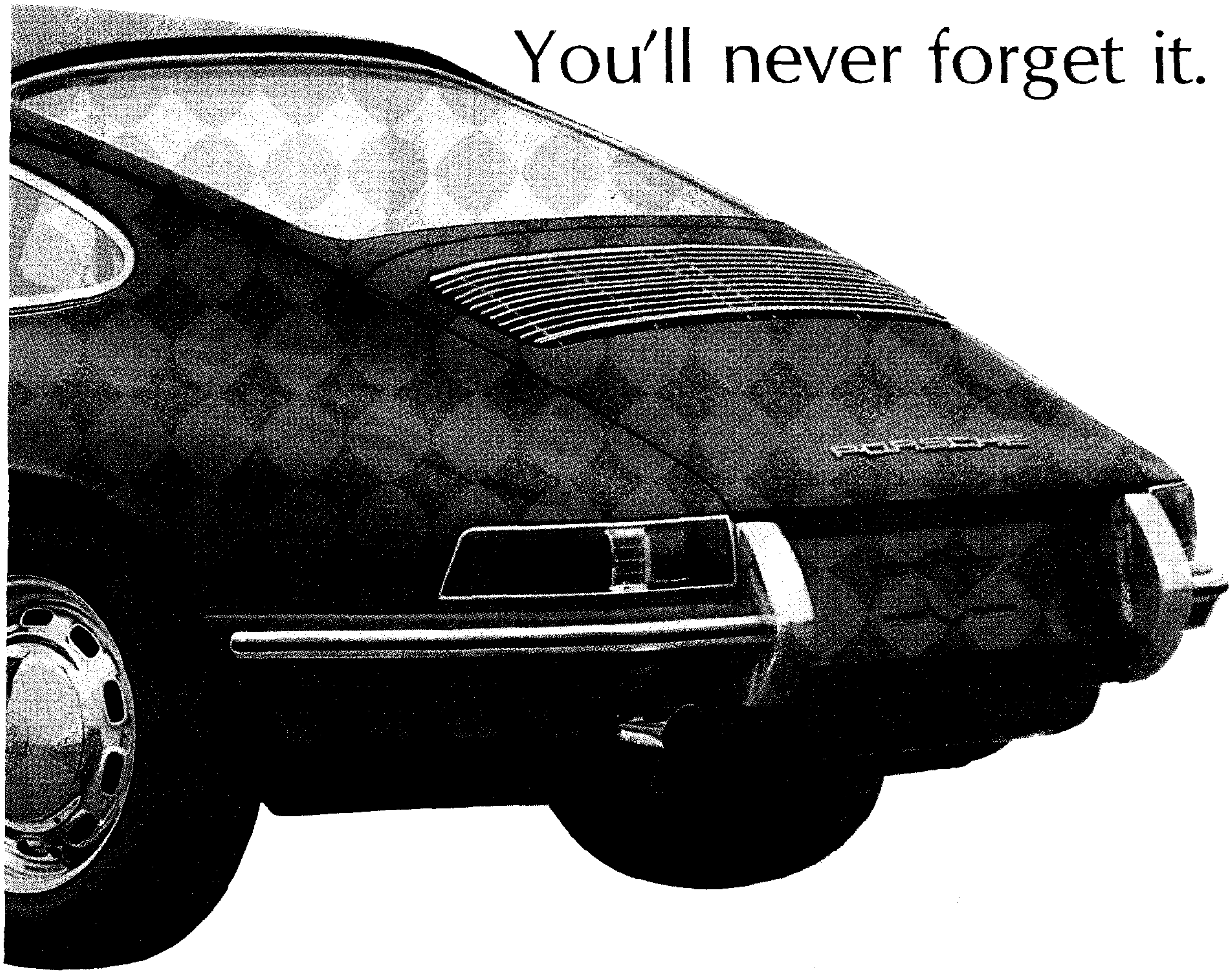

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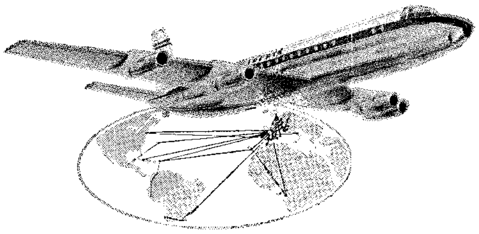

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including some pages of Tillich—the idea that most religious statements were symbolic and few could be taken as literally true, I said, and yet it was difficult to see where one was to draw the line between symbolic and literal statements—and, indeed, it seemed that making the distinction at all might open the way to an erosion of religion. It was not easy for me, I told Tillich, to take the matter of the historical Jesus, for instance, as in any sense unimportant for Christianity.

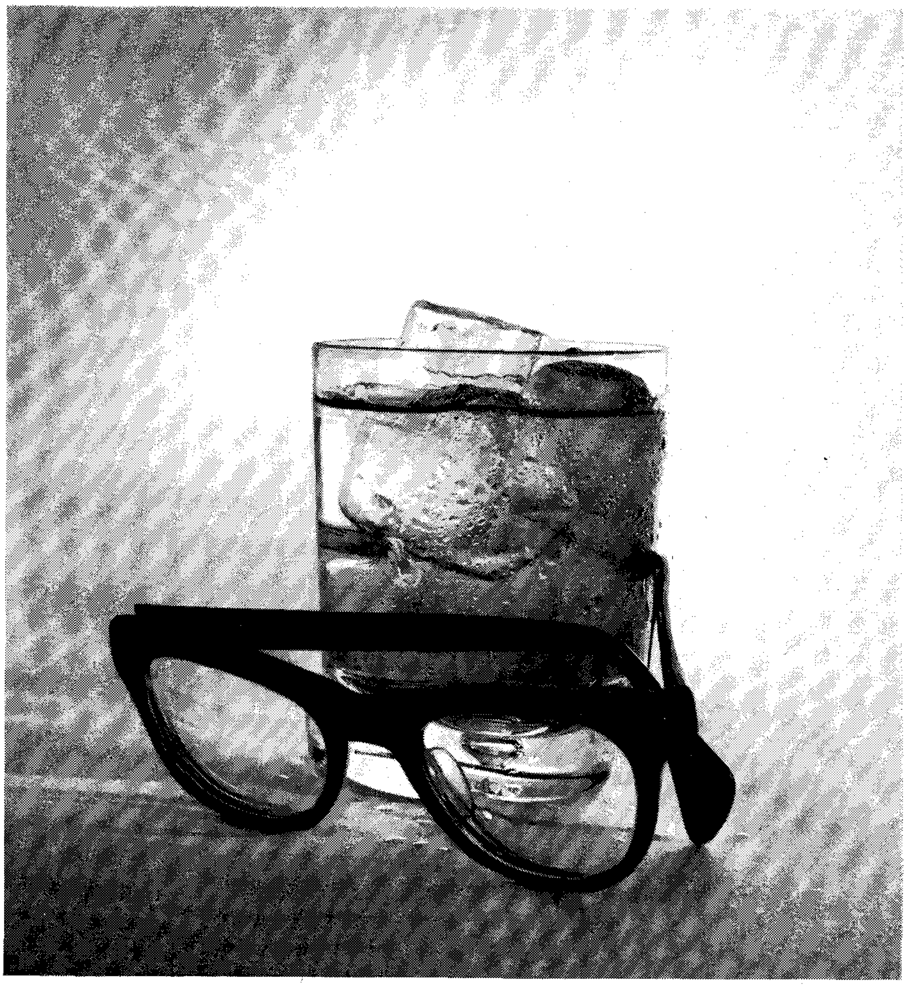
"Symbols are representations," he said. "Bread is something I eat; it's not the body of Christ. It's a symbol of His sacrifice. Grape is something I suck, and wine is something I drink; it isn't the blood of Christ literally. All statements in the New Testament are symbolic in the sense that they are analogues, parables, and we have to interpret them in an existential way. By 'existential way' I mean that people's lives are different at different times, and the Bible has to be reinterpreted each time according to the situation in which people find themselves. A lot of people now go to church for whom the old language and old symbols mean nothing. But there are certain symbols that last, like the king symbol, which is central to the Bible. Christ was the representative of God on earth. He was the son of the king, the ruler, God. He was born and anointed. The king symbol is very old. The Egyptians had a king-god."

I had lately heard a preacher on the radio tell the parable of the sheep and the goats in terms of unions and management, I remarked—a kind of updating of the Gospels that seemed to have become quite common recently. I asked Tillich cautiously, "If one day kings and monarchies were to disappear everywhere, giving place to presidents and constitutions, would the Bible message have to be translated into some new idiom?"

"Even though the symbolic material should change from kings to presidents—even if there should be no king at some time—I think we would still think of God as a monarch, because there are certain symbolic materials which last," he replied. "Certain symbols do become meaningless. The Holy Virgin is such a meaningless symbol now."

"Is Hell a meaningful or meaningless symbol?" I asked.

"I don't think symbols of damnation and salvation—or immortality—mean anything," he replied. "Any description of an afterlife in Christianity is only an attempt at a description of an



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eternal state. I know a lot of Christians think that immortality will be like those cemeteries out in California—they'll wake up after death and be in one of those cemeteries. But I can't tell you what there is after death. I think of death only as returning to the eternal, which is out of time and space. I first sensed what this eternal was when I was eight years old and I looked at my father's church—it was fifteenth-century Gothic—and saw the beauty in it. I remember that was my first experience of the eternal. And since then I have been learning something about the eternal by reading and contemplation and discussions such as this one."

The mention of our discussion in such a context made me bold, and I pressed my question about literal versus symbolic statements. I asked Tillich if he would elaborate on his view about the symbolic content of the New Testament.

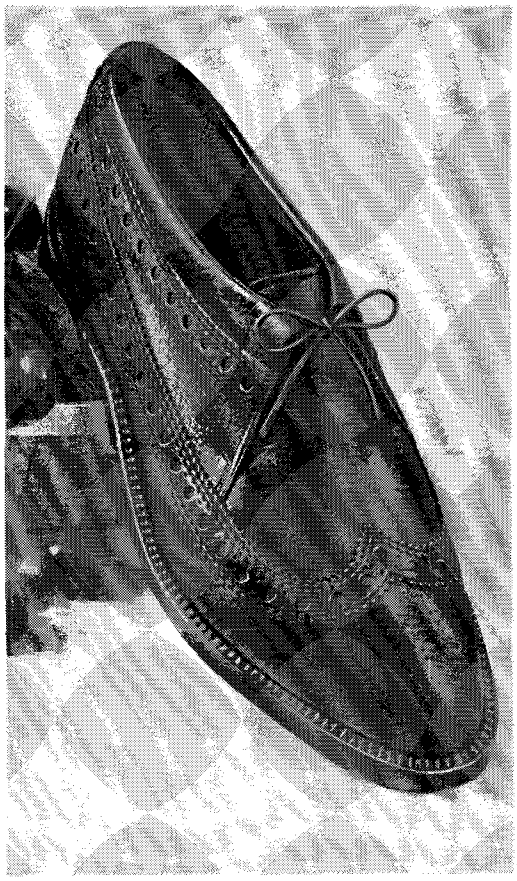
"I think the Bible ought to be treated like any other literary-historical document," Tillich said. "We ought to find out whether the different parts of the Bible are true or not in the same way we find out whether any other literary-historical document is true or not. The Gospel of John, we know, came about a hundred years after Christ and has a lot of Pauline and post-Pauline theology in it. It is based on earlier reports but itself is not a report, so we treat it differently from the three others. Besides the historical aspect of criticism, there is the literary, the legendary, and the mythological."

I asked Tillich whether, as an example, he thought Christ really performed miracles or whether he thought the miracles were "mythological," in Bultmann's sense.

"I think there is good evidence for some of those healings that He did," he replied equably. "But in history, of course, you never have definite evidence for anything."

But how, I insisted, could symbols change, even lose all meaning, without affecting the content of the Christian message?

"Man is conditioned," Tillich said. "He's conditioned by his birth, by his country, by his experience." He went on to develop this theme in a series of brief statements. As far as I could follow it, he seemed to be saying that the content changed along with the symbol, that both were relative to the age in which they were brought forth and, later, to the age in which they were remembered, and that they were existential in the sense that they were completely conditioned by the existence of the particular circumstances



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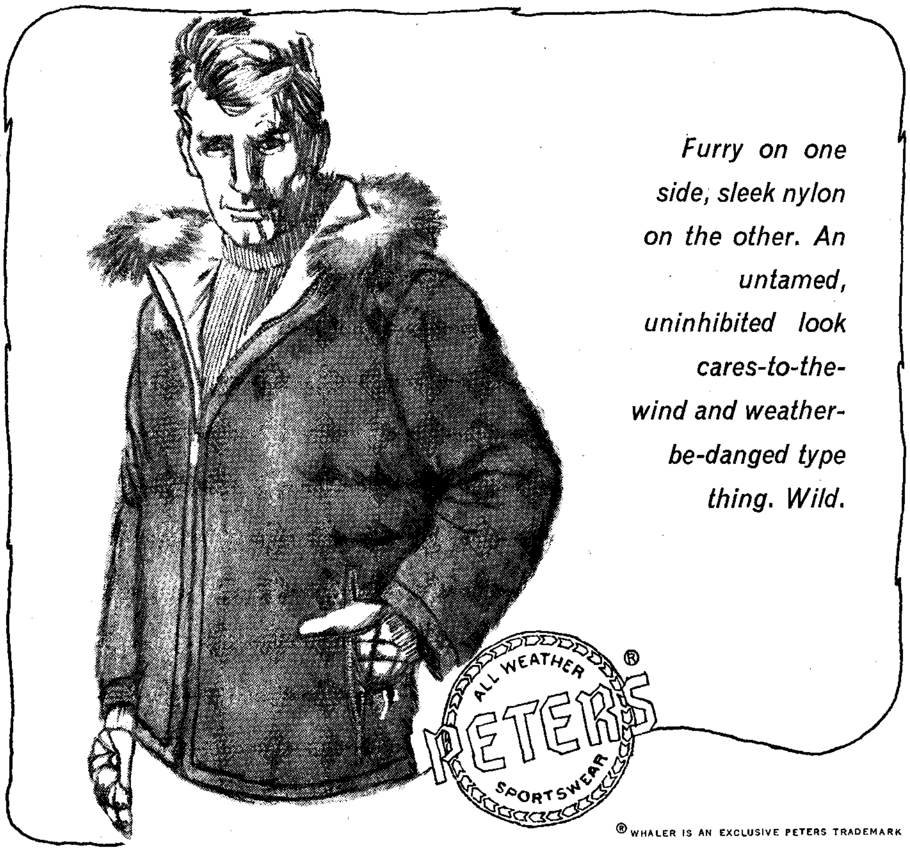
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under which they took form, including the individual persons who originally gave expression to them.

This was such a thoroughgoing kind of relativism that I was impelled to ask, "Was there anything about Christ which freed Him from the shackles of His time and situation?"

"Christ *was* conditioned, but He sacrificed Himself, sacrificed His particularity, for something universal, for something unconditional," Tillich replied. "The unconditional is the infinite. The experience of the unconditional is mystical. A lot of people don't like to use the word 'mystical,' but I don't mind it. I think everybody has this emptiness when he doesn't have the experience of the unconditional—he feels this emptiness about him. And whether one has had religious upbringing or not, this feeling of emptiness expresses the need for the unconditional, for religion. There are juvenile delinquents everywhere, so there is great meaninglessness in existence today."

"What about some of the existentialist writers, like Camus, who say this emptiness and meaninglessness are the natural state of man?"

"I think that despair in itself is religious," Tillich said. "It is the ground of one's being. It was the ground of Camus's being."

If someone said that he did not believe in anything and wanted to face up to the fact that there was nothing—if *he* could be regarded as religious, then, I asked, who could be called non-religious?

"The ground of one's being is what one feels deeply," Tillich said benignly. "Despair was a *necessary* condition of Camus's being, but I don't think it could be a *sufficient* condition of Camus's being or of anyone's being."

I changed my approach. I asked, "What about people who don't feel any need for religion, who don't feel this emptiness—skeptics like Bertrand Russell, say?"

"They deceive themselves," he said. "There are certain people who just can't see the color green, and one can't argue with them. Russell would be one of them."

"And supposing they said that you might be deceived in thinking that people have this need for religion, and that 'unconditional' and 'ground of being' were not very meaningful terms?"

"On that basis, there could be no argument," he said. "But I might give them the five classical proofs for the existence of God, the five arguments for God, which Aquinas gives—they can be found in any history of philosophy

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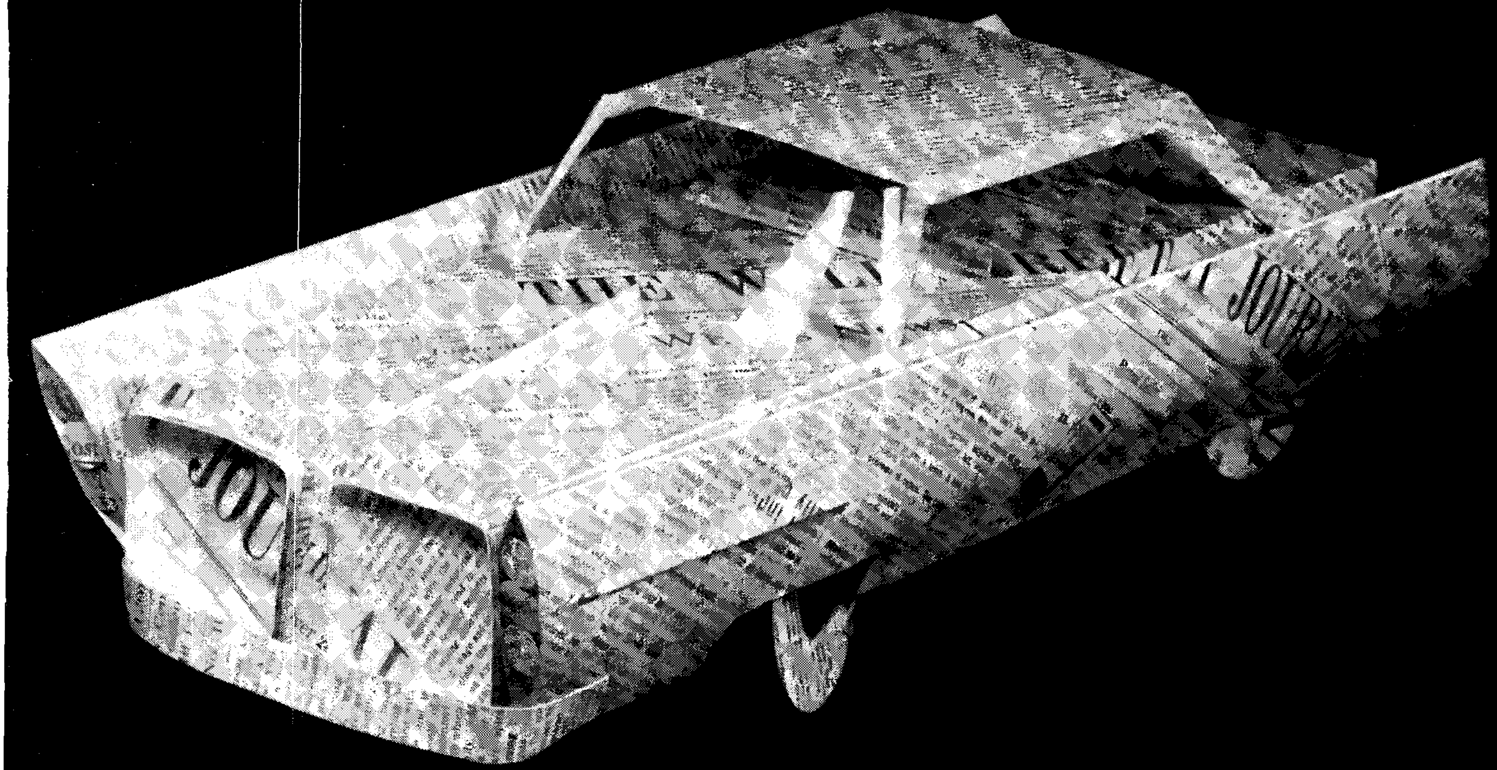

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or history of theology—and then point to this awareness of ultimate reality, the unconditional, in everybody."

I asked Tillich where his views belonged in relation to Christian theology.

He laughed quietly and, becoming a little more expansive, said, "You must meet Barth. From him you will get a lot of personal sympathy for me and also a lot of condemnation. Positivists say that all statements that cannot be verified—experimentally, scientifically—are meaningless. Barth agrees with them, but he exempts revelation. In doing so, he becomes—in a sense—just as orthodox as a fundamentalist, because the Bible for him remains the word of God. Barth therefore regards me as worse than heretical. He thinks I am not even religious. But what is a heresy? Protestantism itself was a heresy to begin with. From Catholicism's point of view, Protestants were heretics, but now the Catholics call Protestants 'separated brethren.' It's one of the good things about Christianity that it has the power to reform from within. Organized Christianity makes less and less sense in the increasingly secular world. We are now living in a mass culture, and to people formed by mass media and secular interests traditional religion has no meaning. I was a chaplain in the German Army in the First World War. If I used Biblical language to the soldiers, it meant nothing to them—they were about to die, and yet the Bible had nothing to say to them. I preached sermons, therefore, that never used any of the language of the Bible. They were a little mystical, a little poetical, and also had a touch of common sense, and they had an effect. I think that in the secular world churches must find a new function, they must take on new meaning. If there is no religion of any kind, the void is filled by quasi-religion, whether it's science or Fascism."

"And how would you distinguish true from false gods?"

"Quasi-religion is taking something limited and making it into the ultimate. Fascism raised something limited to the ultimate. That was quasi-religion. Hitler was a demonic force, and whenever there are such demonic forces, anti-demonic forces come into being. I face this problem in a volume of my 'Systematic Theology.' History is the clash of the demon and the anti-demon. Catholicism had become demonic, so it brought forth Protestantism. Even the Pope now is demonic, I think. Many of my Catholic friends are beginning to see that now, but they

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haven't said it yet. He should be just a symbol, but anybody who raises something limited to the ultimate—that's demonic."

I asked, "What, actually, is this ultimate?"

"It's the ultimate concern, the infinite, the ground of one's being," he said. "The depth of one's experience, the awareness of the holy. At some moments when I am listening to Mozart or looking at a painting, I think that I see the holy, that I know what's holy. Buddha was a representation of the holy, and Christ was a representation of the holy, and it's this experience of the holy that is the important thing. If some people claim to be holy and are not, and do no harm, that's perfectly all right. But if they are dangerous, then there has to be anti-demonization. People live in different circumstances and in different societies, and different religions are meaningful to them. But there are primitive religions that are all superstition and magic. I think in some cases conversion is justified, especially in the case of primitive, superstitious religions. But as for the higher religions—there are about six, seven of them, and they have been here for thousands of years—they may have some superstitious element in them which we must demythologize, but nevertheless they have the concern for the ultimate, and this is what I call the ground of being. Because of my upbringing and culture, I just don't understand the religious representations of the other higher religions; because of my upbringing and culture, I think Christianity is the best religion. Religion is a balance of freedom and destiny. Destiny is the historical situation, the conditions such as where one was born and where one lives. It's a problem I face in a volume of my 'Systematic Theology.' Religion is not a matter of decision or choice. In the first place, it's a matter of destiny. The freedom, the decision, comes in only when the destiny is changed somewhat. Then a decision can modify the destiny."

Several fingers had gone up inside my head, but I did not wish to add to the pressures that Tillich was under. He forced himself up off the couch and into his desk chair, and, rather absently, answered a few more questions—these about himself.

He told me that in 1924 he had married Hannah Werner, who had never had any predominant interest in Christian theology but, instead, was inclined to Eastern thought—she had read the Book of the Dead—and, lately, to Buddhism in particular. They had

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come to America in 1933, when Tillich was put on Hitler's list of proscribed professors. Richard Niebuhr, Reinhold Niebuhr's brother, had translated one of his books, and Reinhold Niebuhr, the moment he read a newspaper account of Tillich's expulsion, had invited him to come to Union Theological Seminary. Until he came to America and learned English, his education had been mainly in Latin and Greek. Along with a happy academic career, he and Mrs. Tillich had led a very active social life until the past year, when it had been curtailed a little because of his health. Wherever they had happened to be, they had generally attended a cocktail party every evening and arranged either to dine out with friends or to have friends in for dinner. Their friendships had always cut across all departments of a university. In addition to close friends, he had other friends scattered all the way from San Francisco to Boston, Göttingen, and Hamburg, many of whom he had met in passing or had only corresponded with. In these and other centers, groups regularly met in homes and clubs to study his works and propagate his ideas. Those of his followers who were in Chicago might see the Tillichs at home in their apartment, in the Windermere Hotel, overlooking a museum and Lake Michigan. Because the Tillichs did not stay in any one place for very long—they were leaving the next day for the Santa Barbara branch of the University of California, where they spent a couple of months each winter—they preferred living in hotels, though they owned a house in East Hampton, which contained such of Tillich's books as he had not already donated to Harvard. They liked spending their summers in East Hampton, for Tillich felt at one with nature there. The house was not far from the ocean, which for him represented infinity, and surrounding the house were two and a half acres of land that he called "the park." Part of it was allowed to grow wild except for a narrow path, which he used for daily walks, and if he passed an interesting tree or shrub or flower, he would break off any conversation he might be carrying on in order to scrutinize the mystery and beauty of nature.

IF Tillich had endeavored to do what Walter Kaufmann might call a "gerrymandering" of God—to reconstitute God in order to find a place for Him in an increasingly secular world—there were other theologians, it appeared, who, perhaps taking their

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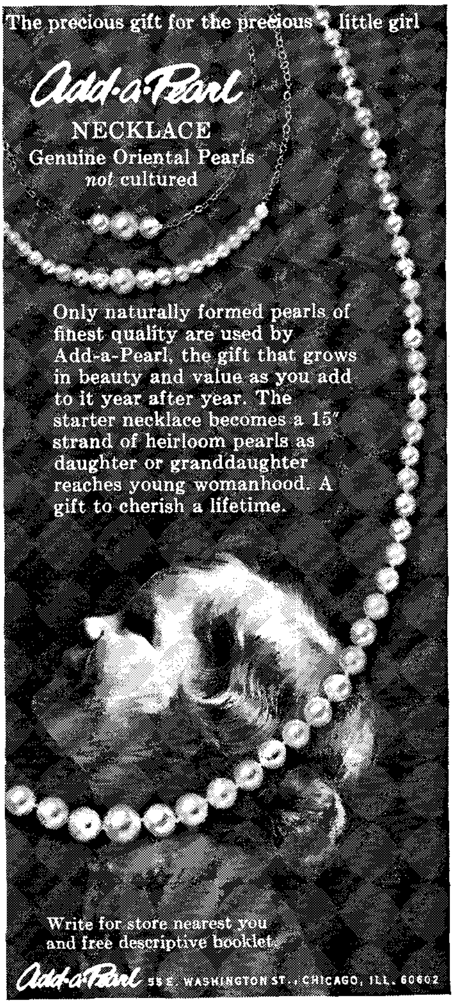

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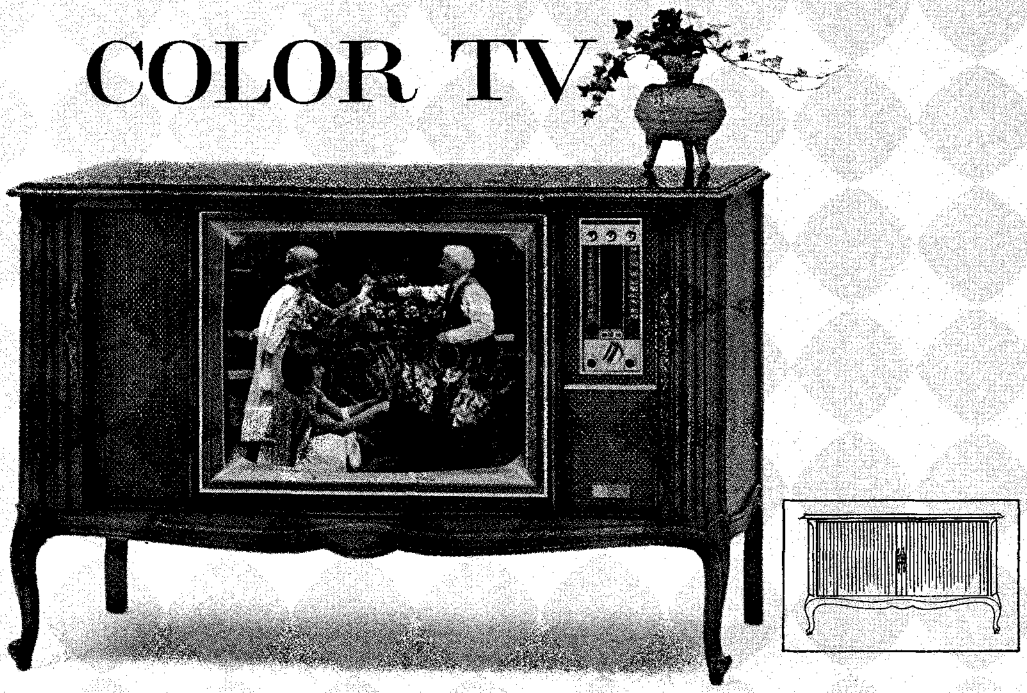

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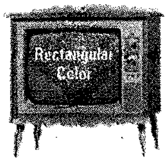

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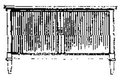

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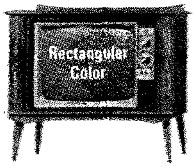

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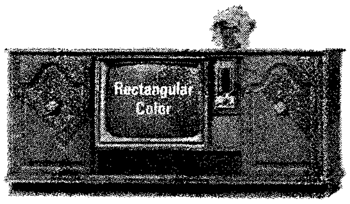

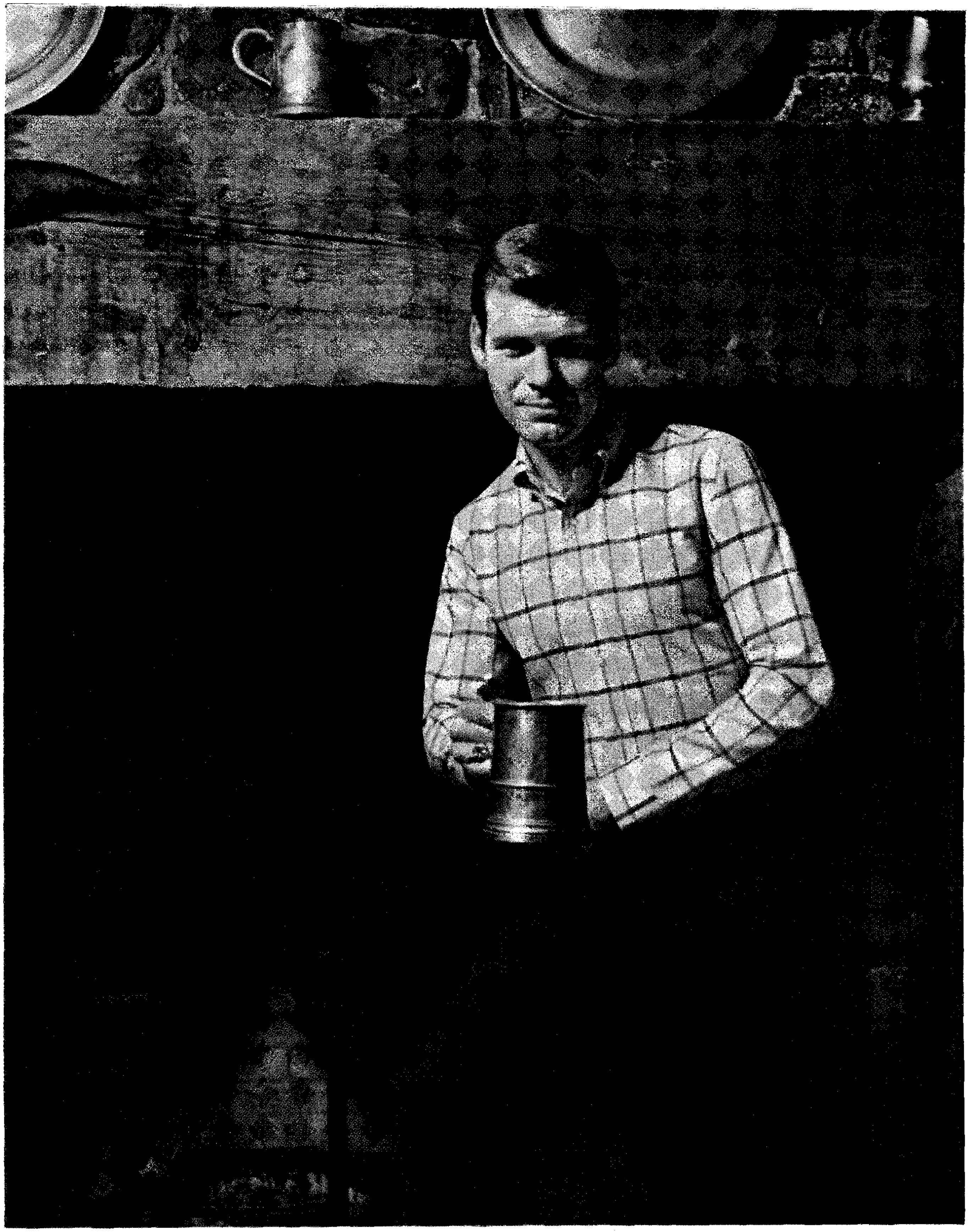

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cue from such arguments of modern philosophy as that there was no evidence for the existence of God but, in the evil in the world, plenty of evidence for the opposite view, and from such Biblical passages as: "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! [*Ecce homo!*]," had eliminated God altogether, though they still called themselves Christians. In the "Debate," Robinson had referred to one of these avant-garde theologians: "Whether, or in what sense, the Gospel can be given expression without recourse to metaphysical statements I do not know. . . . Professor Paul van Buren, [in] 'The Secular Meaning of the Gospel' . . . clearly believes that the Christian who takes his secularity seriously can and must abjure metaphysics, though he quotes Professor Ian Ramsey, on whose position he builds, as defending the term." Without pausing over this inconsistency, the Bishop had charged ahead: "Van Buren's book I regard as one of the most exciting and disturbing I have read. It is a sustained attempt to answer the question, 'How may a Christian who is himself a secular man understand the Gospel in a secular way?' A brilliantly original thesis and something of a theological tour de force, it seeks to do justice to an orthodox Christology based on Barth and Bonhoeffer at the same time as taking the philosophical critique of Wittgenstein and the linguistic analysts with equal seriousness. I believe it is a major contribution and may already bear out my conviction that in retrospect 'Honest to God' 'will be seen to have erred in not being nearly radical enough.' "

The Bishop's comparison of his book with that of van Buren—an American Episcopal clergyman who teaches at Temple University, in Philadelphia—surprised me. In "The Secular Meaning of the Gospel," van Buren argued that, as secular men, we could and must present the Christian message without using the language of metaphysics or the term "God." He would cast out both the transcendental and the supernatural elements from Christianity, and build faith not on God but on the empirical personality of Jesus Christ as we know Him from the Gospels and from His influence on His disciples and, through them, on people down the ages. As a quartet of distinguished philosophers and theologians who had discussed "The Secular Meaning of the Gospel" on the Third Programme, in London, in September, 1964, saw it, the main objection to this thesis was that

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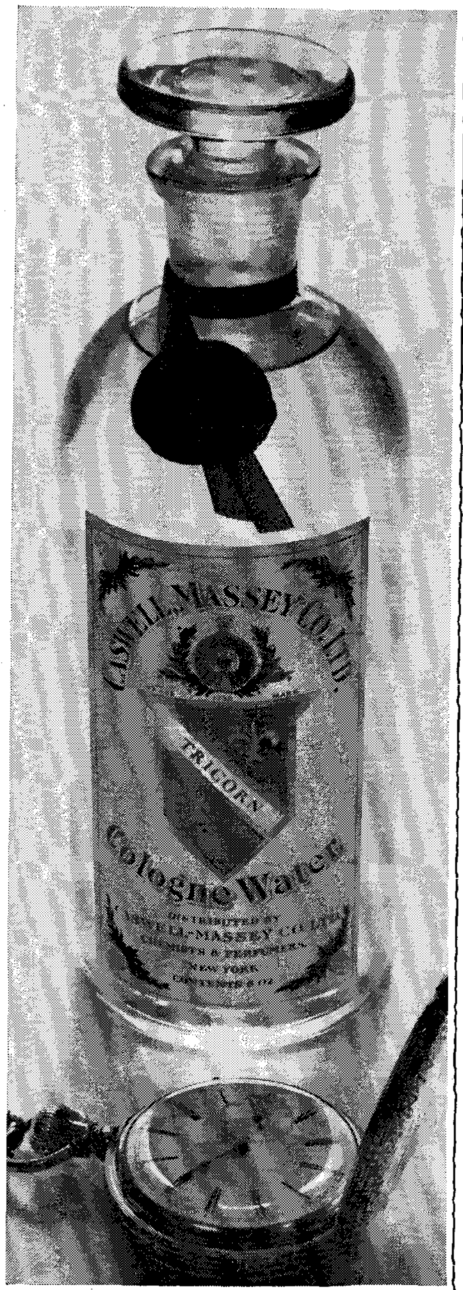

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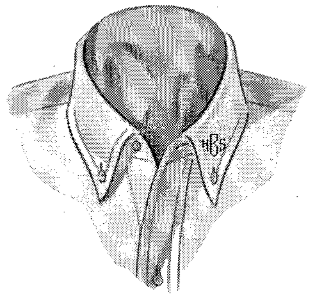
if the Bishop and his mentors had banished God in favor of Christ, then van Buren, perhaps without realizing it, had gone a step further and banished Christ in favor of His disciples. In the words of one critic on the panel, "He seems to me to be saying sometimes, 'You can register how striking and amazing a man Jesus was by His effect on His disciples;' he's also saying, 'This effect on the disciples has to be taken terribly seriously as a paradigm of moral life and the foundation of one's outlook, because it was a reaction to such an extraordinary man.' Now this seems to me to be just going round in a hopeless circle. It's just putting all your faith really in the apostles rather than on Jesus." Actually, a glance at van Buren's book showed that though he seemed to be new to the ways of modern philosophy—he tended to lump all the disparate Oxford philosophers together as "linguistic analysts"—such philosophy as he had at his command had nevertheless led him to push on to conclusions that the Bishop and his mentors had shrunk from, so that Robinson's praise for van Buren made one think that the Bishop, after "Honest to God," felt the need to take under his protective wing, and cassock, all comers (a hunch confirmed by his more recent support of another far-out book, Harvey Cox's "The Secular City," of which he writes, "Is secularization the enemy of the Gospel or the fruit of the Gospel? Here is a major contribution by a brilliant young theologian, of whom we shall undoubtedly be hearing more").

Van Buren is a member of the group called the Christian Radicals—a group so much discussed in England and America that Langdon Gilkey had gone as far as to try to compile a book of essays on them. A draft of Gilkey's introduction to the projected volume, tracing the origins of the movement and setting forth what he considered its sweeping program, had been circulating for some time among prospective contributors, which included the Christian Radicals themselves. Whatever merits such a book might have—and some of the theologians whom Gilkey approached thought the movement ephemeral and beneath notice and, in any case, limited to only three men, William Hamilton, Thomas J. J. Altizer, and van Buren (*interestingly,* Gabriel Vahanian, of Syracuse University, whose book "Death of God" Bultmann regards as one of the most exciting he has read in recent years, was not included, because he was considered to be too conservative)—reading Gilkey's paper left me in no doubt that he con-



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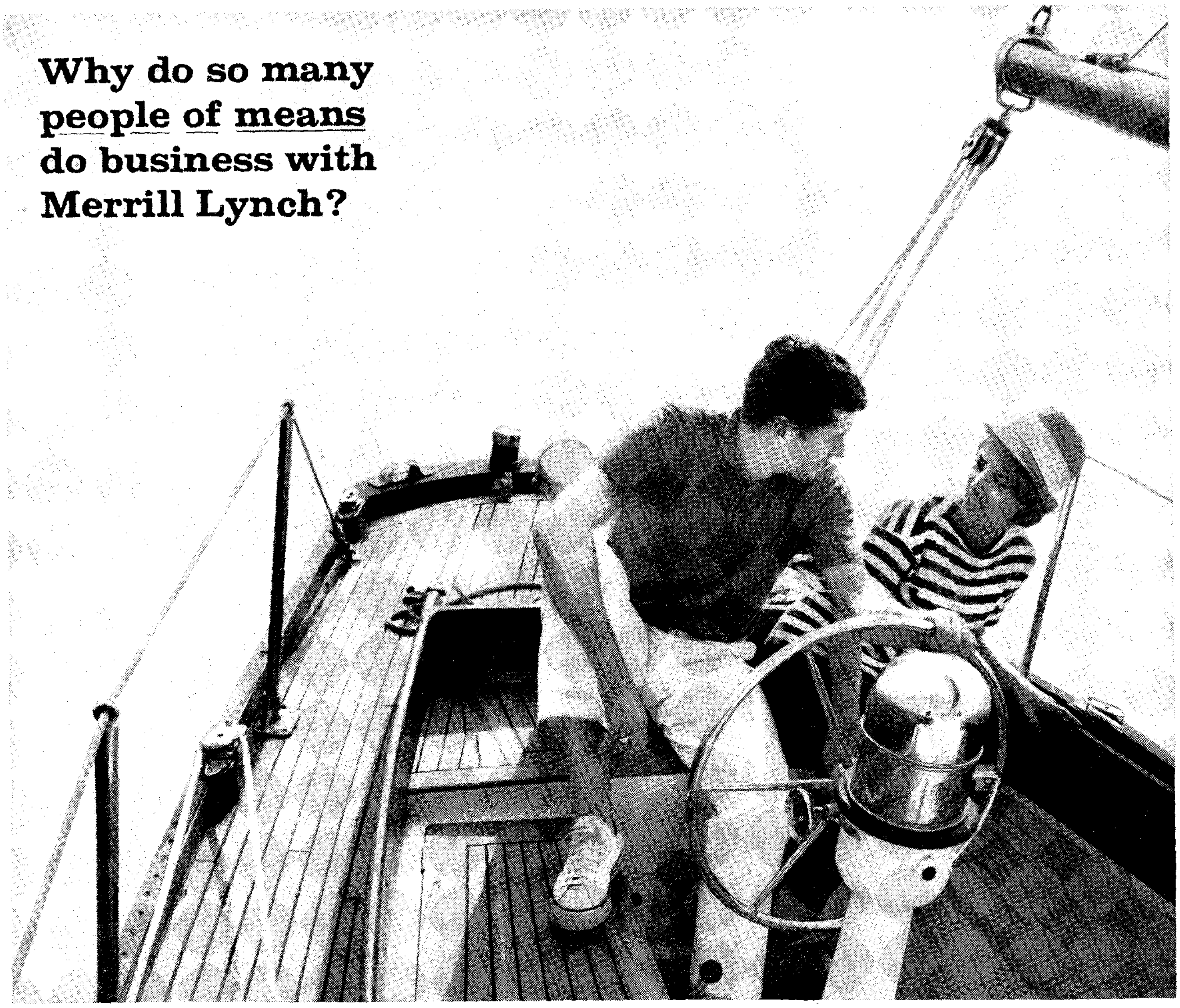

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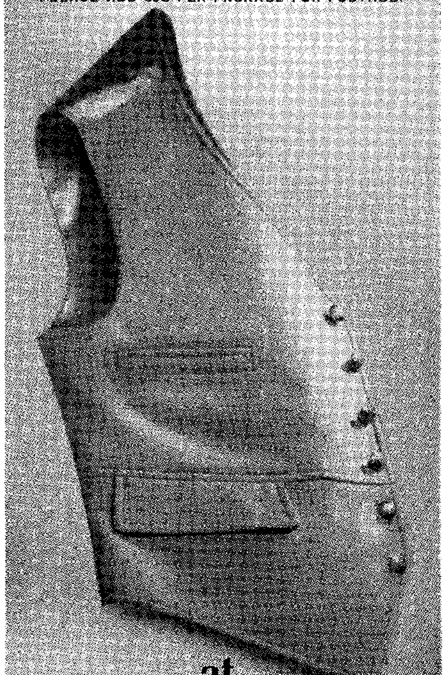
sidered the Christian Radicals a major threat to theology:

> In proclaiming the death of God, or at least of all language about Him, the new theology makes the most fundamental possible break with the long tradition of Christian theological discourse. . . . By asserting the death of God and the need to construct a theology without Him, it issues a fundamental challenge to the essential structure of Biblical and Christian thought not only, of course, about God, but also about Jesus, nature, history and mankind—and for this reason, if for no other, it must be comprehended and answered. . . . At least it is ironically true that Chicago is now regarded as jointly defending with Union and Yale the "establishment" in theology; and the reason is that membership in this conservative establishment is determined by the mere continuing use of God-language rather than by a static devotion to traditional or orthodox modes of theology.

Gilkey now swung into his familiar pigeonholing style.

> From Barth this movement has accepted the radical separation of the divine and the secular, of God and ordinary experience, and so of theological language and philosophy; and it approves his further separation of Christianity and religion, and the consequent centering of all theological and religious concerns, not on any innate "religiousness," "religious a priori," or religious "depths," but solely on Jesus Christ. From Tillich it has accepted the campaign against theism, and against personalistic and mythological language about God. From Bultmann it has absorbed the polemic against ancient "mythical" categories in theology, which polemic needed only to be enlarged to include biblical-kerygmatic as well as objective-interventionist theological language about God to become very radical indeed. . . . Apparently this generation finds itself influenced solely by these particular *negative* elements of the older theology and not at all by the balancing positive elements in each case: the emphasis on God, revelation, and the Word in Barth; on an ontological analysis of existential "depth," on revelation, and so on Being Itself in Tillich; and on existential inwardness and self-understanding "at the boundary" and "before God" in Bultmann. If these negative elements in neo-orthodoxy alone are stressed, there is solely in that inheritance itself substantial ground for a radical revolution.

When I heard that van Buren, along with his intellectual shipmate William Hamilton, who is a professor of theology at Colgate Rochester Divinity School, was coming to New York to attend a conference at Union Theological Seminary, I decided to look both men up. In the hope that Hamilton might give me a gentle introduction to van Buren's ideas, I talked with him first. I knew something about Hamilton's own thought from a thinly disguised autobiographical article he had written for *Theology Today*, entitled "Thursday's Child: The Theologian



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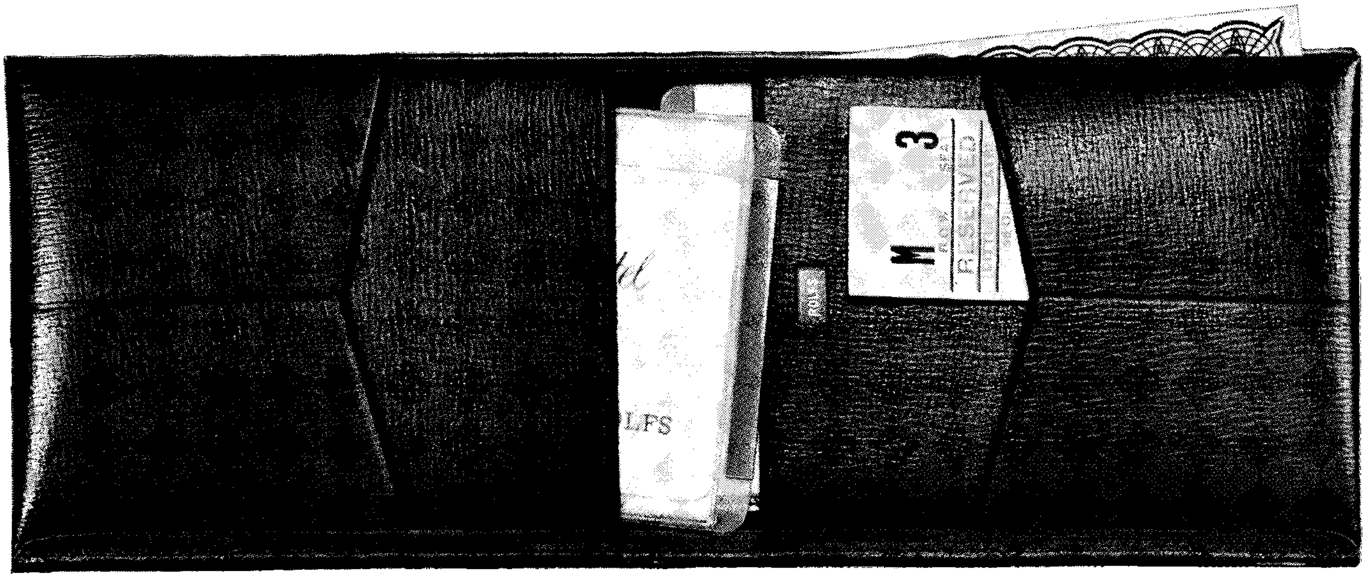
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Between Today and Tomorrow." It had complained about the difficulties of being a theologian in modern times:

> The theologian is sometimes inclined to suspect that Jesus Christ is best understood not as either the object or ground of faith, and not as person, event, or community, but simply as a place to be, a standpoint. That place is, of course, alongside the neighbor, being for him. This may be the meaning of Jesus' true humanity and it may even be the meaning of his divinity, and thus of divinity itself. In any case, now—even when he knows so little about what to believe—he does know where to be. Today, for example, he is with the colored community in its struggle. . . . He has been drawn, then, to these worldly places by love (not by apologetics or evangelism), and it is his hope that in such places his faithlessness and dishonesty may be broken. His love is not a secure and confident one, and thus it is not condescending. It is not, therefore, what some men call *agape*. It is a broken love, one that is needy and weak. It is thus a little like what men call *eros*.

I looked to Hamilton's conversation to make his meaning clear and, upon meeting him, immediately asked him where he belonged in relation to traditional Christianity.

His reply was: "I am still in the space between the ins and the outs as far as *traditional* Christianity is concerned. Half my day is spent praying or preaching, and I find no trouble in writing prayers or saying prayers, though they are mostly about my inability to pray. I still teach seminary students who are going to be pastors, though I have had to explain my writings to the president of the seminary and to my colleagues. I don't think that van Buren faces some of my problems. At Temple, the chairman of the Religion Department is a Buddhist, so van Buren doesn't face my problem of being in or out of the Establishment. If I become an out, I will start teaching college undergraduates, and give up teaching seminary students. There are a lot of people teaching in the religion departments of colleges who do not believe in God—it's not a problem. But with seminary students— If I do become an out, perhaps I will just move over to the University of Rochester full time, as there is a lot of intellectual bohemianism among the undergraduates there. I think a lot of people nowadays *make* it without believing in God, and without despairing about not believing in God, so God may be dead or gone. I mean the Judaeo-Christian God. But I am still waiting and hoping for God to rise up again. *But* I am beginning to feel that the time has come for me to put up or shut up, for me to be an in or an out."

I arranged to meet van Buren one afternoon at a French restaurant on

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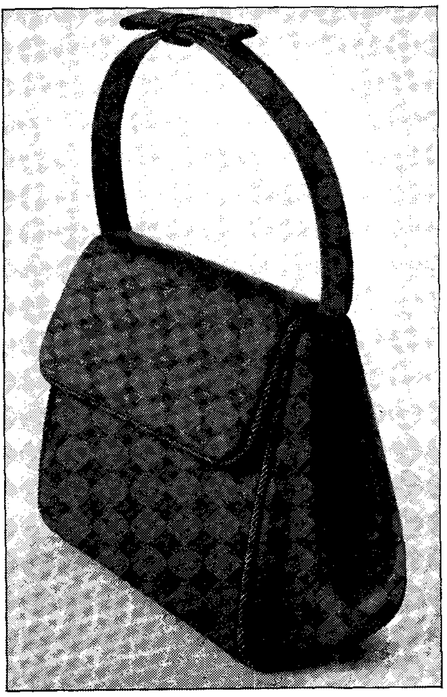

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the West Side. When I arrived, I found him seated at a table in the back of the nearly empty room. Van Buren, who was educated at St. Paul's and Harvard, at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, and in Basel, Switzerland, where he had studied with Barth, was only forty and looked even younger. He had brown hair and hazel eyes, and he had brought along a pipe.

I pulled a chair up to the table, and, after a bit of small talk, asked, "How do you think your views compare with those of Robinson?"

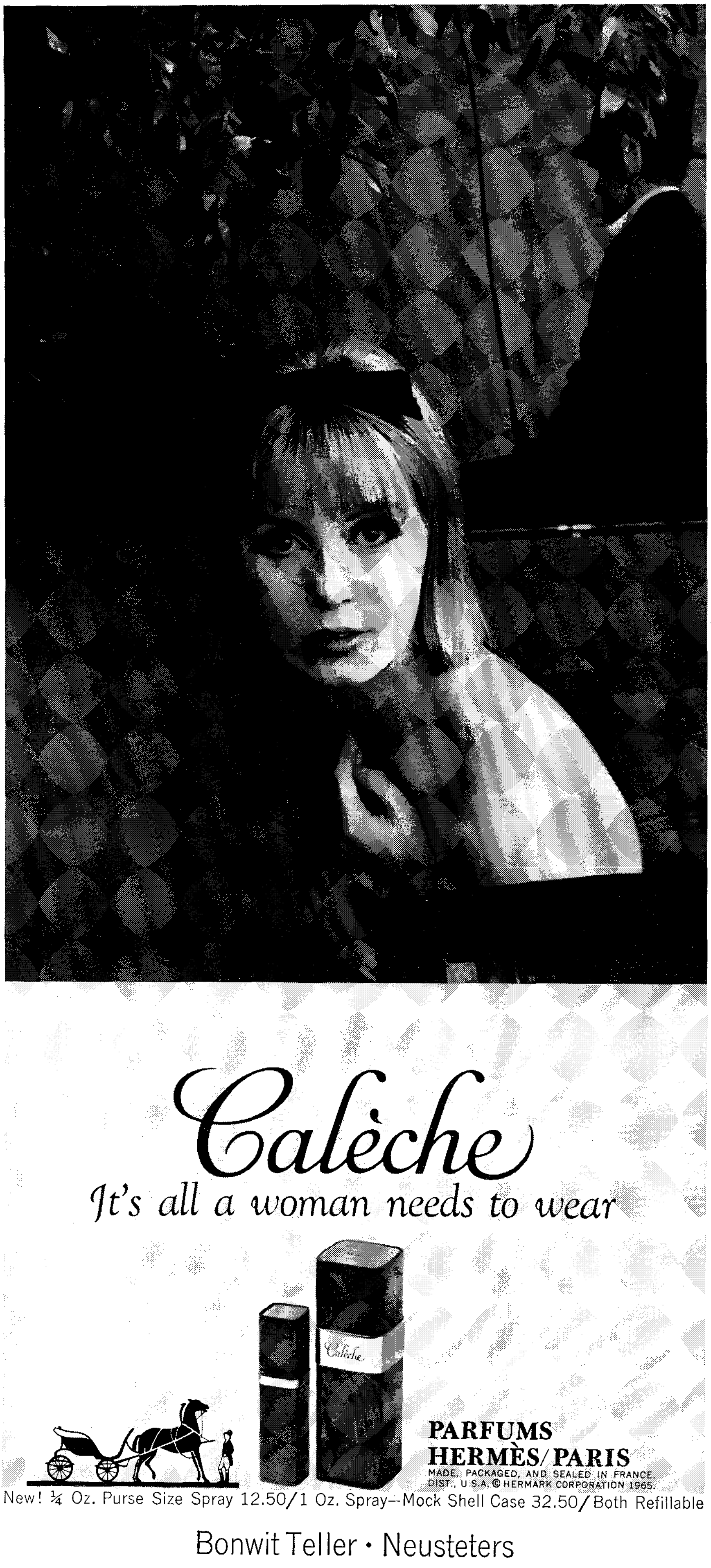
"I subscribe wholeheartedly to the first couple of chapters of 'Honest to God,' " he said. "That is, up until he gets onto the ground of our being. Those chapters are sort of his survey of what has happened in the West, which has made the whole language and thought form of traditional Christianity—God 'up there' and 'out there'—problematical. Yes, those pages could have been an introduction to my own book, 'The Secular Meaning of the Gospel.' I thought as I read them: Isn't it delightful that somebody else is writing about this, too! But the Tillichian line of thinking on which Robinson leaned so heavily farther on in the book I found very foreign to the world in which I live. I found it positing an ideal realm that, it seems to me, is neither called for nor necessary."

"How did you feel about the rest of the book—the pages that come after the discussion of the ground of being?" I asked.

"I think that if the Christology chapter had been written first and he had paid more attention to the problem of language, then he wouldn't have had to write the ground of our being chapter at all."

"Even if Robinson had organized his book differently, wouldn't there still have been a disagreement between you?" I asked. "You criticize him for keeping God in some form, but he feels that you leave out God altogether."

"Yes, Robinson's main criticism of me is that I've said the problem is not so much that the traditional God has died but that the very *word* 'God' has died. And he feels that we cannot finally get along without in some way using the word 'God.' What I'm thinking now is a lot more radical even than what I said in my book. A couple of years have gone by since I finished writing it. Yes, Robinson has a very conservative streak. He has been caught in the middle on this whole thing about God, and he admits that. On the one hand, he responds to all radical voices, and, on the other hand, can say—on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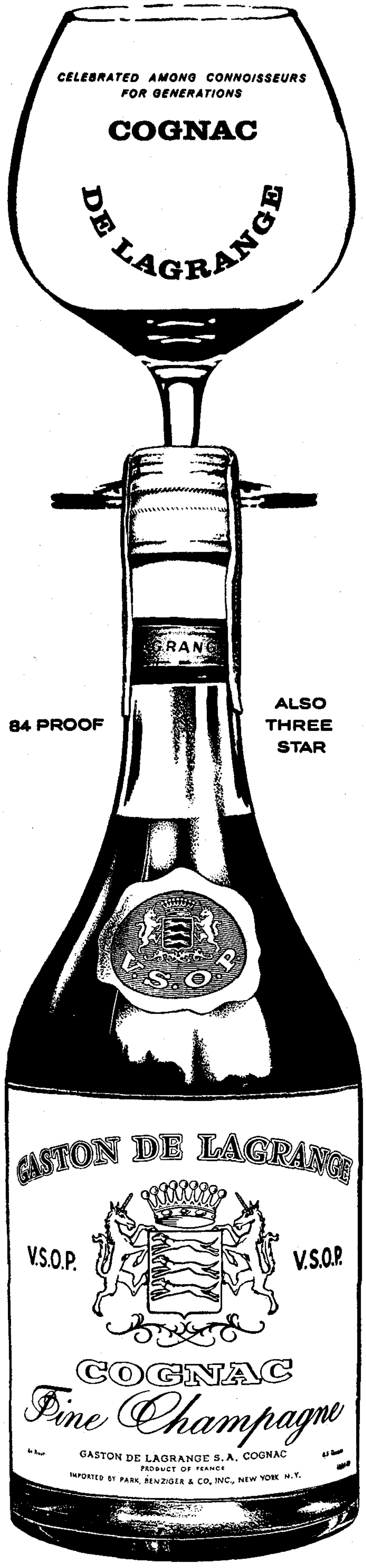
top of that, he can say—'I am deeply concerned that God be known.' All this thing about the ground of our being is simply an attempt to make a kind of sense out of the traditional language about God. Fundamentally, he says, there's the same thing to be talked about, and we must just find a new way of doing it. The trouble with Robinson and Tillich is the way they use 'being.' Their use of the word rests on a misunderstanding of the logic of how we use the verb 'to be,' because 'being' is not a predicate, it is not a characteristic, it is not a quality that things have in addition to other things we can say about them, and to look for being or the ground of our being behind all that is can be compared to looking for Oxford University behind the various colleges, professors, lecturers, students, buildings, and so on that make up what we call the university."

Van Buren's criticism of "being," in particular, and of Tillichian terminology, in general, I recognized as fairly standard. More interesting was his remark that he had lately gone even further than he had gone in "The Secular Meaning of the Gospel," so I turned next to his radicalism and asked, "What is a Christian Radical?"

"Well, in America, there is supposed to be Altizer, of Emory University, and there is Bill Hamilton, and then there's me. Langdon Gilkey says that we are the Radicals, and I suppose we are. But Altizer and I have never met, and Bill Hamilton and I met for the first time only in 1964."

I asked him what, exactly, he thought was radical about the three of them.

"Well, Langdon Gilkey says we belong to a 'God is dead' movement, but I think Altizer and Bill Hamilton and I are saying different things. If I understand Bill correctly, the feeling I get from him is that God is on vacation, so we have to get along without God. But I can't decide whether Bill means that God is absent in a historical or a poetical sense. I suppose he is taking after Bonhoeffer and his idea that man has come of age, that God Himself has decided that man doesn't need Him any longer, and Bill is saying this is the time for the man of faith to exercise patience. Sometimes Bill gives the impression of someone waiting for faith, and at other times he says that man is without faith or hope. But the element of waiting, it seems to me, involves in some sense faith and in some sense hope. So you may raise the question of whether faith is possible at all without God. Altizer—I have only read a couple of his articles. As far as I under-



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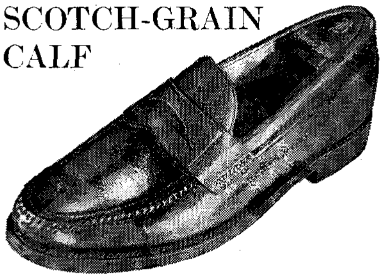

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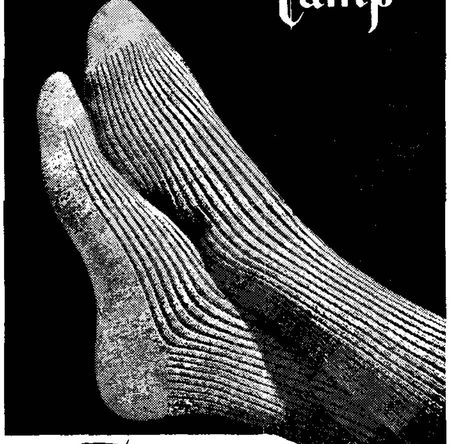

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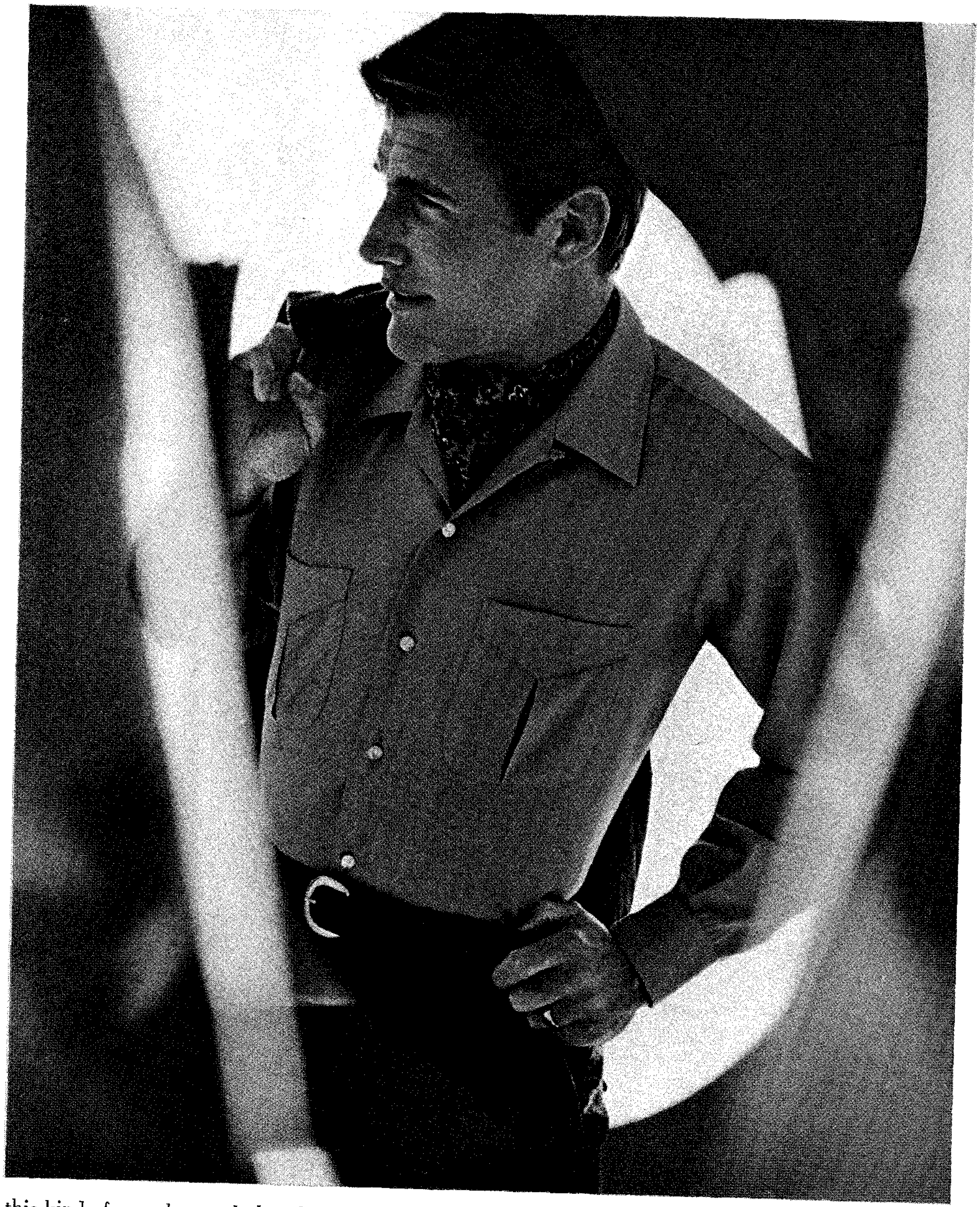

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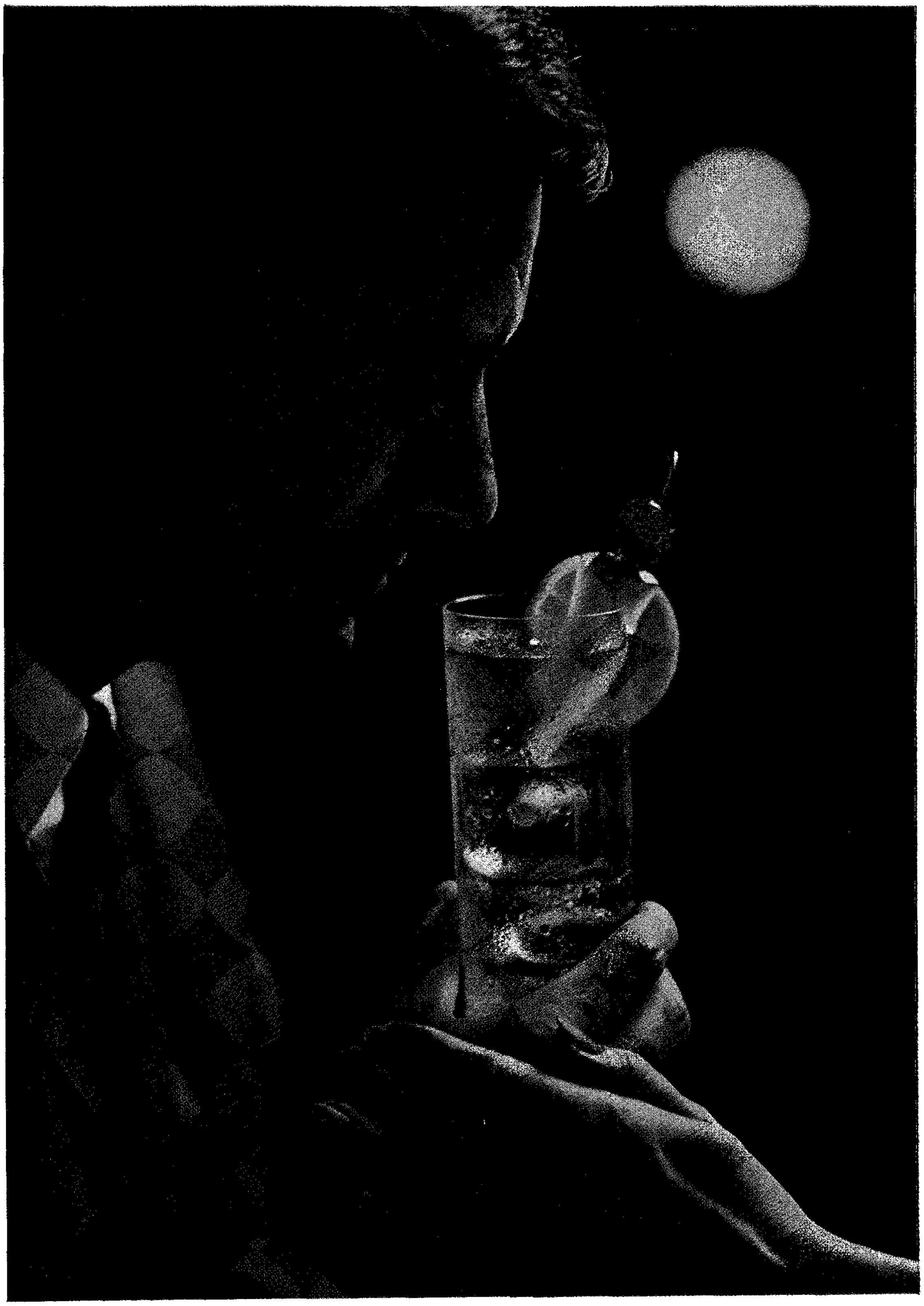

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U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS RUM COUNCIL, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands stand *him*, he believes in the God of the Judgment Day, he accepts the eschatology of the Bible. Altizer wants to draw a distinction between the God who is somehow the eschatological God of the Bible, the God of the end (he uses that expression several times in one of his articles: 'God of the end'), who is not so much to be thought of as being behind the scenes ruling over us as somehow there at the end of it all—he draws a distinction between that God and the idea of God that the Christian theologians have developed over the centuries. Yes, he believes in the God of Christian eschatology but not in the *idea* of the God of the theologians, and that—that idea of God—is what has died. Altizer says there can be no theology that does not begin with the death of the God idea."

"But how can you separate the God of the Bible from the God of theology?" I asked, picking one question out of many that occurred to me.

"This is the same argument that goes through my mind: How does the God of the end escape the death that is supposed to come to the idea of God? I don't understand this, you see. My own view on the death of God is that in the last three hundred years or so God as an absolute has dissolved. I don't think that God is just on vacation, or that the Bible God is relevant to anything—"

"What would you like?" The interruption came from a waitress who had been hovering near our table for some time.

"I'd like a beer," van Buren said.

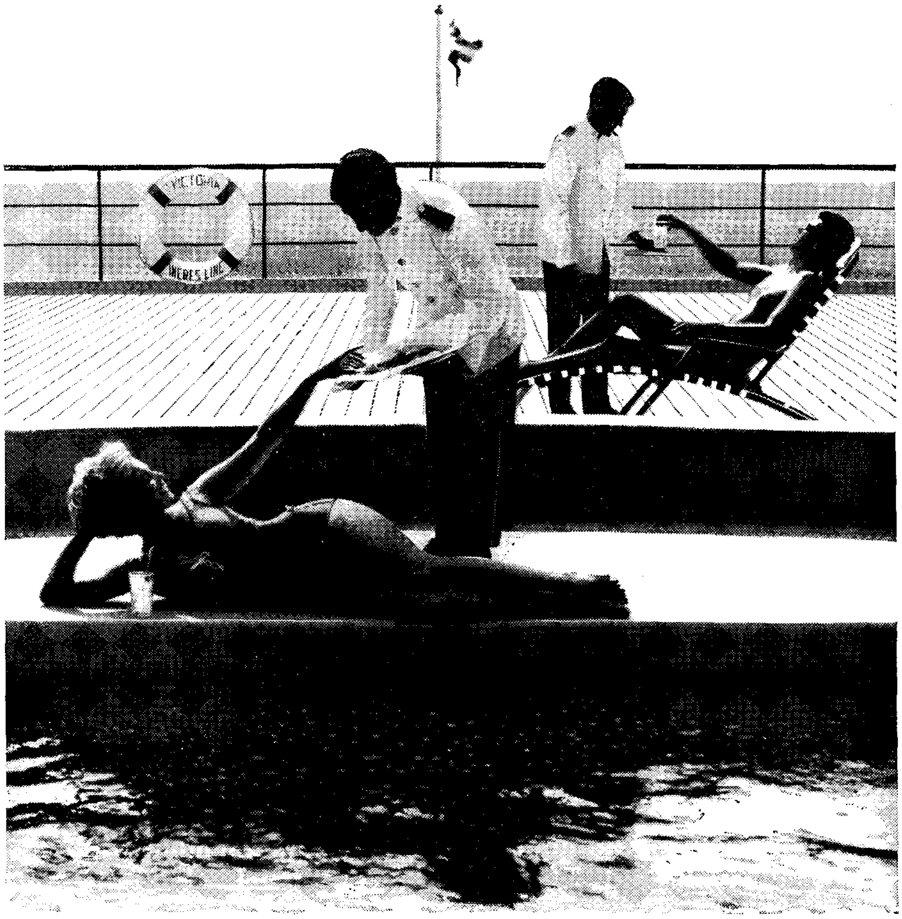
"What kind? Heineken's? Carlsberg? Schlitz? Rheingold?"

"Rheingold, please."

After the waitress had left us, he resumed, "In the whole development of Christianity, God has been, it seems to me, conceived as the absolute, and it seems to me that this whole manner of speaking about the category of the absolute—this has dissolved. Yes, I could put it this way: It's not so much that the classical arguments for the existence of God are wrong, or that we don't follow the arguments and find them convincing, as that the *question* to which the classical proofs were the answer is not a question we would today take to be properly phrased. On this I think Altizer, Hamilton, and I would all agree."

"Are there any other similarities among the three of you?" I asked.

"I can speak up better for similarities between Hamilton and me than I can in respect to Altizer, because I know less about Altizer—he has written less. The similarity between Bill and me lies in our background—a background of



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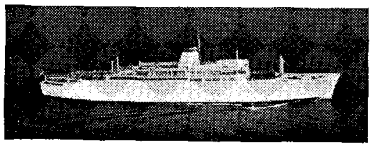

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study in Biblical theology, and therefore, broadly speaking, an interest in the historical, the human, the realm of the ethical."

"The realm of the ethical?"

"Yes. Of man making his decisions and being responsible for them. If you took me at the stage at which I wrote 'The Secular Meaning of the Gospel,' what took the *place* of theology in the proper sense at that time, for both Hamilton and me, was Christology; that is, a very pronounced emphasis on Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus as the paradigm, I think I would have put it—as the paradigm or model of what human life is. What human life ought to be. A kind of norm in one's understanding of man and human life. Let me say this around one example. One of the ways in which the New Testament writers speak about Jesus is in divine and quasi-divine terms—Son of God, and what have you. All right. My interest is in seeing how these terms function, what they accomplish, what difference it makes whether one denies these terms or subscribes to them, and what difference *this* would make to the pattern of life advocated by the New Testament writers. What I'm trying to do is to understand the Bible on a naturalistic or humanistic level, to find out how the references to the absolute and the supernatural are used in expressing on a human level the understanding and convictions that the New Testament writers had about their world. For by using these large cosmological terms in speaking about this particular happening, this event—the history of Jesus—they were saying the most that they could say about this man. If a man in the first century had wanted to say of a certain person that he had given him an insight into what human life was all about, he would have almost normally said, 'That man is divine.' "

In reading about van Buren—and, indeed, in reading his book, and even talking to him—I had been repeatedly nagged by two personal questions about him: How could a man who had studied with Barth (and Pope John XXIII had once compared Barth's achievement to that of Aquinas) have wandered so far away from his teacher? And, given the fact that he had, how could he go on wearing the collar of a clergyman? Van Buren had given me the impression during our conversation that he could answer questions quite dispassionately, so I now felt no hesitation in putting these to him pointblank. His response was characteristically straightforward.

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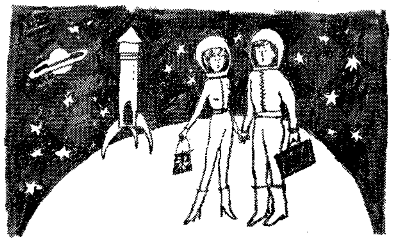

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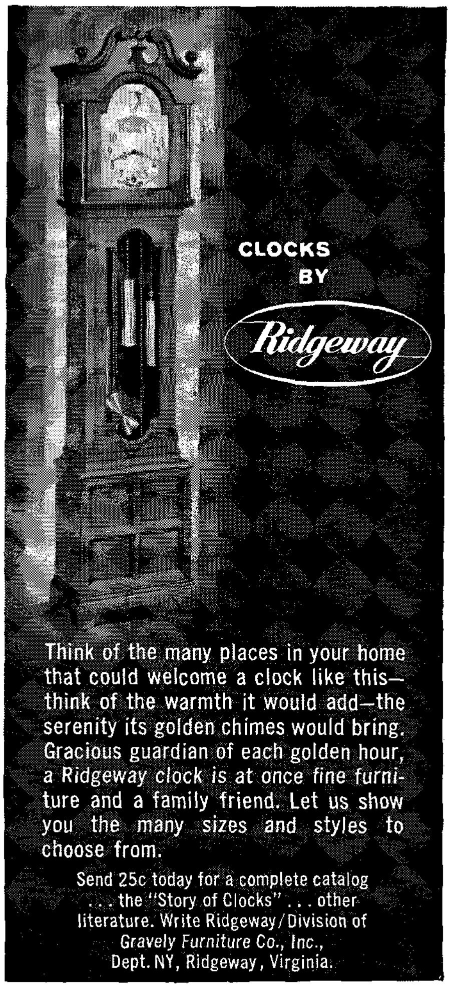

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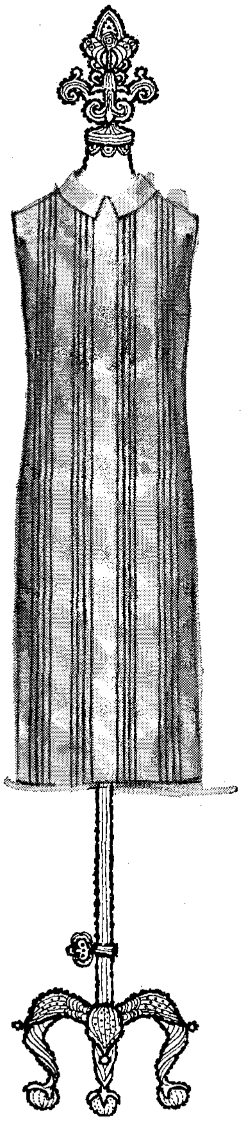

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fundamental mistake, all of us—my generation, Bonhoeffer's generation—in shifting our attention to man and man's ways of understanding, and the patterns of contemporary thought and all that sort of thing. Barth doesn't think that Bonhoeffer's 'Letters and Papers from Prison' are even worth considering. He thinks they're adolescent. Yes, Barth thinks we have the Word of God in revelations, and then we have the word of the Church, and the job of the theologian is to see how far the two correspond. Barth's volumes and volumes of the 'Church Dogmatics' tried to do this. I sent him a précis of 'The Secular Meaning of *the Gospel,' and he thought I had* betrayed him. He thinks the job of his students should be to go on revising those 'Dogmatics'—make them more and more nearly perfect. He does not mean this to be an insult to his students; it's just that he thinks of his 'Dogmatics' as very tentative. I think the reason for Bonhoeffer's influence on people my age has to do with his coming at a particular moment. Langdon considers himself a generation older than I am, though I imagine he is only in his late forties, and he divides his generation from mine—there is some sense to this—according to the time at which we got interested in theology, whether before the Second World War or after. When Bonhoeffer's 'Letters and Papers from Prison' came out, in the early fifties, they were just the kind of thing my generation was looking for—*I* have read Bonhoeffer's 'Letters and Papers' again and again—but Langdon and others weren't so much affected by Bonhoeffer, because they had got interested in theology before the war. I don't think our kind of postwar radicalism, the kind of thinking based on Bonhoeffer, is isolated. I think a lot of people are engaged in it, and Langdon says that, too—that this is a general movement. And about my being a clergyman—well, I don't pray. I just reflect on these things. I am ordained, but when I am asked to preach or to perform services, I usually say I would rather not. I would ask to be defrocked if that could be done in a quiet, inoffensive way, but it can't be. Defrocking requires a lot of fuss. The news of the event would have to be published, and there are a number of Christians—people who believe that the kind of thing I am doing is making Christianity more meaningful for them—who would be upset. I don't want to upset them. If I really thought ordination was so important, or if some authority in the Episcopal Church came

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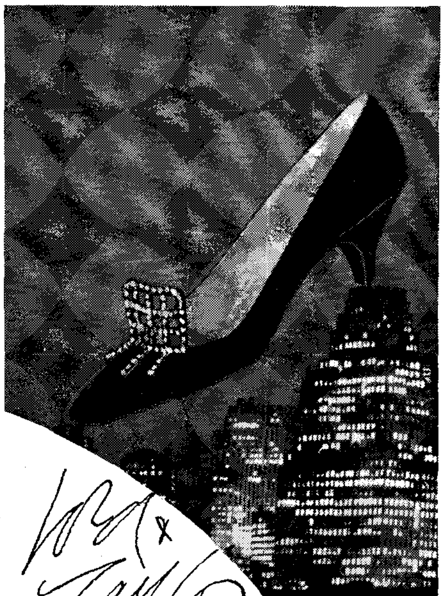

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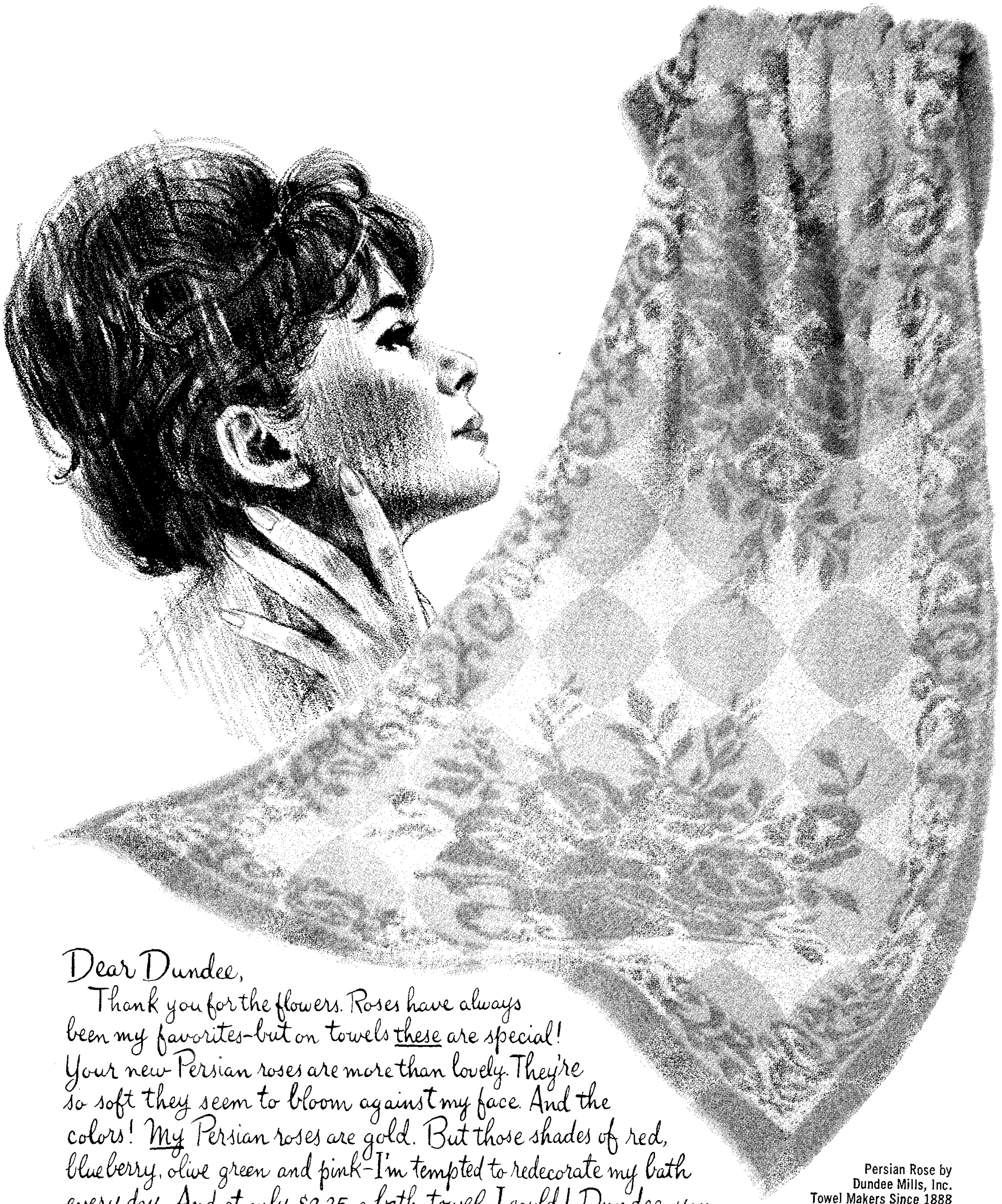

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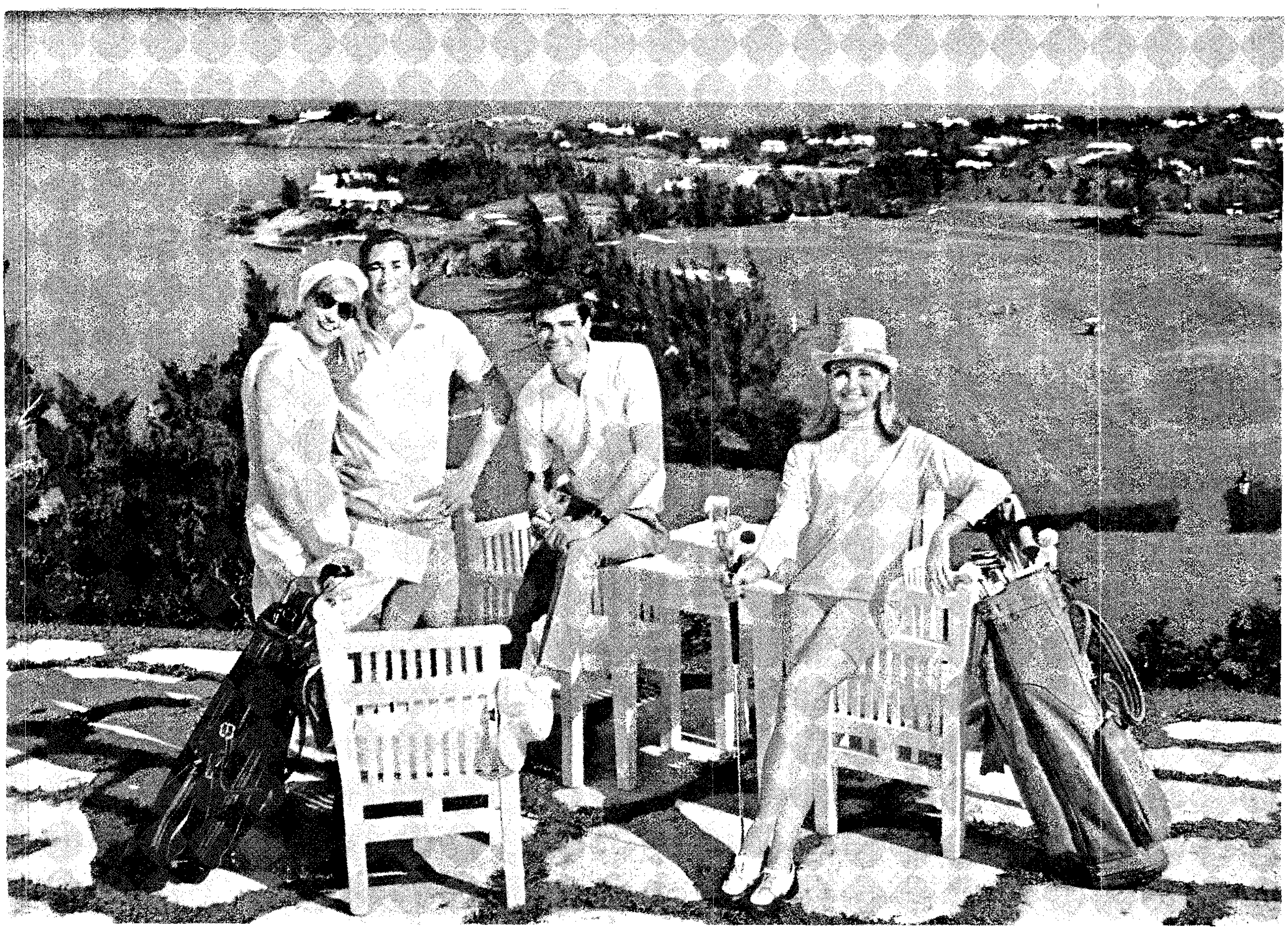

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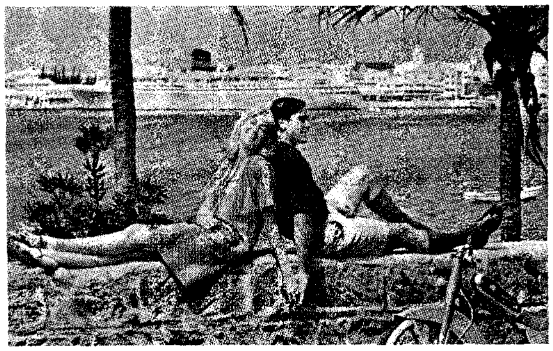

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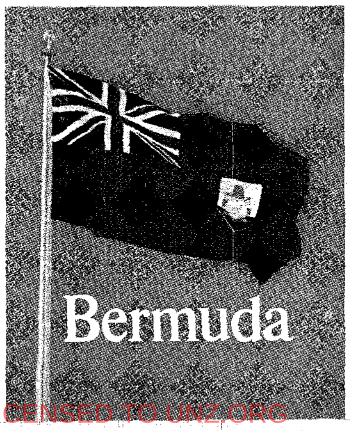


up to me and said that the kind of thing I was doing was heretical, I would immediately ask to be defrocked, without a heresy trial or that sort of thing. But no one has, and the Anglican Church has a tradition of having some weirdies in it—there have been some pretty freethinking people in it in the past."

"But do you feel comfortable about calling yourself a Christian?" I asked.

"If some Church authority came up to me and said I wasn't, I would say that I was perfectly willing to respect the decisions that the official Christian body wanted to make about what it would accept and what it would not accept. I wouldn't want to make an issue of that. I am trying to raise a more important issue: whether or not Christianity is fundamentally about God or about man. That is, putting it rather sharply, I am trying to argue that it *is* fundamentally about man, that its language about God is one way—a dated way, among a number of ways—of saying what it is Christianity wants to say about man and human life and human history. And, if I understand the nature and development of Christology in the history of Christianity, I would want to argue that what Christianity is basically about is a certain form of life—patterns of human existence, norms of human attitudes and dispositions and moral behavior."

"But wouldn't a Christian say that God is indispensable to the form of life you speak of?"

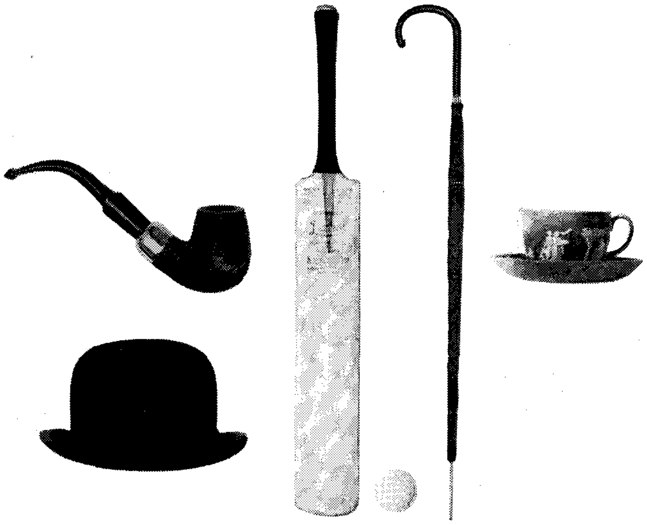
"I wouldn't, because I could prove the same thing from the humanist point of view."

"But why does one need the Christian edifice at all, then?"

"Well, I don't know what is to be gained or lost by calling a particular answer Christian or un-Christian. I would want to say that Christianity, around the figure of Christ—a considerably reinterpreted figure, I would have to admit—has developed a certain image of man and of human relationships. These can also be, and have been, developed in the Western humanistic tradition. Whether and to what extent this humanism was influenced by Christianity is perhaps a secondary question. But if you really got me with my back to the wall, I think I'd probably want to say I am more concerned about the substance of that Christian picture than about the name by which you call it. If somebody wants to fight about the name, then I guess I would have to admit that I'm just not a Christian."

—VED MEHTA

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)



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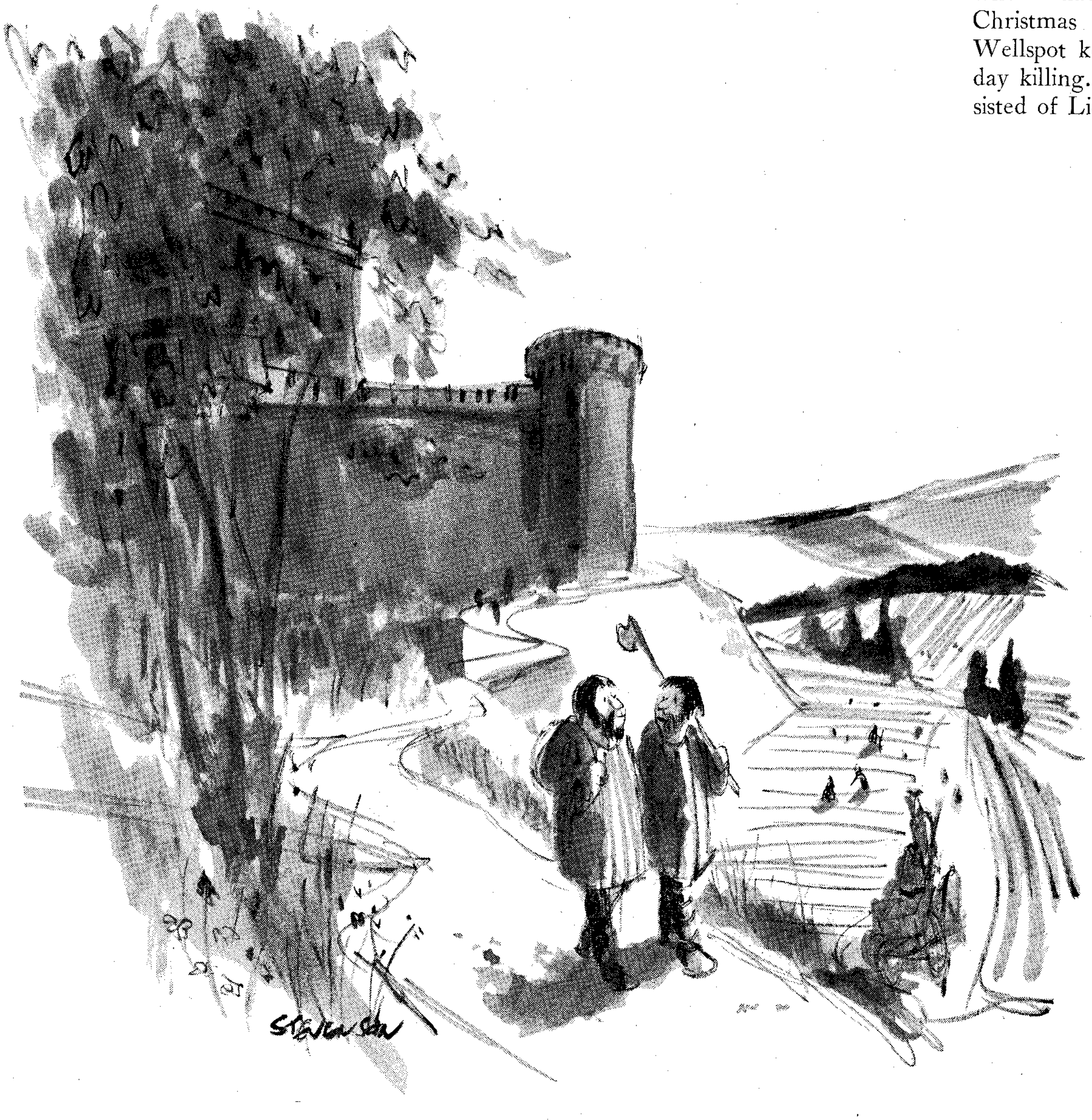
THE THEATRE

GONE AND BEST FORGOTTEN

THREE ramshackle shows wobbled onto Broadway last week, floundered about briefly, and then, all unmourned, expired. The most vulnerable of them, "Mating Dance," at the Eugene O'Neill, was displayed only once. Another, "Xmas in Las Vegas," at the Ethel Barrymore, was exhibited four times. And the third, "Postmark Zero," at the Brooks Atkinson, proved to be comparatively tenacious by sticking around for eight performances.

In the absence of any order of merit, I'll begin with a few observations about the one that lingered longest. "Postmark Zero," purportedly a dramatization by Robert Nemiroff of the book "Last Letters from Stalingrad," was a mélange of film clips of the German Army in action during that climactic battle in the Second World War, of photographic murals of Hitler and his henchmen, and of actors declaiming the contents of the final letters sent home by German soldiers facing death at the hands of the encircling Russians. In the course of one of the recitations, a line occurs that may explain why the doomed correspondents of Stalingrad fail to excite our emotions: "It's a pity I'm not a writer." When I read "Last Letters from Stalingrad" the other day, I did not find the material particularly arresting, and Mr. Nemiroff's presentation of it gave me no reason to change my mind. Apart from the film clips, "Postmark Zero" was a very stilted business, and the actors, among them Viveca Lindfors, Hardy Kruger, John Heffernan, and John Karlen, never breathed much life into it.

IN its own way, "Xmas in Las Vegas" was just as depressing as "Postmark Zero." It commenced with a scene revealing Tom Ewell as a compulsive gambler shooting craps under a wide and starry sky. Forthwith, it went about digging its grave by introducing a clutch of unbearably cute characters and cutting loose with a spate of wild and windy dialogue. Written by Jack Richardson, the play involved us with Edward T. Wellspot (Mr. Ewell) and his family, all of whom made a custom of celebrating Christmas at Las Vegas, where Mr. Wellspot kept hoping to make a holiday killing. The Wellspot crowd consisted of Lionel, the son, a mathematical wizard with suicidal tendencies; Emily, the daughter, an exhausted nymphomaniac who once found love after becoming entangled with her second husband in midair during a parachute jump; Eleanor, the wife, who dreamed of naked Episcopalian angels in hopes of bringing her husband luck; and Michel, Mr. Wellspot's brother, a former hot trombone player who had asthma and boasted that in his time he had made two hundred women his playthings. As you can see, the Wellspots were an odd lot, but Mr. Richardson didn't seem to know what to do with them—or, for that matter, with a lady named Mrs. Edna Simon, of New Rochelle, whom Mr. Wellspot adopted as his mascot after learning that she always won at gambling, even though she didn't know anything about it; or with Willy, a dealer obsessed with the idea of becoming a big shot; or, finally, with Spiros Olympus, a Greek,



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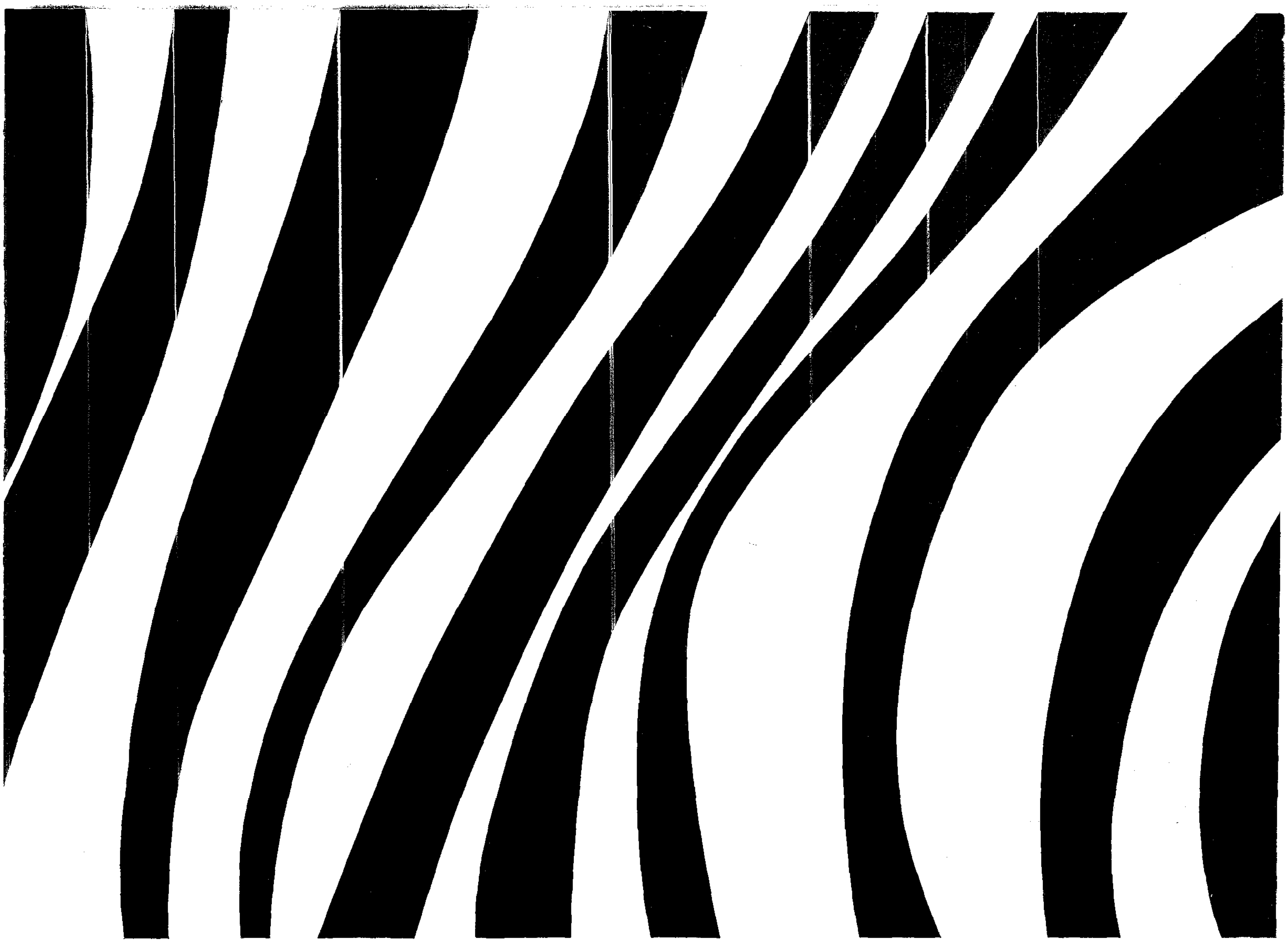

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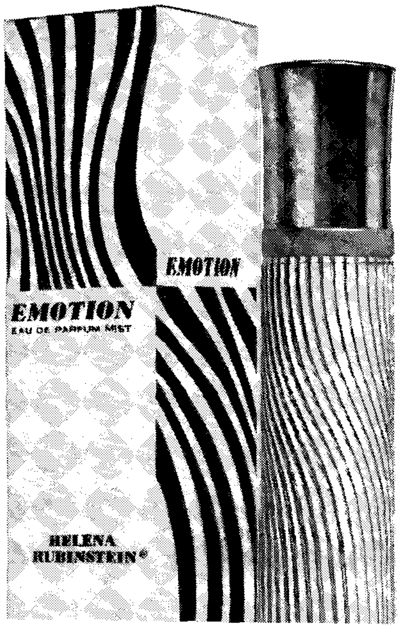
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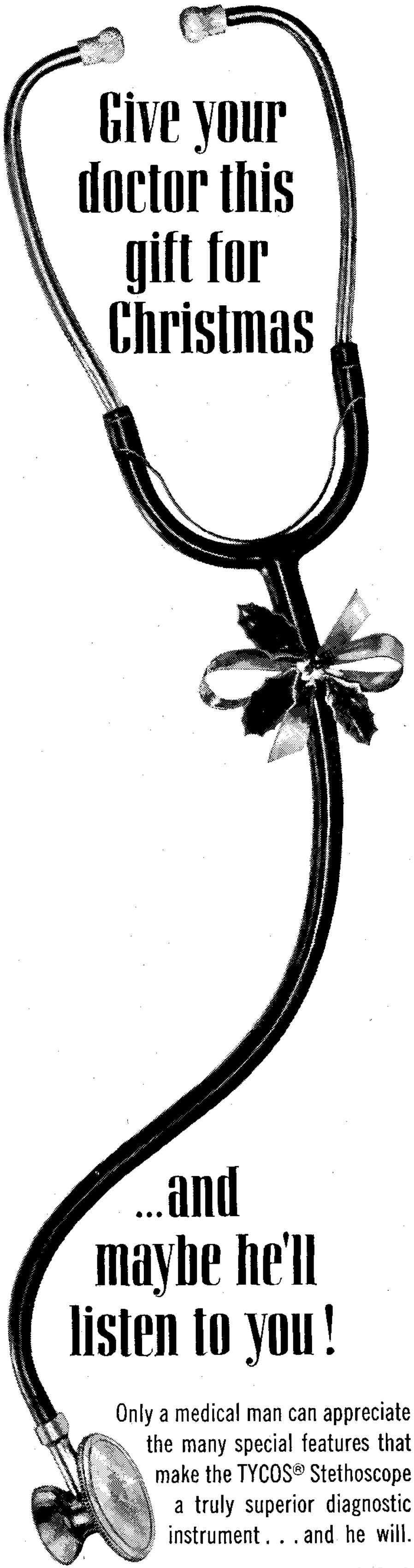

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who ultimately wiped Mr. Wellspot out in a blackjack game that went on and on and on. Of the performers on view, Heywood Hale Broun, as Michel, seemed to be the most happily situated, and every now and then he emerged from the thicket of Mr. Richardson's prose with a line that, as he delivered it, sounded funny.

AND now we come to "Mating Dance," a disaster in which Van Johnson, J. D. Cannon, Marian Winters, Richard Mulligan, and Marian Hailey figured calamitously. This one was about a publisher (Mr. Johnson) who was married to a senator (Miss Winters) and kept a doxy (Miss Hailey) on the side. The senator didn't mind the publisher's philandering, but she insisted that he be circumspect during election campaigns and never appear in public with his girl friend unless accompanied by a chaperon (Mr. Mulligan). Mr. Cannon, just to round out this list, was cast as a lawyer who assigned Mr. Mulligan to his escort duties. Somewhere along the line, Mr. Mulligan was described as a man who knew the names of nineteen thousand birds, and, with his ornithological credentials established, he ran through a whooping-crane mating dance with Miss Hailey. It wasn't much of a dance, but it did serve to break the awful monotony of the thing. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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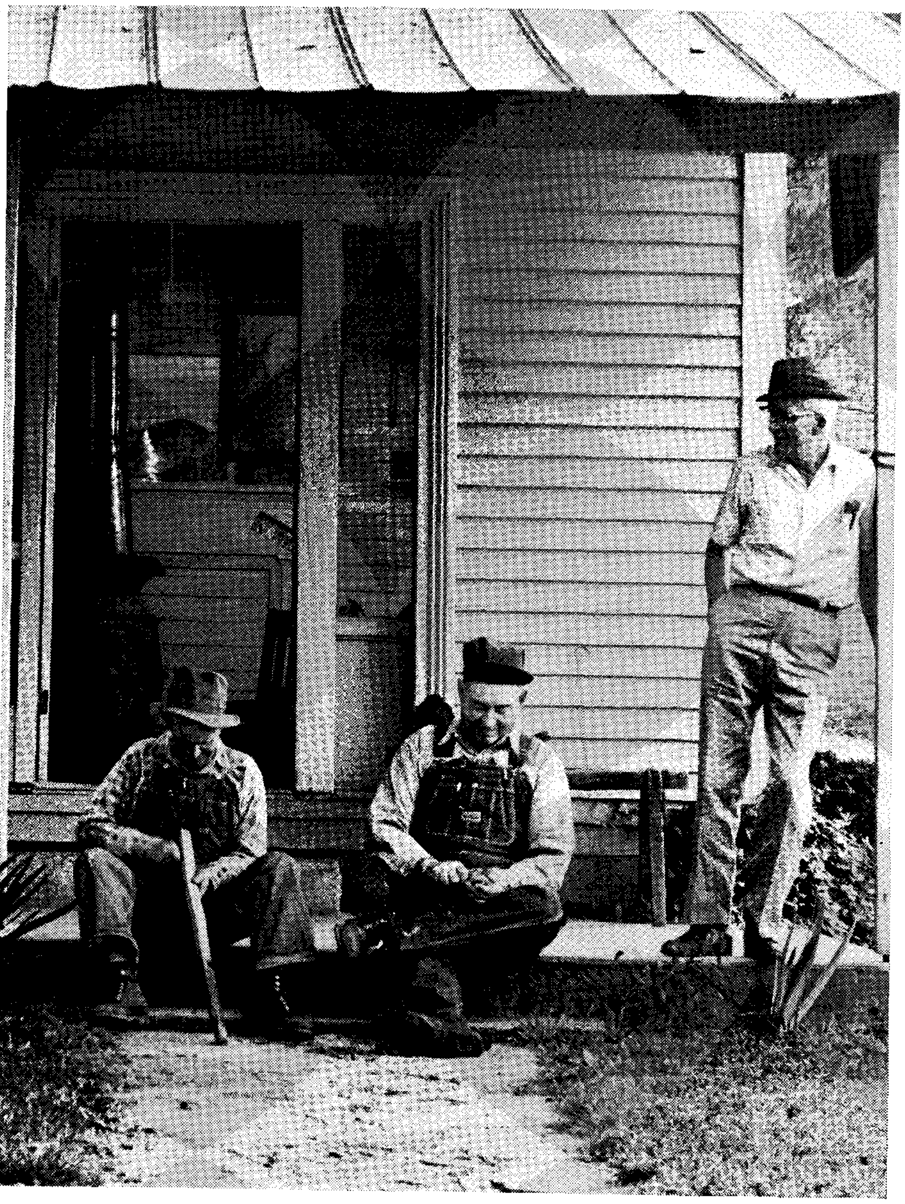
FOOTBALL

The Course of the Stars

How easily is the human eye distracted by bright, rapidly moving objects, how easily is it won away from the truly significant! For while undefeated Dartmouth was sweeping all before it uptown at Baker Field (Dartmouth 47, Columbia 0) and unbeaten Princeton was visiting Boston to overturn a much more reluctant Harvard, 14–6, the important match of the weekend was fought out on another New England field—a match that my friends among the wiseacres tell me will count a great deal with the more prankish members of the committee that once a year donates the Lambert Cup to the small-college team it deems the pick of the East. For tiny Tufts, which has done well in its time, last Saturday came within a single game of completing a perfect record this fall by losing, 17–13, to Northeastern; its claim for consideration is that it has not won a game this year.

But enough of the gay; let us return to the grave. Dartmouth's stopover in town afforded most of us our first chance to study the work of Ryzewicz, who—because of the deft way he runs back punts—often plays both defense and offense for Dartmouth. (Only when he stands still on the sidelines does one realize that he is not a centipede, moving legs in a dozen diverse and disconcerting directions at once.) It is men like Mr. R. who point up the faulty distribution of wealth in the Ivy League. Justice demands that Ryzewicz be instantly detached from Dartmouth, which, after all, has the sterling Beard in its backfield, and told to report to Columbia, which has had nothing like him since Roberts, or to Pennsylvania, which is struggling along without Molloy, or to Harvard, which is struggling along without anyone who can throw a forward pass. Yes, Harvard does have McCluskey at quarterback (it has taken Harvard seven games to decide that he is the best of its middling lot), and McCluskey can throw a pretty pitchout or lateral, but that is all he can throw. The Harvard game was good practice for Princeton, since Princeton and Dartmouth are on a collision course (they will meet, probably still unbeaten, next Saturday), and Ryzewicz is much given to the pitchout and the later-



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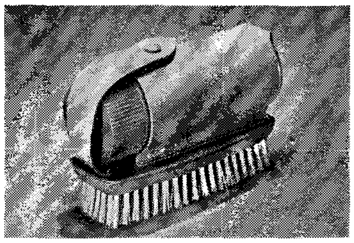

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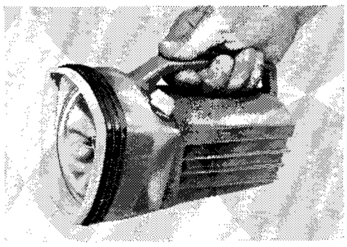

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al. Further practice was offered Princeton by Harvard's minute but rapid Leo, who, taking those McCluskey pitchouts, kept slanting through the Princeton line in a maneuver that looked precisely like the one that Dartmouth's now vanished Spangenberg used with such upsetting effect against Princeton. Some of Harvard's best manpower, by the way, is local talent; Leo is an Everett boy, and Gatto, the whizzer of a skillful Harvard freshman team (Harvard 32, Princeton 25, last weekend), who can spell Leo next year, is a Needham boy. Princeton, for the first time this season, appeared to succeed without really trying; even the peerless foot of Gogolak was, so to speak, off key (no field goals), and if it hadn't been for Landeck, who got eleven glittery passes to Cashdollar, Princeton would have been in trouble—or more trouble than it was in, anyway.

This commentator's award for the team that is most successful at self-improvement goes to Pennsylvania, which lost again, 21–19, this time to Yale, but which, mingling subterfuge and makeshift, fought another good fight. (Who *else* has got three touchdowns out of Dartmouth this year?) Syracuse blew its match with Oregon State, 13–12. Army, which may, come to think of it, be more in need of Ryzewicz's passing than anyone else, blew its match with Air Force, 14–3, in Chicago, even though Air Force, whose team turned out a while back to be made up largely of ten-o'clock scholars, was filled out with many new (and this time scholarly) faces. Maryland, often a leader of the Box Office League, blew its match with Navy, 19–7, by fielding a ground attack that lost fifty-eight yards. Brown, which had passed Princeton dizzy the weekend before, passed Cornell dizzy, too, but lost out, 41–21, because Cornell, which hadn't completed a single pass the weekend before, completed sixteen, and ran Brown dizzy to boot. It wasn't the best of all weekends, you might say, but it was fun while it lasted. —J. W. L.

•

From Yokohama we took a train to Tokyo and stayed at the Imperial Hotel which is the one designed by Harold Lloyd Wright.—*St. Mary's Junior College Bulletin.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Eight Straight

SO now we know for sure. After watching Moccasin win the Gardenia Stakes with the greatest of ease at Garden State Park last Saturday, I'd say that she left no shadow of a doubt that she is the best two-year-old filly out this season. I confess that as I followed her progress in the Jersey jaunt on TV, I felt a certain relief when she passed the post nearly three lengths ahead of Lady Pitt, for anything can happen in a horse race. Even so, I don't think she really gave Bull Hancock, who owns her, or Harry Trotsek, who trains her, a moment of anxiety. The nine runners got off to an even start, with Lady Diplomat and Hula Girl prominent in the dash out of the gate. Moccasin was third, not far behind, as they went round the clubhouse turn. In the next couple of furlongs, Hula Girl and Lady Diplomat established a lead of five lengths, and Moccasin continued to gallop along in third place, well out from the rail, but, approaching the far turn, Moccasin began to move up, and as she swung into the homestretch it was just a question of how much Adams, who rode her, cared to win by. At the end, Lady Pitt and Prides Profile came from lengths back to be second and third. It was Moccasin's eighth victory—and her fifth in a stakes race—in eight starts. It was probably her last start this year. Bull Hancock remarked at saddling time, "They all get beat if you run them often enough." You can go over the records of fifty seasons and count on your thumbs the other top fillies who were unbeaten as two-year-olds; there's only Idun, winner of eight starts in 1957, and Top Flight, winner of seven in 1931. Moccasin has topped both of them in prize money, with $319,731, and, taking one thing with another, she stands out above all the other racers of her age and sex—and that goes for Priceless Gem, who won the Futurity. Moccasin wasn't in that one. So we'll wait impatiently for their meeting—in the Coaching Club American Oaks next summer, perhaps.

LAST week was no week for favorites at Aqueduct—or, at any rate, not in the races worth remembering. To take up the last surprise party first, Steeple Jill, who won the Ladies

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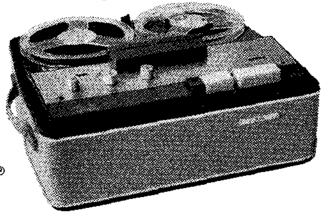

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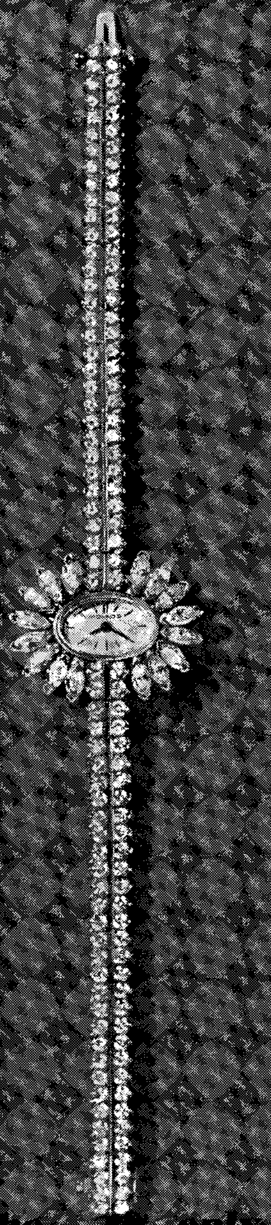

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Handicap a year ago, was beaten in the ninety-fifth running of the fixture on Saturday. Straight Deal, a three-year-old filly with a sizable advantage in the weights, tracked the leaders for a mile of the mile and a quarter, then stormed past them to win comfortably from the very short-priced Steeple Jill. Yes Please, a 46–1 chance, was third. Seven ran, and if you except Steeple Jill, who carried top weight of 126 pounds, their form was only moderate. Savannalamar, who led for six furlongs and then finished last, had won once in twenty-six tries, and Known Quantity, who caused a jam at the first turn, in which Steeple Jill and Straight Deal got knocked about, had won once in thirty. There seems to be quite a to-do over the fact that the Ladies was the nineteenth stakes race won this year by a horse from the stable of Hirsch Jacobs. Fair enough, but it's nowhere near a record; in 1948, if memory serves (and it does, for I checked up on this), Plain Ben Jones won sixteen stakes for Calumet with Citation, five with Coaltown, four each with Bewitch and Fervent, and one with Faultless. No doubt there were more, for the stable won ninety-two races of all sorts and conditions that season. Earlier last week, Affectionately disappointed the Jacobs Cheering and Marching Club. After showing high speed early in the Sports Page Handicap, she tired, and Ornamento wore her down in the stretch and won by three-quarters of a length. Shortly after the race, Jacobs reported that Affectionately had suffered a cut or cuts on one of her legs. Ornamento, *by the way, is the first winner Jim* Conway has saddled since he opened a public stable several weeks ago. Another stunner for the talent was the Knickerbocker Handicap on Election Day. In this, Hail to All, heralded as the best three-year-old of 1965, finished last of eight runners, lengths behind Or et Argent, the favorite, ridden by Shoemaker, who was fifth. The winner was Circus. It's only fair to say that this was Hail to All's first start since he won the Travers last August, and that he'd never raced on grass before.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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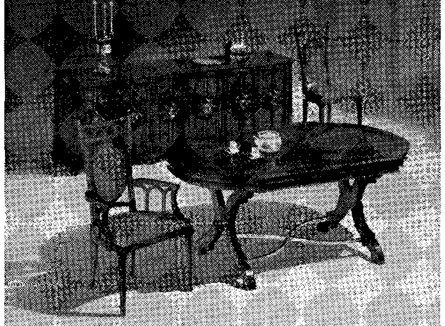

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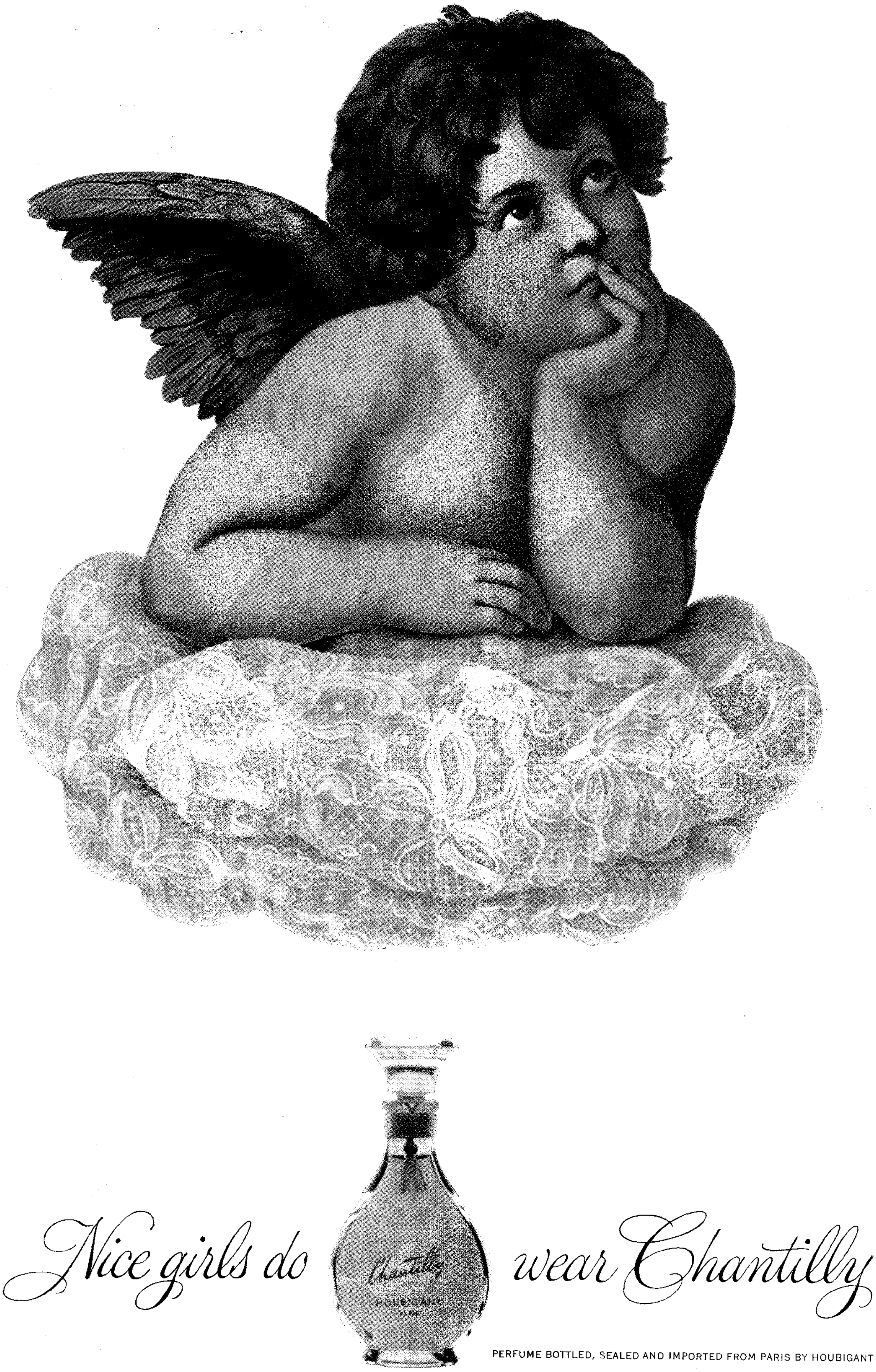
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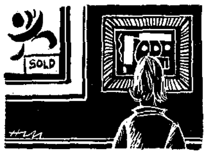

APART from its title, "Olympia's Progeny," which is a bit malapropos, there is precious little to be said except in praise of the big new loan show—for the benefit of the Association for Mentally Ill Children in Manhattan—now on at the Wildenstein. "Olympia" is the title of the languidly long-bodied, insolently reclining nude done by Manet, shown first in 1865 and now in the Louvre, and the exhibition is partly a celebration of the centenary of its first showing, in the Salon of that year, and partly a development of the thesis that this picture, more than any other, launched the whole Impressionist movement. The title of the show is therefore a reference to the artists, from Renoir and Monet and Manet himself through Degas, Cézanne, and, finally, Lautrec, who formed the lady's "progeny"—a term that carries too much the connotation of spawning to be applicable to so elegant and arrogant and obviously unprincipled a lady. Venuses don't spawn, whatever else they may do.

I have one other slight objection. I find it difficult to accept the proposition that any one picture can give birth to an artistic revolution. You just can't pinpoint rebellions as neatly as that. "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" came close. But even it had precedents, and, too, "Olympia" looks back, as the show's catalogue concedes, to Courbet and the Spaniards before him as much as it looks forward to the men it anticipated. Stylistically, Monet and Renoir, in their young days of plein-air experimentation, did the most to formulate the dogmas of Impressionism. "Olympia" did stir up controversy, though, and in this respect the show's argument may be justifiable, for she did spawn trouble, and thus hardened the line between the academicians and the modernists. In so doing, she unquestionably heightened the determination and the dedication of the latter.

In many other ways, as a personal influence, Manet did a great deal to give coherence and philosophical purpose to the movement, though he was an odd man to fulfill this function. It is odder still that there are distinct parallels between him and the position of Robert Henri with relation to the American realists of the Ashcan School

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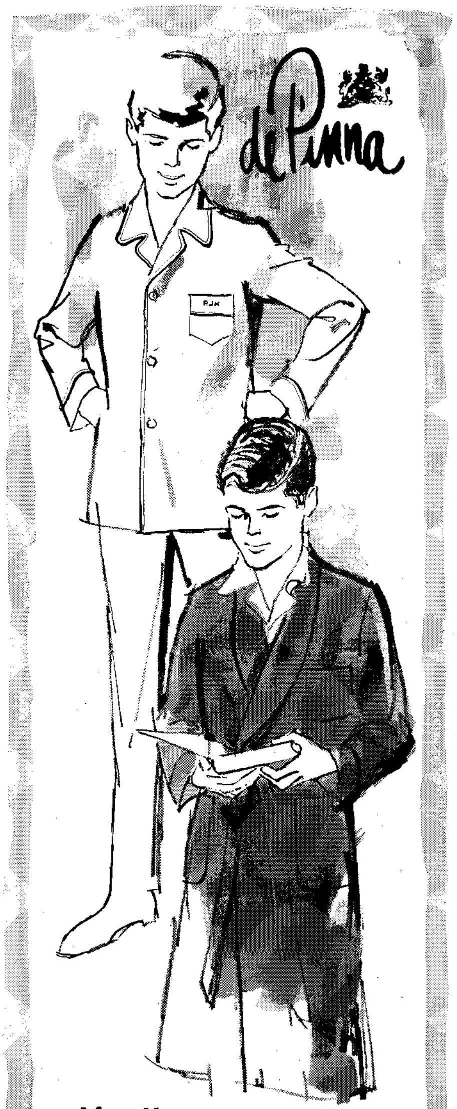

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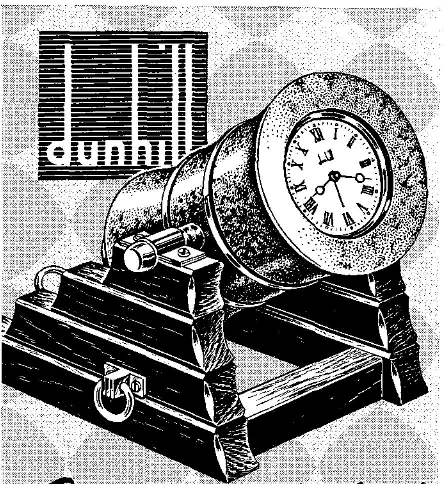
of three or four decades later. Both were slightly older, calmer, and more reflective than the wild-eyed young rabble gathered around them; both stood in better position socially and artistically than their colleagues. Most curious of all, both were primarily figure painters, while most of their followers concentrated on landscape, urban and rural. There were differences, of course, the most important ones being that while Henri was wholeheartedly a teacher, Manet, equally definitely, was not. Yet (and in a sense conversely) while Henri never "set an example" in doing anything controversial, "Olympia," as well as Manet's even more "scandalous" and slightly earlier "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" ("Think of it, a naked model calmly picnicking with a group of hatted and frock-coated men! Shocking!"), was a deliberate flouting of artistic and social conventions of the day. But the parallels are stronger than the divergences, and the whole thing is an interesting example of the unexpected alliances that are to be found in the arts.

The exhibition consists of no less than eighty-seven pieces (all oils except for a few Degas pastels) and practically all are out-and-out masterpieces. This is the more remarkable in that the loans are from a more than ordinarily wide variety of sources, and a considerable number of the exhibits have rarely if ever been shown here before. Manet, as is proper, comes off especially well, with nine pieces—not the largest group, but in some ways the most selective. It takes him from 1865 to 1880, thus covering the major part of his mature career (he died in 1883, aged only fifty-one), and ranges in subject and style from an unusually solid still-life, "Pêches," to the earthy, tanned "Gitane à la Cigarette" and a delightfully casual, swiftly painted study of a bored couple at a table, "Le Café-Concert." There are a charming profile painting of a girl in a plain white dress, "La Liseuse," dated 1865-67, and, as an example of his special skill at formal portraiture, a dramatic "Émilie Ambre dans le Rôle de Carmen."

But everyone comes off well in this affair: Monet and Renoir, with the largest selections (twelve pictures each, as is again fitting, since they were in effect the founders of the Impressionist mode), and Cézanne, Gauguin, and van Gogh, with eleven canvases apiece. Yet the number of items hardly matters. It is, rather, the attention that has been paid to achieving diversity, and in this the Monet and Cézanne sections



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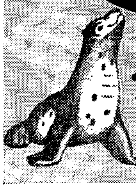

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are outstanding: Monet with a series of paintings ("La Plage à Sainte Adresse," all dark, as well as the shimmery "Portrait de Madame Monet et Bazille," the sunlit "Canal à Zaandam," and the fog-shrouded "Waterloo Bridge," to name only a few) that capture practically all the shadings of weather and mood he was capable of, and Cézanne with such pieces as a little-known but impressive landscape, "La Colline des Pauvres," balanced against an even more striking "La Montagne Sainte-Victoire," of 1904-06, together with, among others, the almost sculptural "Homme au Bras Croisés" and, from his early, more Impressionist days, a painting of the Seine river road at Louveciennes. There are also to be mentioned a fine group of Renoirs, led off by a pearly "Jeune Fille au Cygne;" a group of Gauguins, notable especially for the earlier pieces; Degas (the superlative "Après le Bain"); van Gogh (the totally untypical but thoroughly delightful "Femme Assise dans l'Herbe")—well, I guess I just like, reminiscently, to roll the titles around on my tongue.

The show has its mischievous aspects, and the hanging, I suspect, has been deliberately designed to play a few little tricks on the observer. The Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists were singularly close-knit groups. They worked together, sharing certain cafés in Paris, certain inns and landscapes in the country—*faute de mieux*, one imagines, since they were outcasts to begin with. As a result, there are many overlappings in subjects and styles, and this the show slyly exploits in the hanging. Take that misty "Boulevard des Capucines," pitched in with a wallful of Pissarros; is it another Pissarro? No, it isn't. It's a Monet, and dated 1873, a decade or so before Pissarro got started on his splendid series of similar balcony views, more or less taking over the subject. And there's a Renoir, "Le Pont des Arts," that one would swear was an early Monet, while Gauguin's "Nature Morte aux Tomates" might very well double as a Cézanne. To complete the circle, Cézanne's early riverside painting "Louveciennes" could easily be taken for a Pissarro. Most of all, though, the show brings out the air of lightheartedness that underlies the paintings of these men, especially the Impressionists. They might have been starving at times, but they were never downhearted.

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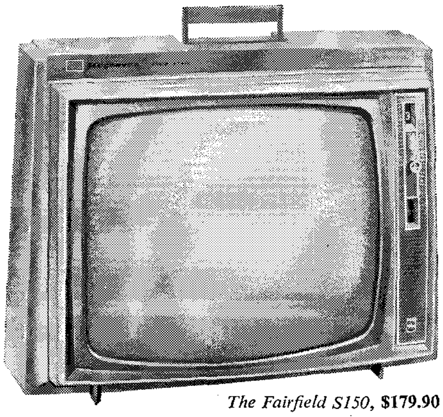

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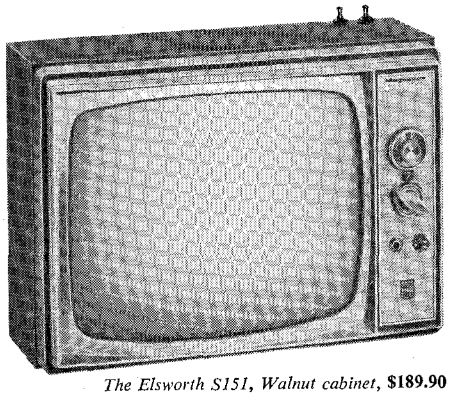

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possibly overlarge retrospective of works by Edwin Dickinson, coupled with a smaller and consistently fascinating one of paintings by that mid-*nineteenth-century* New York fantasist, John Quidor, both at the Whitney, plus the Modern Museum's retrospective of paintings and collages by Robert Motherwell, which is important because it brings emphatically to our attention a "modern" artist who, working in a mixture of the calligraphic and the Abstract Expressionist, is capable of true monumentality—it is because it was borne in on me, as I looked over the show, that Picasso, too, is in his way a "happy" painter. His way, to be sure, is different from the primarily innocent mood of the Impressionists. His approach is caustic, more devil-may-care, and considerably more sophisticated, and it finds its expression in his almost recklessly playful inventiveness and in his unabashed enjoyment of his inventions—in contrast to the gentler and almost totally uncritical attitude of the older men. The collection, a sort of capsule retrospective, with twenty-eight items bridging the years 1909-63, shows him in this happy mood from first to last, and since most of the pieces are small and none is a "major" effort, the show has an air of intimacy that is engaging. This is not to say that any of the exhibits are minor. Even the smallest—"La Pomme Épluchée," the cursive "Pomme et Verre," and the more intricately designed "Verre et Paquet de Cigarettes"—have an unmistakable stamp of authority, while among the more ambitiously sized ones there are paintings, such as the dark, possibly a trifle mockingly romantic "La Mansarde du Poète," the richly green "Le Peintre et Son Modèle dans le Jardin," and the swirly, rhythmic "Printemps à Boisgeloup," that would be standouts anywhere. I also enjoyed, as evidence of his endless inventiveness, the series of what might be called pictorial puns on the human features: "Buste de Faune," "Le Faune sur Fond Blanc," "L'Arlequin," and, best of all, "La Fillette à la Poupée," in which a zig and a zag of curved lines across the otherwise quite literally rendered features evoke all the wistfulness and uncertainty a child's face can often assume.

—Robert M. Coates

•

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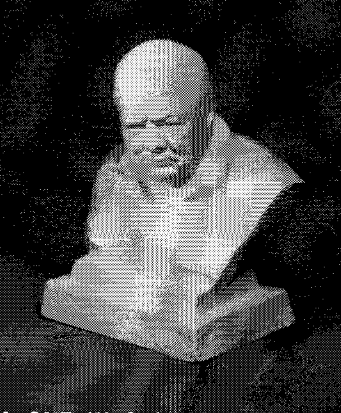

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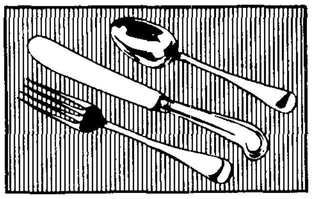

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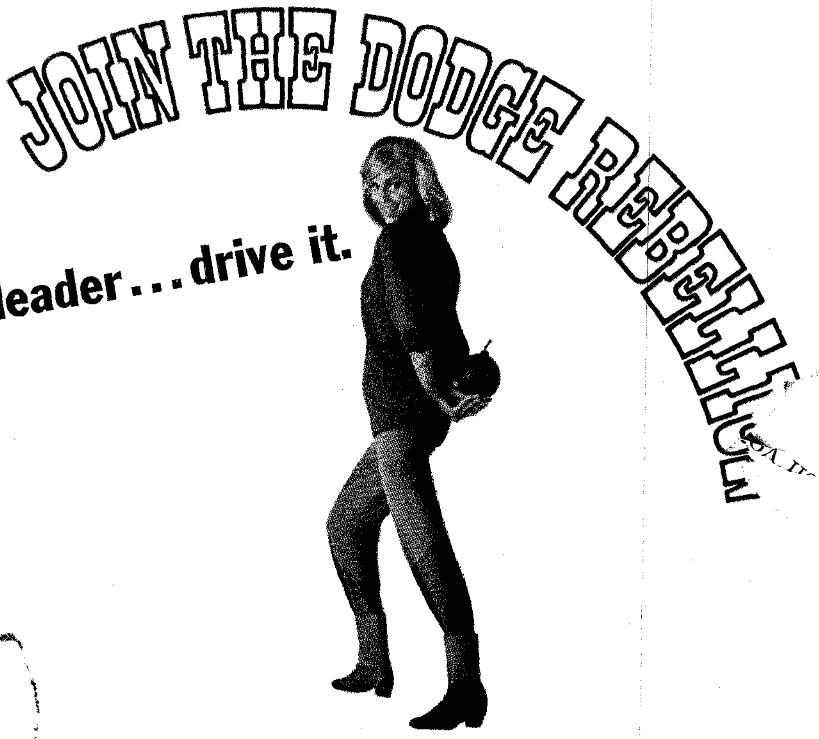

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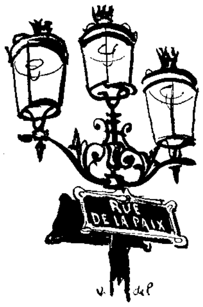
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 2



IT has been supposed from the first that the present French Presidential electoral campaign would be rather bizarre, if only because General de Gaulle has aloofly refused to say whether he will run in it or not. Even now, forty-eight hours before he makes his official TV announcement, three of his Ministers think he will, or might, say no, and several million French people think, or hope, he will say yes. The situation unexpectedly became almost ludicrous this past week when public attention, dramatically concentrated, as if at a theatre, on whether the great national star, still sitting in his dressing room considering his major Thespian lines, "To be or not to be," would make his reappearance or not upon the world stage, was suddenly and completely distracted by the political intrusion of birth control, like a catch phrase shouted from the cheaper seats in the gallery. It is the first time in French political history that the basic, intimate issue of family planning has dominated an election—the first time, indeed, that the doctrine of contraception has ever been argued and reported on, and in an explicit vocabulary, for any reason whatever, on the front pages of the entire Paris press. The birth-control issue was raised almost accidentally by the anti-Gaullist left, immediately turning into a brilliant chance political maneuver of enormous possible influence on women voters—a majority (fifty-four per cent) of the electorate.

It was a week ago this last Sunday that Deputy François Mitterrand, Presidential candidate of the now exceptionally united, and thus powerful, French left (composed of Socialists, Radical Socialists, Independent Socialists, and Communists), said, *à l'improviste,* in an electioneering speech on his own home ground at Nevers, "Women should have the right to have one, two, three, four, or five children if they so desire, or to have none at all." He afterward declared that he said this because he thinks it, but with no notion that he was kindling a vital political issue. Immediately, voting for Mitterrand was envisioned as voting for a birth-control government,

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whereas a vote for de Gaulle would be for a government that has quite correctly upheld (with no expressed thought of abrogating or reforming it) the French law forbidding "*la propagande anticonceptionnelle*," passed back in 1920 as a Parliamentary effort to fill French cradles left empty by the absence of husbands, or their deaths, in the First World War. On Thursday, the afternoon *Paris-Presse* carried the headline "LA 'PILULE' MISE À L'ÉTUDE EN FRANCE," meaning that the contraceptive pill was being investigated by the French government. In Parliament the day before, de Gaulle's Minister of Public Health, Raymond Marcellin, hurriedly discussed the pill (in his budget report), saying, "The government has no intention of avoiding the problem of planned parenthood. It expects to define its position after a study of all its aspects—medical, demographic, juridical, moral." He said that he and the Minister of Justice had been studying claims in the medical press that "the pill is not proved to be without danger" and that three recent cases of vascular thrombosis had resulted from certain preventives, and added that the whole contraception problem, in his personal opinion, was "a very delicate affair." Since M. Marcellin never once spoke up in favor of birth control, the Parliamentarians of the left said that he talked like an ostrich with its head still in the sand. He was also sharply questioned in the Chamber by the rich, energetic feminist deputy Mme. Jacqueline Thome-Patenôtre, who demanded of him that the 1920 law be modified so as to permit family planning as it exists in "evolved countries so unlike France." She added that it was high time for the French to drop their hypocrisy about their abortions, which, as she has already told Parliament, have lately reached a million a year—just like French births.

Because all the minor candidates felt that they should step into the political mainstream of birth control, Maître Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, the brainy, rather showoff, extremely reactionary lawyer running against de Gaulle, asked for repeal of the 1920 law because, as he cynically said, it had morally never worked in private any better than prohibition had worked in the United States. The new candidate of the center, M. Jean Lecanuet—who oddly presents himself as representing the deceived former Gaullist devotees, of which he was one, and who is now running, he says, for a Gaullism "the size of a normal man, not a super-

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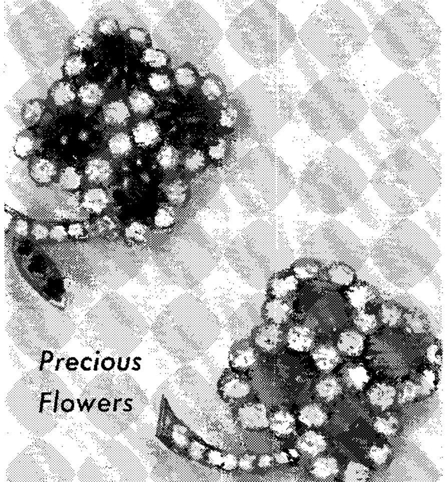

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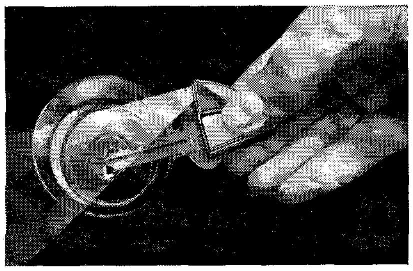

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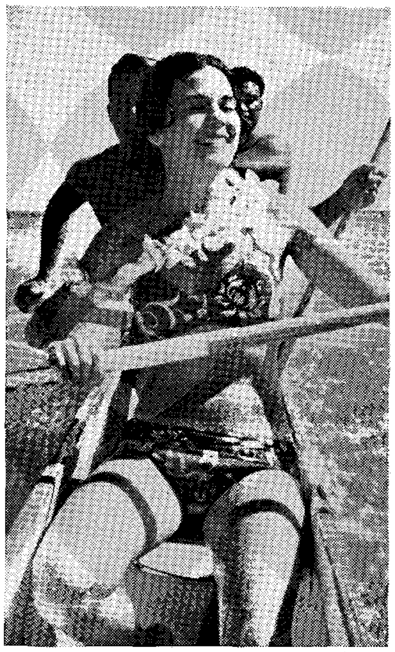

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man like de Gaulle"—made some sort of faint anti-left statement about even Christian groups' having lately been preoccupied with family planning. Apparently, this has been true, under cover, for several years, but it took the present political importance of the issue to bring the details to light. It seems that the first family-planning center was opened in Grenoble in 1961, and shortly afterward one opened in Paris; now about seventy centers nationally serve what is called, in Franglais, Le Mouvement Français pour le Planning Familial, with five hundred doctors willing to work with them. (Actually, as the law of 1920 stands, French doctors can be stricken from the medical register for disseminating birth-control information.) To all these activities the government chose to close its eyes. As a result, in the past six months three Paris city hospitals—the Necker, the Bichat, and the Broca—have quietly opened consultative services on family planning. It would now seem that no matter which political side wins in December—whether it is the left or de Gaulle himself or merely his candidate—permissive birth-control laws will be the eventual major result of this extraordinary Presidential election.

Each of the five candidates for the seven-year term (counting de Gaulle as No. 1) will be entitled to two hours' speaking time on both radio and TV, and will not have to pay a sou to the state network. Last week, Premier Georges Pompidou set up the national commission whose duty it will be to see that the campaign material used—especially on TV—is of "a dignified tone." It is already known that a biting little undignified film that Tixier-Vignancour has had made will certainly not be shown on the screen. It is a takeoff on the fairy story of Snow White, who in Tixier's skit has been turned into Marianne, the girl in sabots and Phrygian cap who represents the French Republic. She is looking at herself in her pocket mirror when suddenly her face fades out and de Gaulle's face fades in. At this, in fright, she drops her mirror, which breaks as she cries, "*Zut!* Another seven years of bad luck!" The difficulty of knowing what a dignified tone would be in a personal, political TV polemic against de Gaulle and his regime is already worrying politicians. A law of 1881 protects him, as chief of state, against what is called "any offense." But in the election will he be running as chief of state or just as a candidate? Politicians fear that he will be running as both, and that on TV especially—though this is their

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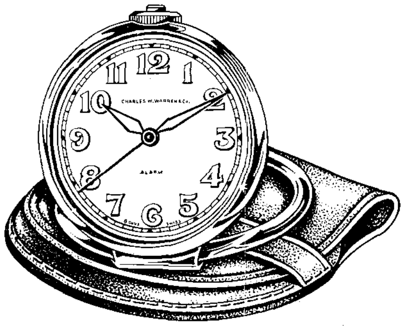

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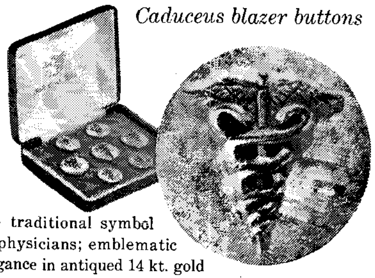

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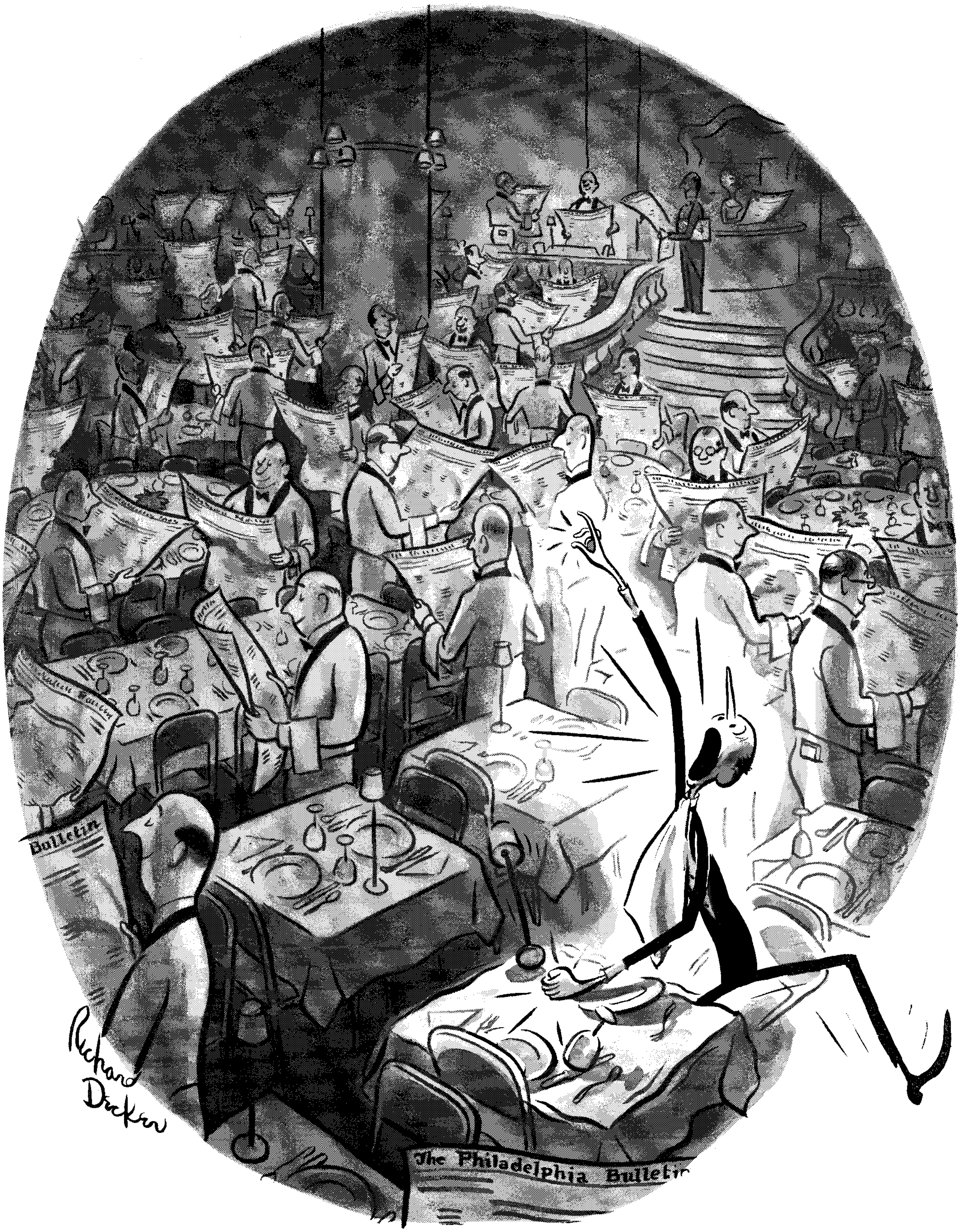
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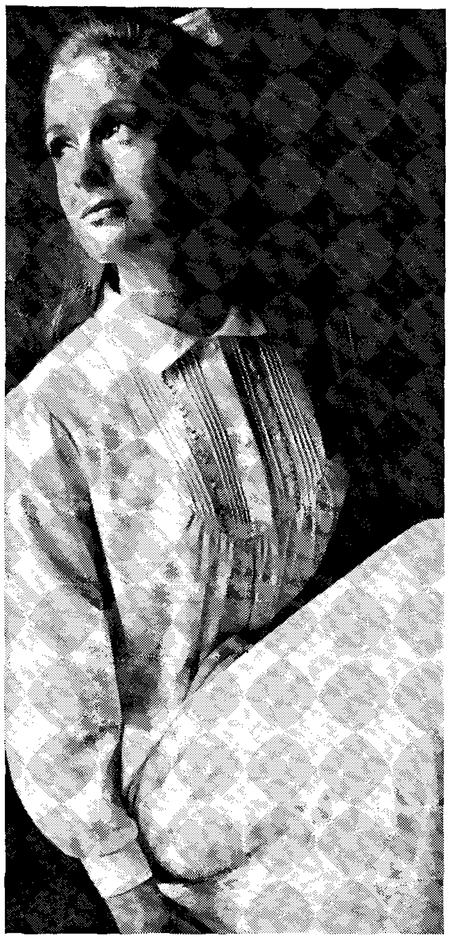

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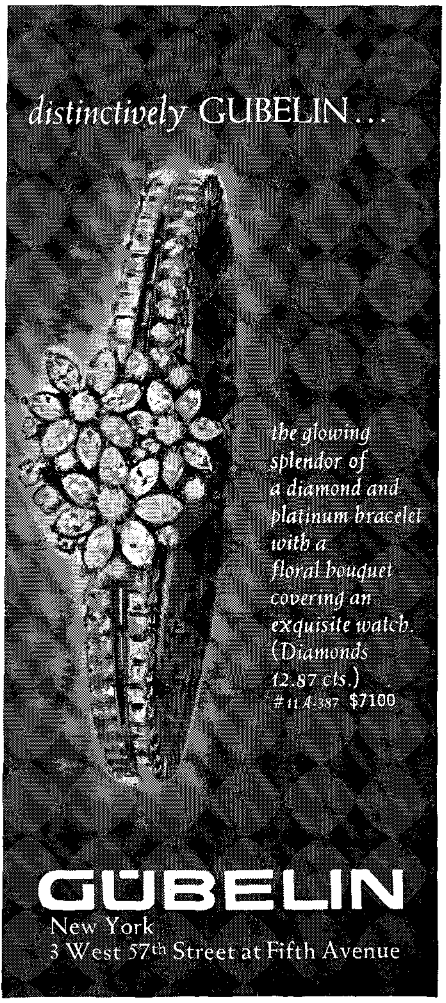
most valuable electioneering mass medium—they had better watch their “p”s and “q”s. French political emotions can be violent, and the dignified *grand Charlie* is known to be hypersensitive. In a recent trial here in Paris, the novelist Jacques Laurent, author of the Caroline Chérie series of frothy novels, but also the author of “Mauriac sous de Gaulle,” which is the book that made his trouble, was fined the equivalent of twelve hundred dollars and ordered to delete twenty-five pages from his book. He had accused the chief of state of being “a man of blood,” “a man who does not keep his word,” and “a fomenter of civil war”—all considered legally offensive. His lawyer pointed out in court that Laurent's case was the hundred-and-first such trial in the past six years of Gaullism, whereas there were only six trials for insulting state chiefs in the Third and Fourth Republics combined. They, however, were much smaller chiefs.

“Le Songe d’une Nuit d’Été,” Shakespeare's “A Midsummer Night's Dream” in French, has just been launched at the Comédie-Française, which is ordinarily more concerned with classic French tragedies, and it appears to be a helter-skelter success even before you step inside the theatre. Two hours before curtain time on Monday night this week, when the weather had suddenly turned cold, the standees for the cheap seats—those resistant theatre lovers, mostly young, willing to queue up in the chill wind—were thick in line behind the barricades in the Rue de Montpensier. It is a pleasure for us to report on this Shakespearean French production by the inventive, disrespectful Jacques Fabbri, because it is certainly the first time we ever saw Puck riding a bicycle, wheeling offstage at a great pace as he calls out (in French), “I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.” Everything about the production was nothing like the Globe Theatre, or even like Mendelssohn's lovely music, with which he niched it in the nineteenth century, where it does not historically belong. In such a way, Fabbri has tagged it onto 1965—made it three hundred years out of its time and, by a great stretch, eccentrically up-to-date. It begins, though you are hardly aware of it, with the house lights still on and the curtain already raised to show a maestro on the stage, dressed in a black, buttoned-up, démodé jacket, who is directing the piping of a flute player, similarly dressed. Shortly, they are joined by six more wind musicians of various sorts, who stroll in one after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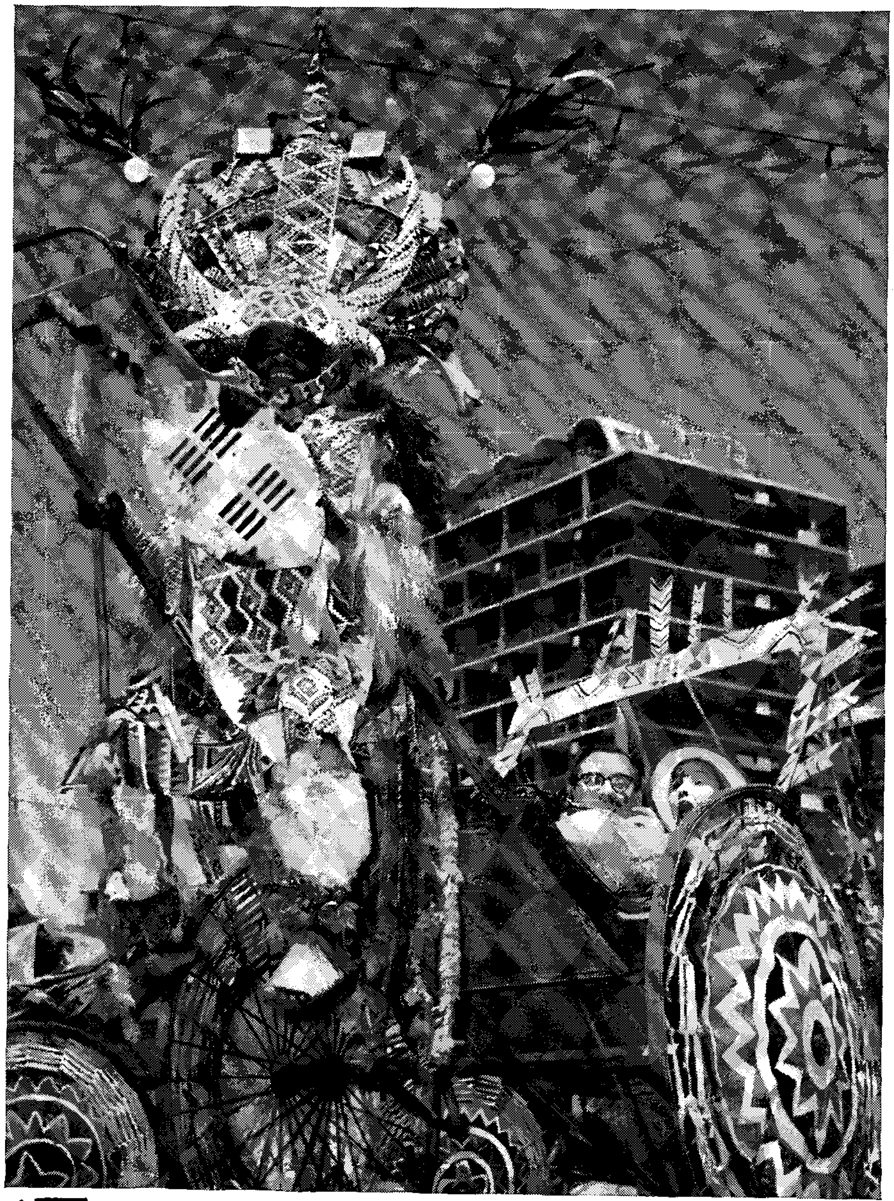
another, shake hands with the conductor, and play their parts in the diverting septet by François Robert, which is sometimes seventeenth-century in manner and sometimes stridently trumpeted and jazzed. As they individually finish what they have to play, they stroll off, after handshakes all around, leaving the maestro and the flutist together, just as we found them. The musicians then all reunite to sit high over the stage in a dimly lit black gallery in back, where they continue as music-makers for the play. Titania is dressed in gauze, like a star from the Lido floor show. The scantily clad toe dancers romp around as Athenian chorines. There is a remarkable chorus of elegant male giants wearing red wigs and what look like Regency dinner jackets edged with silver. Only Bottom (called Bottomophon by the French) seems singularly out of place in all this, because he is presented in the authentic costume and manner of the real "Midsummer Night's Dream"—a real Shakespearean country oaf. The translation of Shakespeare's nimble fantasy and writing is far inferior to the poetic version created several years ago by Jules Supervielle, in which one really heard an approximation of "A mermaid on the dolphin's back uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath," which certainly is lacking in the current presentation, intended for one's eyes, not one's ears. But it is all an amusing and giddy betrayal of the Bard that gays up the Comédie-Française winter repertoire and is well worth seeing as a typical Frenchy night out in Paris.

LAST year, the basement Creuze Gallery showed sculptures and other pious objects aimed at winning a prize offered by the Bishop of Lourdes for decoration of the Holy Grotto Church. Right now, the Creuze is showing Pop Art that includes a group of five pictures, painted by a group of three men, showing the assassination of Marcel Duchamp, who is depicted as his own nude self descending the staircase, down which he has just been fatally kicked by the painters in question, who have painted in their own portraits as the murderers. The last picture shows Duchamp's coffin covered by an American flag and carried by pallbearers in Army uniform, who are probably supposed to be his contemporary aesthetic disciples. A pamphlet written by the three assassins is given away free to Pop Art lovers curious to know what the whole affair is about, which the pamphlet fails to make clear.

—GENÊT



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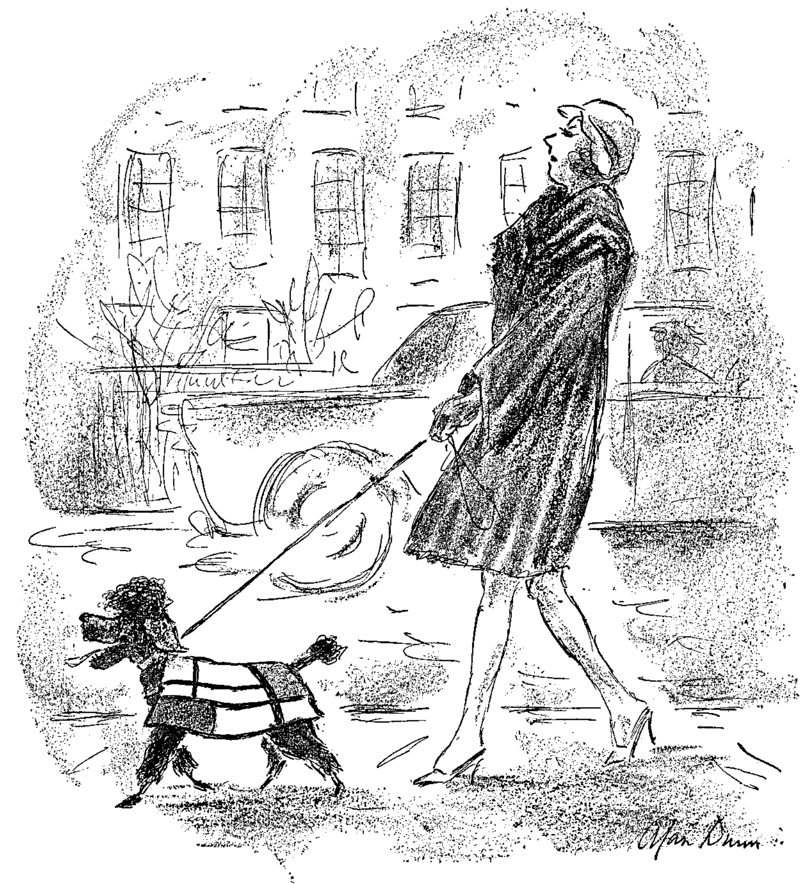
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

SENTIMENT is a beautiful thing in its proper place (wherever that is today), but sanity is all right, too, particularly as Thanksgiving and Christmas and kindred holidays come upon us. The age of Little Red Ridinghood is past, and children don't *want* to go over the river to Grandmother's house, with Daddy grousing all the way about the traffic. And anyway, Grandmother has snuggled into a compact apartment among neighbors who object to thumping and squeals at seven in the morning. In fact, the children I know just want to stay home with their age-group friends, Where the Action Is. So Grandmother, and the rest of us upon whom winter is apt to bear down hard, can with reason give thought to a holiday visit to a climate that is less truculent. A less truculent climate can lead to the reconsideration of a woman's wardrobe, which is what this paragraph is leading to anyhow. As it happens, the shops it is leading to, as well, are in the main custom establishments. To wit:

THERE is Scaasi, at 26 East 56th Street, who has a mind of his own (it likes to be manic) and designing cunning to back it up. An admirable silhouette, one that I have seen nowhere else, belongs to a gray flannel suit for en route. Its trim little jacket is basque, with seven buttons down the front. Its skirt is really round, with a blown-out look amidships; the whole thing is bias seams that go outward below the hips and then come inward at the hem—sort of lantern shape. An evening version of this is visible in brocade. Again, the trim jacket is buttoned; the dress has a sleeveless, oval-necked white top, and it is attached to a black skirt that likewise does its share of ballooning but is a bit more harem in feeling. In a conventional vein, nothing could be more sure of itself than a suit of white brocade in a crisscross design. There are a round collar and a fly-front fastening on the jacket; the neck on the dress is high in front. Buttons go down one side in back, and a sash of white satin ends in a bow at the waistline; below that are slight gathers. A normal waist and little gathers on the skirt appeal to Scaasi, which makes him revolutionary these days. For real sleek evening glitter, observe a suit that is a mass of black sequins. The military split collar is very high, and it hooks at the base, above the long-sleeved bolero; the separate skirt has a deep foldover in front. This military collar makes a daytime appearance, looking even more military with brass buttons in double-breasted array on a high-waisted coat of orange fleece. The two tiny flap pockets well up on the chest draw a brass button apiece, but the larger pockets below wear no brass. An inverted pleat at the back produces the almost inescapable A line. This is designed to be worn over a sleeveless dress of charcoal-brown wool that is high-waisted and is slightly gathered at both sides of a soft inverted pleat that occurs in front, for variety. Plenty of coat dresses are around here, one of them in a light-gray wool with a small windowpane check in charcoal—a turnover collar, three buttons below, then a wide belt of black leather. A bias seam down the back gives the skirt a slight flare. I think that evening pajamas (at custom prices, anyway) have Had It, but I must point out one of Scaasi's that has real structure. It is shown in silk crêpe that is entirely on the bias, but that's no trick; the trick is that it begins with a strapless slip, this in orange, that ends up as one pajama leg, and that over the slip goes an attached wide diagonal fold, front and back, in red, coming down from one shoulder and making the second leg without concealing the first leg. If I had an idea how it's done, I'd be in business for myself.

THERE is no mystery, though, about whom Castillo makes special designs for; it is Elizabeth Arden, and what he has done is not only simple but—well, simply great. First of all, his assortment of tweed or wool jackets to go with slick little matching dresses. The jacket of one, shown in purple tweed, is rather short and double-breasted, with high revers and four flap pockets, the bottom two of them right down at the hem; there's a waist seam on the dress, and a mere hint of gathers at the sides. This is $525 ready-to-wear and $825 to order, if the size and the color are not what the customer wants, and these prices give an inkling. Some of the ensembles of the genre add day-length coats. One of these is on view in chartreuse wool—six double-breasted buttons, dyed to match, and pocket flaps underneath the low waist seam. But in these instances it is the dress beneath the coats (or beneath any coats, as far as I am concerned) that floors me, for it is of a white matelassé wool jersey, with a small leather belt (its ends are fringed) to match looping through loops. For formal evenings, Castillo has done some short temptations, one of black wool with an



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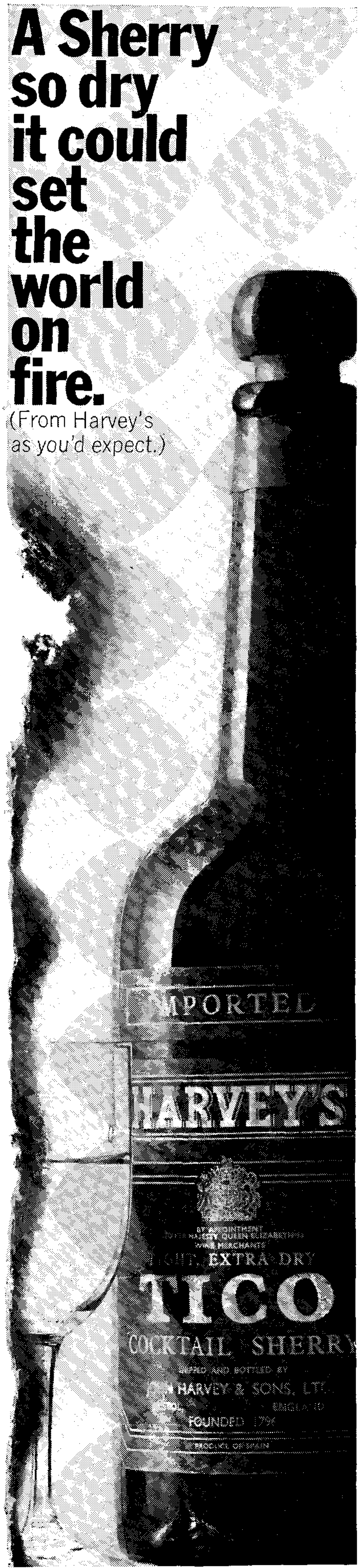
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anthracite sparkle (it looks like Lurex) twinkling within. This is for an unassuming sheath whose curved neckline is bound with the black satin that makes a bow in back of one hip. Another shorty, this one a costume, involves a double-breasted coat of black velvet, edged by the inch-wide silk braid that makes the buttons, and a sheath of the same velvet, with a V neck in front and a high back. *Muy suave.* Formal balls are dealt with in grand style—by, for one, Castillo's long coat of white quilted silk (pale gold-metal thread creates a geometric design all over it, and the double-breasted closing is handled by six self buttons) and his dress of silk twill, with narrow braid in pale gold making a triple-banded high waistline that ends in bows below the left breast. Being Spanish, after all, Castillo cannot resist doing a formal thing of black lace with a mantilla to be worn at will; the dress is strapless, and the ruffle that begins at the knees goes straight to the hem. The ruffle is split in front, right up to the bow of black satin at the top of it, this so it is possible to walk and even dance in it.

BETTY METCALF, who is at 779 Madison Avenue (66th Street), deals with a clientele that requires a wardrobe that will permit it to come to New York to shop, to continue to an art-gallery showing or to the theatre, and to wind up in a discothèque before it is homegoing time—all this without nonsense about elaborate packing. So, for long-distance or local journeys, she works out wonderful color contrasts and fabric contrasts by dyeing whatever needs to be dyed, even including the buttons, and with remarkable results—cashmere can take on one texture and silk another even when they are dyed in the same vat. She mixes fabrics with a practiced eye. Take the improbable combining of stuff in this costume—a dress of white brocade with big golden medallions all over it and a very high-waisted, jewel-neck yoke of gray flannel, and a metallic straight jacket lined with the flannel; a reversible coat (flannel and brocade) can replace the jacket. Another idea is to start off with a coat of brown-and-powder-blue mohair mix and to pair it with a sheath of powder-blue twill and/or a brown satin dress. Anyone who is going to Blenheim for the holidays should not order one of Metcalf's formal tweed skirts with velvet tops; the skirts are heavily threaded with wool yarn in violent hues and furiously active narrow bands of velvet. Metcalf is fond of rough, multicolored tweeds (she

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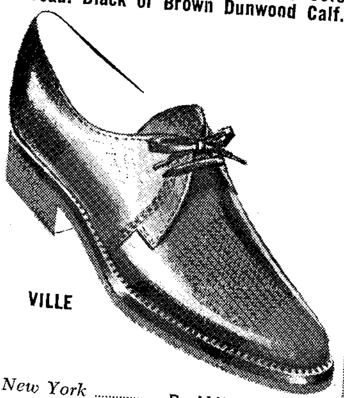
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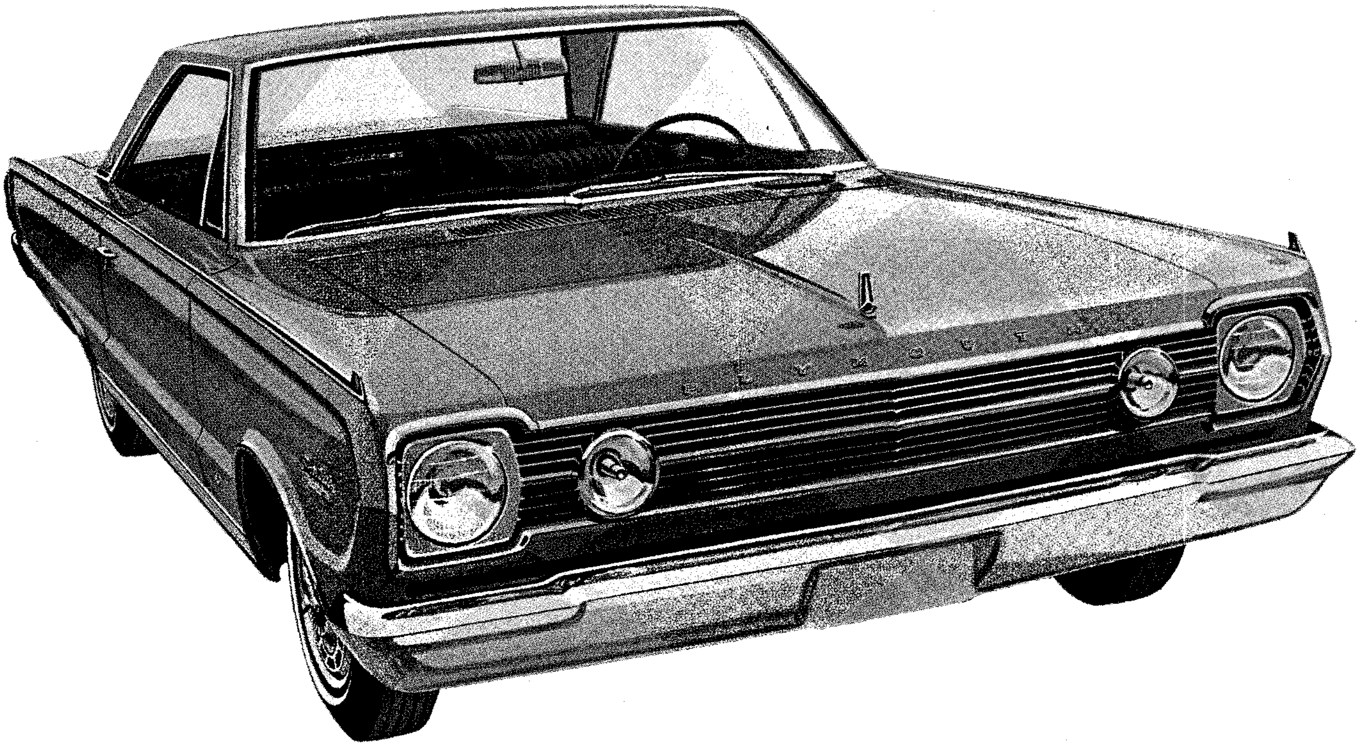

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claims that she keeps looking for calm ones and gets waylaid), but she does have some beautiful monotones, such as a pale-beige tweed with a crossbar in white. This she uses for, say, a coat with white leather buttons, for a skirt, and for the binding of a sweater in natural cashmere, to complete the ensemble-making. Metcalf also uses a lot of heavily ribbed stuff—for one, white silk ottoman, of which she does a long skirt or a short one, or both; for two, a ribbed jersey that *looks* like ottoman, which goes into a dress with a vertical panel in front and the ribbing horizontal elsewhere. Metcalf prefers a consultation with a new customer—coloration, way of life, all that—before getting to work on her, and putting oneself in her hands is a fine way to accumulate an infinitely adjustable wardrobe that can (with additions) go on for years.

Roget's, it seems to me, offers no substitute for "elegant" that has not been used to death, but the adjective still applies to the clothes turned out by Chez Ninon, which prowls the Paris collections for serene, well-brought-up designs to be duplicated on the premises. (This year, I might add, something else is going on here, too—custom furs, to the surprise of all; a prime example is a fat bunny coat, planned by Nina Ricci, with six double-breasted buttons of the fur in pompon form, plus two flap pockets way, way down. It's fine for taking off in a chilly region and arriving in a sunny one.) Capucci is represented here by a coat, very Directoire, of Bristol-blue wool, with a standaway bias collar and, through the top, some intricate crisscross seaming. Its best friend is a dress of blue jersey with a belt placed quite high. The artistry of Grès is displayed by a coat of double-faced wool with four bone buttons down each side of the bodice and welt seaming across the front of the low waistline; the seaming slants down at the sides to demarcate the pockets. From Dior comes a "divine" (again, no help from Roget) coat of charcoal tweed—a willfully *skinny* one, with tiny lapels, four small charcoal buttons, and a wide back belt that starts at the hips. I happened to see this perched on a Pertegaz dress of white jersey with a high-riding belt of black leather. The notions for evening can be whimsical. Proof of this is a short Patou costume that commences with a coat of rosy-red satin flaring widely at the hem and lined by fronds of white ostrich; it finishes with a strapless dress of white satin that is pulled up into a bow below one

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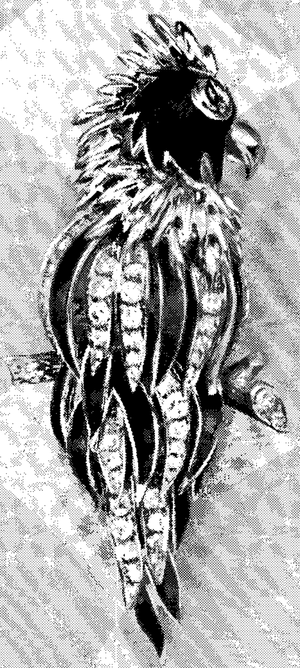
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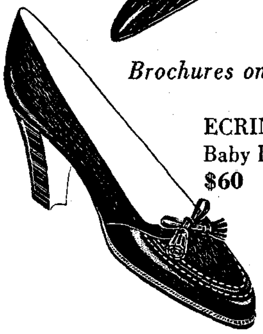

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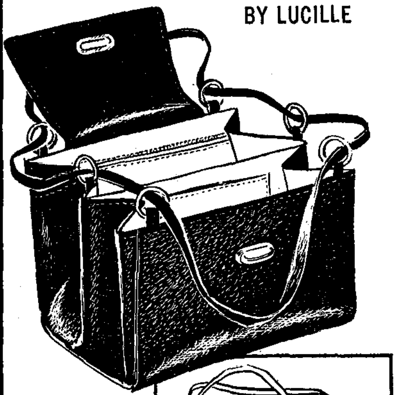

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shoulder. More of the conventions are observed, though, by Lanvin's long velvet wrap (it was Worcestershire-sauce brown when I viewed it) cut princesse style. Ninon thinks it belongs with Ricci's boat-necked dress of white satin, utterly plain forward and sporting a crossed surplice in back; this stunt ends in a bow at one side of the waist.

OLDRIC ROYCE is European all the way, but the designs shown in this country are dreamed up in New York and carried out with stunning European fabrics. I am thinking especially of a coat done in camel cashmere (it ties with a sash) and the accompanying dress, of cashmere in pearl gray, to match the lapels of the coat. Fine detail is one of the things to be expected of a custom house, and Royce supplies it, in—for one citation—the minute welt seaming on a costume of dirty-green cashmere. The seaming runs vertically from the shoulders to the hem and horizontally along the yoke of the jacket; further seaming circles the hips and runs along the yoke of the cashmere dress beneath. Amidst all the formality in a shorter length is a lissome thing of white satin brocade. It respects the current inclination toward complete, stark simplicity in front and surplice goings on in back; the sole ornamentation is a row of crocheted white buttons down one side astern. The skirt is also wraparound. And among the imposing ball gowns are such delights as a grand-manner dress of pink Staron brocade into which a hint of metal has been woven. The waist is decisively nipped in, and there are folds on each side and a deep oval neckline up top; the cap sleeves of the diminutive bolero jacket are of ranch mink. The prevailing liking for brown at any time of day is manifest here, as in a softy of a formal dress in brown chiffon—very high-waisted, with fullness below, both front and back. The bolero with this one is of turquoise satin, and brown bead and crystal embroidery appears at the hem of the bolero and around the string-strap top of the dress.

JONAI'S idea men and women are coming across with both color and trickery. The color can be red and orange and royal in a huge Paisley print that adorns a very fine corduroy that you would not know was corduroy until you touched it. This makes a waist-length jacket and an A skirt. Beneath the jacket there is visible what looks like a blouse—coral jersey, with a deep cowl fold at the neckline—but when you whip off the skirt

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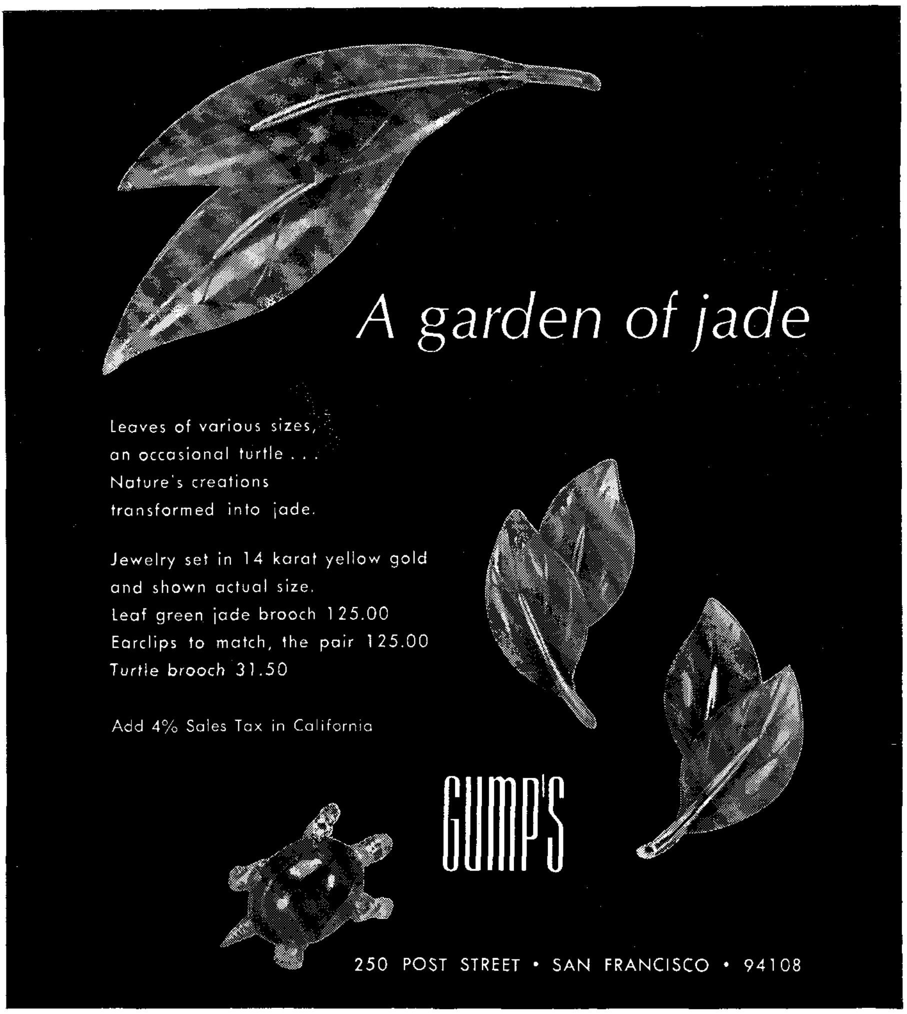
the pseudo-blouse shows up in its true role, as a dress. More color and more trickery are commingled in a pepper-and-salt tweed in brown and blue (brown salt, blue pepper—is this what we've come to?) for a sleeveless dress, equipped with a brown leather belt, to go under a reversible coat that is tweed on one side and blue brushed wool on the other. Another scheme is to put a coat of a mildly checked (Kelly, royal, and black) tweed over a jersey dress in one of these hues. These are merry enough. Louder and merrier are some of the other dresses, such as the one of green wool challis that bears a big, rowdy design in magenta. Its low waist goes even lower on the hips, and gathers make the very full skirt. The sleeves are long and tight, and a large fringed triangle covers the V of the neckline or covers the head. Or circumnavigates the hips, for that matter. Formal evenings may be taken care of by a day-length dress of black lace with low-down godets that are wired so that they will flare forward. A curving but V neck and short sleeves are the other identifications. For formal-length clothes, the Jonai plotters use saris (no two the same); a slender, strapless dress of green gauze with silver edging gets a great loop of the gauze starting at the center of the chest and swooping down to the rear of one hip, but this drapery is detachable. Swashbuckling may be indulged in by the acquirer of an evening adventure in lamé and satin—a coat of brown-and-gold lamé that is a swirling mass of tracery, with a small, slanting-in band collar and great fullness in back, plus a dress of satin in a muted brownish gold, with a high neckline and panels that are released below the buttocks.

SWEET reason is an attribute of the prices attached to the made-to-order clothes in the shop of Baba, at 136 East 61st Street—$135 for a street dress, to start somewhere, and $275 and more for a three-piece suit. With these sums goes the knowledge that Baba will never—not even hardly ever—cut more than one costume in a given material. Baba is a round young thing, she admits (just baby fat, though), so she has learned plenty about bias cuts that slim the figure. There were sixty-four items in the collection I examined, but—because there is no model in the establishment—colored slides are sometimes called into play. She makes her bias cut emphatic by using checked fabrics. I fell in love at once with a dress of white wool on which a small black crossbar pattern is imprinted; the crossbars make dia-



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monds when the cloth is used on the bias in the panel that curves down the front from the shoulders to the hem. Basic 66 is the name of a dress in a wool with a wine-and-white Tattersall check; on this one, bias inserts move every which way. Picking fabrics at random, I'll discuss the water-repellent ciré satin that is woven in reptilian patterns. One thing it does is a jacket edged with black seal and accompanied by a short skirt edged with the same fur; the blouse that pertains to them is of black chiffon. A sculptured red velvet that looks three-dimensional is put to work by Baba in the short jacket of a long, glittery pink evening dress of matelassé organza. Then there is sheer white wool crêpe, for a gown whose overblouse has a tiny Empire bodice and long sleeves, this of red velvet *lace*. Quantities of matelassé brocade woven onto wool are apparent, as in a dress with a long tunic whose neck is entwined by a tiny fur boa. Madame X is the title of a dress in Lurex jersey; it is full length, and the V in back reaches the waist. And Louisa May Alcott is the parent of a red satin dress that has little self-covered buttons down the front of the bodice and a prim long-sleeved jacket of white ribbon lace. All in all, young Mlle. Baba will bear, and get, watching.

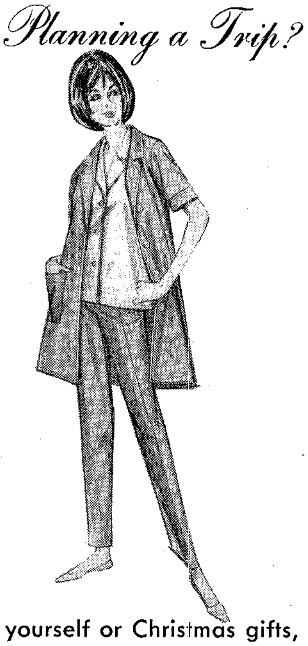
AND that is enough for now. It is also, I think, enough to prove that one thing may still be said for those who labor in our made-to-order enterprises: Custom does *not* stale.

—LOIS LONG

THIS AND THAT

At Home Abroad

THERE are times when the United States seems to have joined the Common Market, and this is one of them. Night after night, I come home covered with lint (mental, anyway) from Spanish evening clothes and Yugoslavian lambskin and Shetland sweaters and Mexican *rebozos* and Finnish woollens and Greek jackets and Scotch mohair and Indian silk and French raincoats and Henry Higgins cardigans, and if Henry Higgins isn't a country yet all by himself, he will be by the time we have heard the last of "My Fair Lady." Shall I give everything up for lint, or shall I go on with my story? My story takes us all to several places that are out of the way (anything more than twelve feet off Madison or Park or Fifth is out of the way now), but not very. Like Design Research, at 53 East 57th Street and again at 855 Lexington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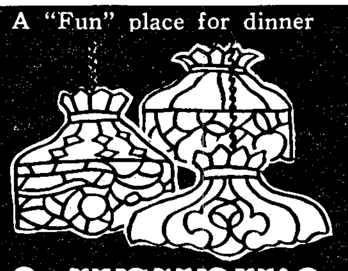
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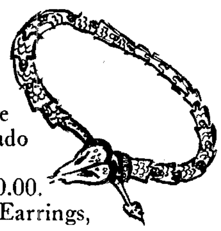
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Avenue (65th Street). Finnish (among other things) is spoken here, and worn, too. Such as an evening gown—purple wool to the hips, wine cut velvet below—with bracelet-length sleeves, and another evening gown, with the same sleeves and a great ruffle of black cut velvet above the hem of the skirt, which, like the rest of it, is of black wool, and a third one (sleeveless Empire bodice, narrowly striped with red velvet), also of purple wool. The short dinner dresses, of smock antecedents, are of cut velvet in what I would call rust. The range, all in all: $130 to $150.

Greek Island, at 215 East 49th Street, is another out-of-the-way. The island is not specified, but it must be Mykonos (where the little cruise ships go in summer), because the fishermen's jackets here are Mykonian: natural wool; matching ribbing for the collars, cuffs, and waistbands; red or beige linings. These windbreakers are $40. There are dresses, too—simple but knowledgeable afternoon ones of pink wool, with standaway collars, short sleeves, and drawstrings at the waist, at $45, to say nothing of a plenitude of giddy shifts, at rather more money. Some, of orange wool with fuchsia and green stripes, fasten just below the modest necks; some, of pale-blue slubbed silk, have a cutout square on the bosom, and this is piped in brown. Other colors may be arranged for, but this requires a message to the home office, in Greece, and two weeks.

About that Indian silk. It's at Sona the Golden One, a recent arrival at 11 East 55th Street, and it's perfectly beautiful. In blue with a print of mustard, green, and black goddesses (you wouldn't mind in the least worshipping *these* strange goddesses), it makes tailored blouses; in innumerable hues sprinkled with indeterminate designs in gold, it makes more of the same; in iridescent green (gods and bulls *and* goddesses), it makes overblouses with mandarin collars; in gold with an enormous Krishna (chameleon that he is, he is in green, red, and mustard) seated down front and charming his flock as he plays his flute, it makes collarless overblouses; in besequined blue, yellow, or red, it makes some blouses that are $40.75, the most expensive of the whole bunch. At-home trousers and knee-length tunics in a variety of silks into which gold flowers are woven add up to $60, a price that bestows a long, narrow scarf. The bare-midriff bodices and the long petticoats of blue, orange, pink, or green cotton cost practically nothing, and their cotton

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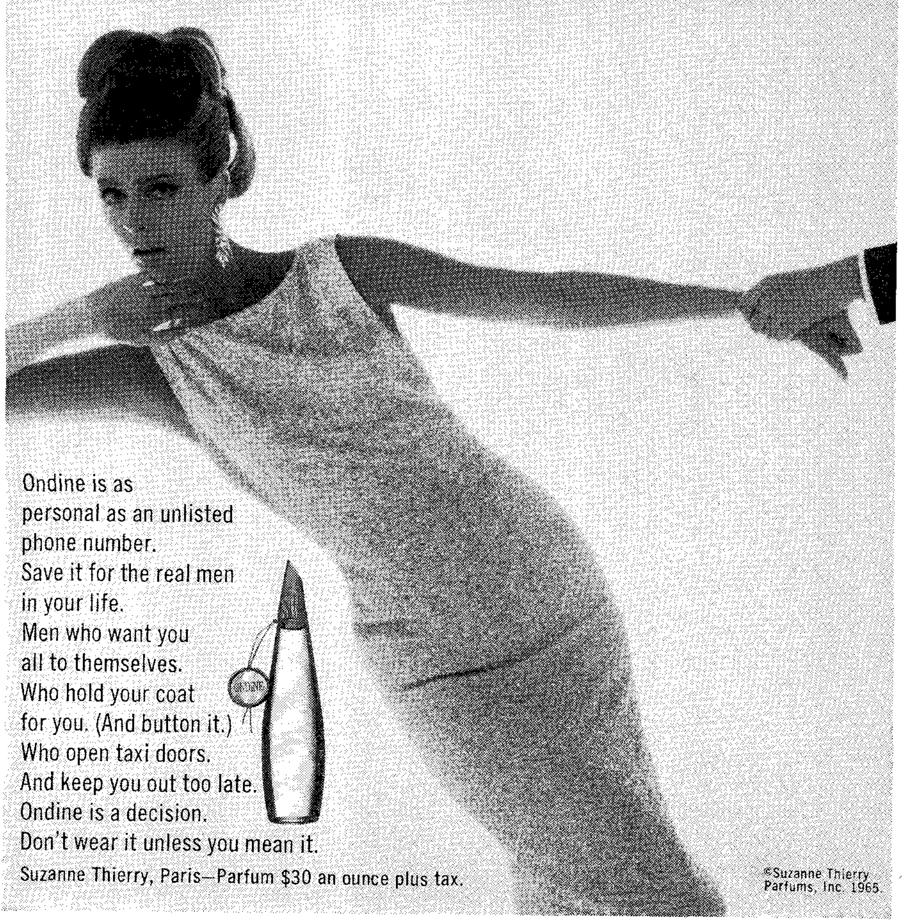

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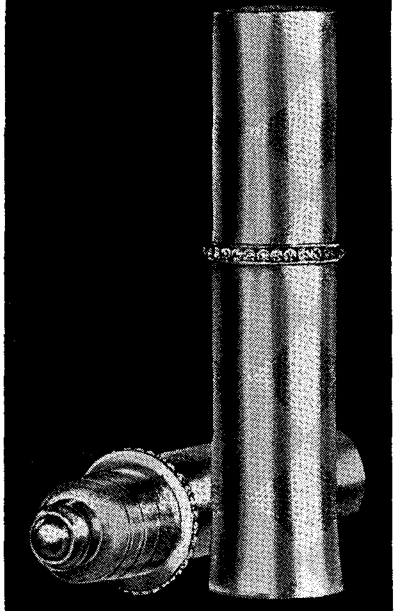

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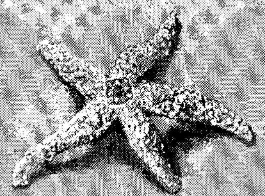
saris are no more than $17 to $26, but silk ones, with heavy gold borders, are from $40 up to $250. The bodices may also be paired with long skirts of pleated cotton in a print, with bands of cotton in a solid color going around the hips and the hems. Stunning, and just $21 a throw. The word applies, too, to the scarves around here, and to the silk clutch bags, eight inches long and on gold-metal frames, of silk in this or that hue. Again, the prices are mere nothings.

The Yugoslavian lambskin, bleached white, is in the All Seasons Shop of Bonniers, at 605 Madison Avenue (57th Street), and it is employed, smooth surface outside, for sheepherders' jackets, all except the collars and cuffs, which are good and furry; $90. Among their neighbors are hand-knit Irish sweaters of lamb's wool in a rib-and-knot pattern (natural, or plenty of colors); $45 for pullovers and $50 for those Henry Higgins cardigans. Shirts and shirt dresses of a white cotton that alternates vertical stripes and horizontal puckers (I can't see how) are ready and waiting; they can be duplicated in wool crêpe, rayon moire, or wild silk prints for anyone who will spare a week. Of course there are shifts, some of them of wool in one of the prettiest Paisleys ever, and some of wool knit—sky blue down to the hips and then chutney, or bisque and black, or azalea pink and taupe; anywhere between $75 and $140. And I thought well of the fine long skirts in bright or subtle steamer-rug plaids, with elasticized waistbands and with self fringe down the front. Solid-color turtle-necked Shetland sweaters go with them.

The Mexican *rebozos* hang out at Alice Schweitzer, which is at 739 Madison Avenue (64th Street), but they are not at once recognizable, because their coral, turquoise, or green wool has been made over into long, narrow skirts with cummerbunds at the middle and peekaboo fringe at the hems; $115. They have shifts in Mexico, too, and Paisley cotton, and the combination—with a bateau neck and pushup sleeves, and a border across the top, down the sides, and above the hem (that's a border?)—can safely be termed dashing; $55. Later-in-the-day shifts, with horizontal tucking and with lace at the Empire bodices and on the long sleeves, are of white cotton, and so are bare-armed party dresses, also equipped with tucking and lace. Their high-waisted sashes are of orange velvet, but the $115 will get you other hues. Simulacrums of charro trousers of soft black felt, with white



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soutache braid down the sides, are $25; in black wool with silver chains and discs down the sides, they can cost $125.

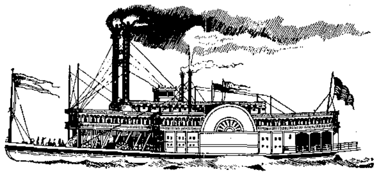
The after-dusk clothes designed in Spain purposely for Bloomingdale's Sutton Place Shop can be short ones of slippery black silk-and-worsted—short, with Empire bodices, surplice fronts, scooped-out backs, moderately bell skirts, loose jackets with ruffs of looped silk braid—or princesse, of the same yard goods. These last are black or navy, with black bows at the round necks, or white, with white bows, in which case they'd do for informal brides—their weddings, I mean. Taffeta in burgundy or black is for dresses with bateau necks in front, surplice backs, and a lot of fringe on the stiff-hemmed bell skirts, and black wool is for the long, tubular tunics with big poufs of taffeta at the split hems. For charity balls, maybe, are the long, lean dresses of royal-purple ottoman with peacock tails and purple beads at the throat. The scale of this collection is $90 to $140.

The French raincoats are part of Macy's Little Shop stock in trade—double-breasted ones of black nylon with matching mouton collars, and of navy nylon with matching lapin collars, and single-breasted ones of black vinyl with white or yellow standing collars, cuffs (elbow-high), and skirts. And I should put in a good word for the domestic double-breasted ones that are taupe corduroy down to the waist and then black vinyl.

Scottish hand-knit mohair-wool-and-nylon is what the fuzzy coats at Antartex, which is at 139 East 76th Street, are made of. They are $120, and most of them have removable back belts. White, yellow, apricot, brown, green, or blue; other colors, and non-standard sizes, require a pause of six to eight weeks.

THE rest of the story is *purely* domestic. There is, to begin with, the Ilka Suarez Boutique, now removed to 237 East 60th Street, and devoted to timeless and mannerly clothes, which can be accomplished in a couple of weeks—theatre suits of bronze satin brocade (coolie jackets, A-line skirts); suits of black matelassé (straight skirts, narrow turnover collars, two rows of rhinestone buttons high on the chest, tailored blouses of beige satin), these at $325; wraparound flapper dresses of the same stuff (bias cut, plunging necks, tie fastening on the left hip); dresses of featherweight pinky-beige matelassé, and handsome ones (collar-

All the flavor of New Orleans



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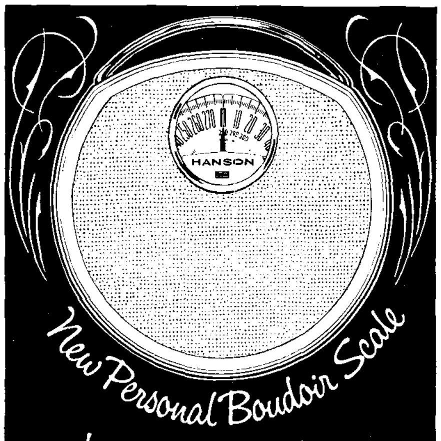

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less and sleeveless overblouses, skirts flipping out at the sides in inverted pleats), for a more lenient $130; dresses for "mature" women, of which there must be some, of brown silk that is nearly black (low, square necks, trumpet skirts, loose jackets with wide-open necks and elbow-length raglan sleeves). Customers with decided ideas may, though, order what they like.

This brings us to Bendel's new Caprice, a corner set aside for ready-to-wear millinery that is floppy, squashy, and easygoing—scarf hats, jester caps, motorcycle caps, Mod bonnets, puffy berets, turbans with looped handles (you dangle them on the way home from the hairdresser's), and hood turbans. Leather, cotton poplin, wool jersey, tweed, velvet, velveteen, satin, American broadtail, curly lamb, sheared lamb, Persian lamb, lynx, kangaroo, fox, rabbit dyed chinchilla, and black and white mink gills are all part of the Ark; $14 to $150 covers the cost. Caprice also stands ready to do anything that will suit the shopper's caprice.

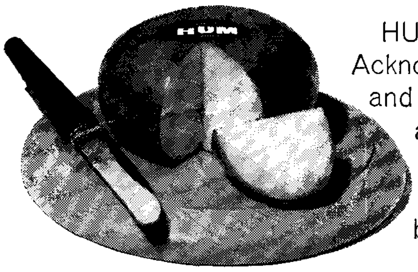
—M. M.

•

ALCOHOLIC

He was like the Lord drunk
at the sight of the world
and the size of his shadow
on top, like a newspaper blown
by the wind against a bush.
The green fields were his youth
where he and his mad companions
flew over the barefooted earth
in love. Compassion
for friends killed by the war
is marked as the village there
where the land pauses.
Then comes the wild forest,
the vacant cabin,
the birches decaying,
the half-rotten hemlocks,
the disasters of middle age,
a second life worse than the first,
the ever-present hint of collapse,
the great tree falling,
the world burned by sunlight
into a ball,
into cheap, green glass,
into nothing at all,
and him with no words,
no love,
drunk,
drunk at the sight of his shadow
and the spot shining there
where the light
reflects a toy marble
lying
by chance
on the kitchen floor.

—F. D. Reeve



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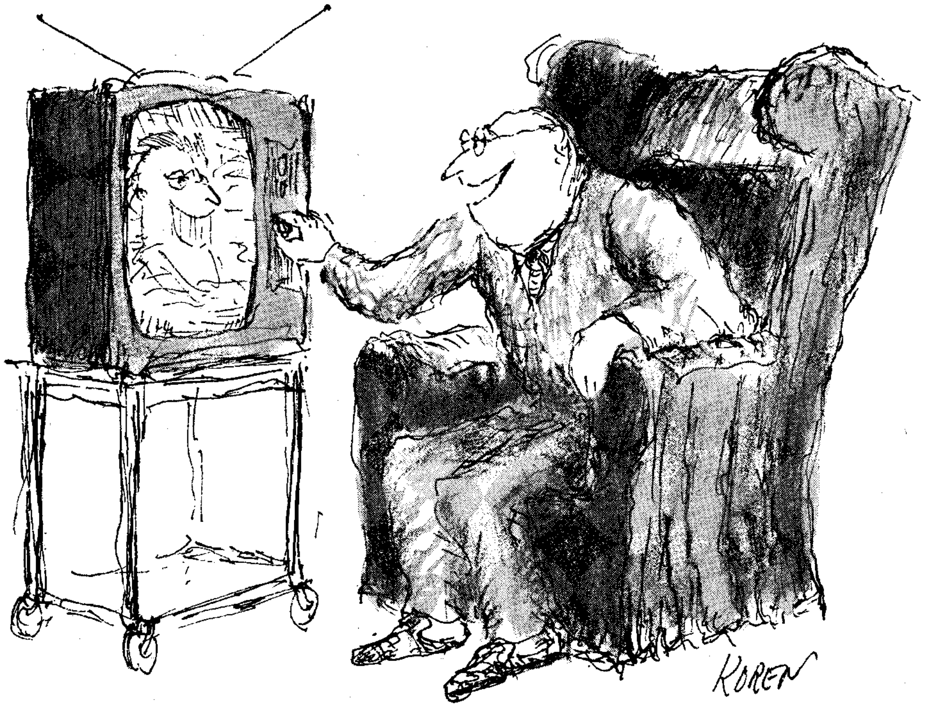
LETTER FROM SAIGON

November 3

Saigon today is a city at war not only with the Vietcong but with itself. I have been here a number of times in the last four years, most recently last spring, and each time there has been a difference in tone and atmosphere, mainly in the form of an increase in tension and toughness that has accompanied the increase in the tempo of the war. In no other period, however, has there been such a startling transformation as the one that has taken place in the last six months. When I left Saigon, in April, the American buildup was just beginning. The city, already raw and frenzied, awaited the heavy influx of American forces with confidence and with scarcely concealed greed. Now, with a hundred and fifty thousand American troops in Vietnam and fifty thousand more due to come, it is a thoroughgoing boom town. But, unlike the rest-and-recreation towns I remember from the Second World War—Sydney, to name one—which were quite a distance from the fighting, Saigon is surrounded by the war and, in effect, is part of it. Quite often, battles are fought only a few miles away, and across the Saigon River artillery and flares are heard and seen practically every night, while the skies by day are fuller than ever with screaming or sonic-booming jet fighters and bombers, roaring cargo planes, and sputtering helicopters—sky noises that mix cacophonously with the din of traffic. In the morning, at noon, and in the evening, the streets, many of them chopped up and unrepaired, are practically impassable. The smell of exhaust from the hordes of motorbikes, cars, trucks, and buses fills the air, along with the odor of uncollected garbage and of sheer human swarm. Restaurants where it was once possible to eat a leisurely meal and conduct a quiet conversation are now bursting with boisterous soldiers, and after five o'clock the bars are as crowded as New York subway cars in the rush hour. The Vietcong have been sabotaging the overburdened power lines, and in the evening large sections of the city are blacked out. Every day, there are accounts in the newspapers of raids on brothels and of the arrest of Americans and Vietnamese as a result of fights in bars and other public places, and, all in all, Saigon is scarcely restful.

The overblown condition of the capital has a more serious aspect, too, which has to do with the nature of the war—a war that contains a great many subtle and subtly conflicting social, psychological, and economic elements as well as military and political ones. For the Vietcong, it has always been primarily a war of subversion and attrition. In past years, the campaign of subversion was concentrated in the countryside, where the principal objective of the Communists was to win over the peasantry. To a considerable extent, they succeeded in doing this, but now, what with the deterrent force of American air power, which has blunted their military offensive and upset their political balance, the Vietcong have begun to lose ground in the villages; just how much they have lost and whether they will be able to retrieve it are matters of conjecture. Partly because of the pressure to which they have been subjected in the countryside, they are now paying more attention to the subversion of the cities, and especially of Saigon. The situation is ripe for such tactics, because the capital, in addition to its physical wounds, is suffering from a severe inflation. The cost of living here is officially said to have risen forty or fifty per cent this year, and according to some unofficial estimates it has doubled. Thanks to an emergency import program, which has brought in a hundred thousand tons of rice from Thailand and two hundred thousand tons from America, there is no shortage of this basic commodity, but the price of rice remains high, and some economic experts say that it won't go down unless the United States floods Vietnam with rice. The same goes for certain other necessities. Aside from the masses of the poor, those who suffer most from high prices are civil servants and other wage earners with fixed incomes. The recent increase in family allowances for Vietnamese soldiers has not helped matters, and now observers are saying that instead of more money the families should have been given extra rations of food and clothing.



"Thank you! I've enjoyed our little conversation."

The government, with American help, has made some efforts to curb inflation, but these have so far proved unavailing, and in terms of Vietnamese piastres on the black market the value of the dollar, as well as the price of gold, which is considered the most important financial indicator, gyrates from day to day. There are still far too many piastres around, and costs keep rising—construction costs are up about two hundred per cent over last year, and some rents have increased fivefold in a matter of weeks—but, money glut or no money glut, the government has been unable to devise a workable taxation scheme, and virtually no income taxes are collected. Bribery and corruption are widespread, among other places on the waterfront, where the Vietcong, taking advantage of a confused labor situation and a transport bottleneck, are siphoning off or surreptitiously purchasing undetermined quantities of incoming goods, including some war matériel. Hoarding and speculation remain rampant, despite government threats to execute any

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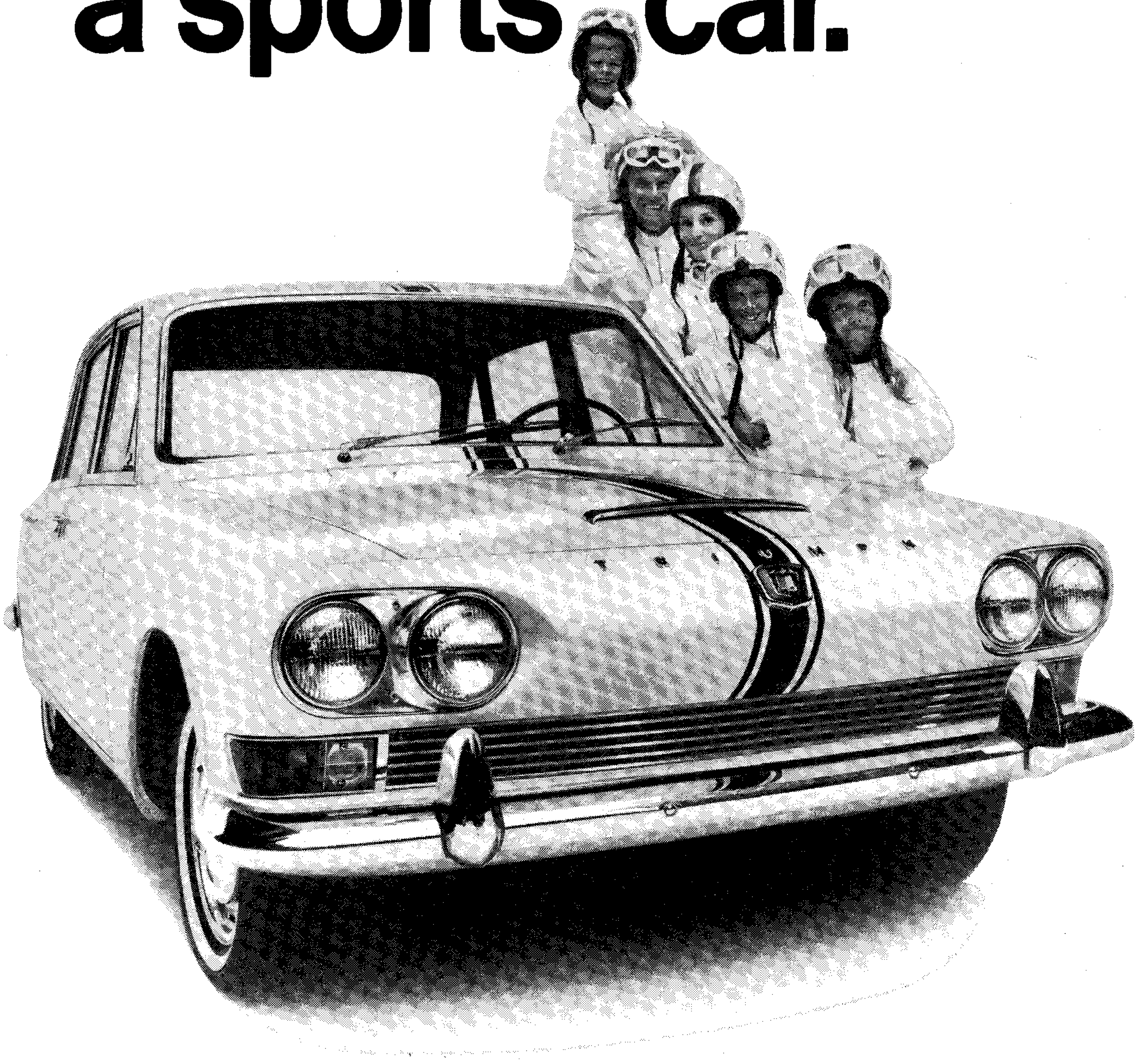

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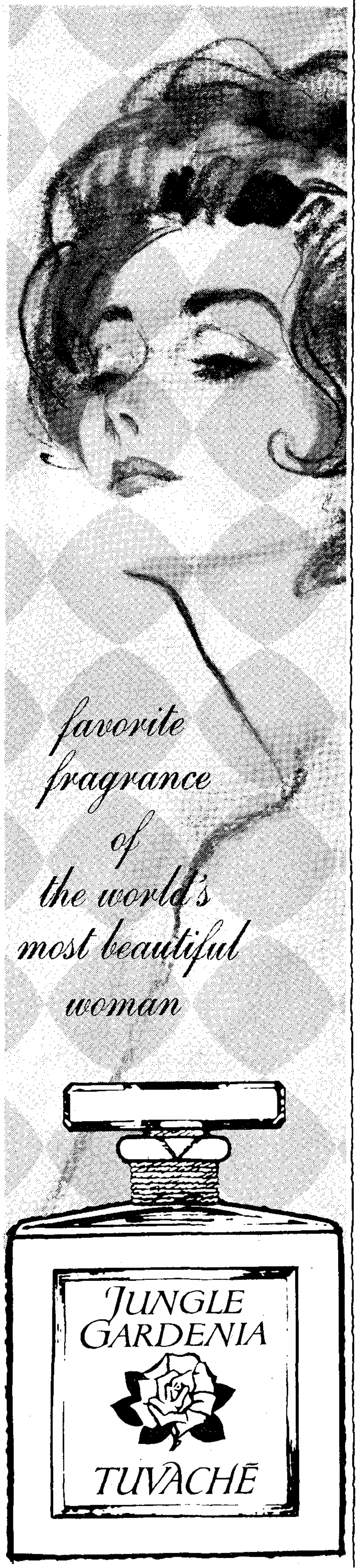
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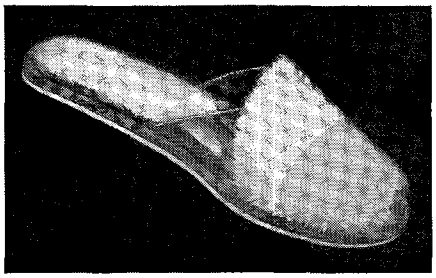
black-marketeers who are caught. There has also been a sharp rise in crime, especially robbery, and in juvenile delinquency. Saigon's troubles have been compounded by an influx of refugees from the battle areas, most of whom are living in shacks or in abandoned warehouses on the fringes of town. The government is planning to construct eight resettlement centers, but these are mostly for soldiers' families and local indigents, and, anyway, only two are in the process of being built. In the last year or so, Saigon's population has risen from two million to two and a half million. Never have the contrasts between rich and poor seemed to me so sharp. In making two long tours around the city, I have seen a number of fine private homes, with high walls around them, going up in what are considered Vietcong-infested neighborhoods, only yards away from dilapidated huts and from dumps being scavenged by skinny youngsters and bony old men and women. On the personal orders of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, the government has started a pilot community-development project in one of the worst slum districts. Stress is being laid on education, health, and hygiene, and, to the credit of an efficient force of ten trained young administrators and forty local volunteers, some progress is being made, but this belated effort is no more than a drop in the bucket. The rich grow richer, and the ordinary people have been ignored; until a lot more has been done to restore the balance, the situation will remain explosive.

These grave economic and social conditions have furnished the Vietcong with an opportunity to cause trouble, and it is known that in spite of improved police precautions, squads of Communist propagandists, saboteurs, and terrorists are infiltrating the city in growing numbers; it is even said that the equivalent of a Vietcong battalion of Saigon youth has been taken out, trained, and then sent back here to lie low, with hidden arms, awaiting orders. Such reports, whether true or false, naturally contribute to the tension of a people who are dreadfully tired of the war and have so little confidence in their government that they are not at all sure they want to go on fighting to defend it. The Vietcong propagandists have, of course, taken advantage of this mood, and they constantly refer to the misery suffered by the masses as a result of the high cost of living. The Americans are blamed for it, and are cast more and more in the role of plundering successors to the colonial

Should you wear your Dearfoams at a party?



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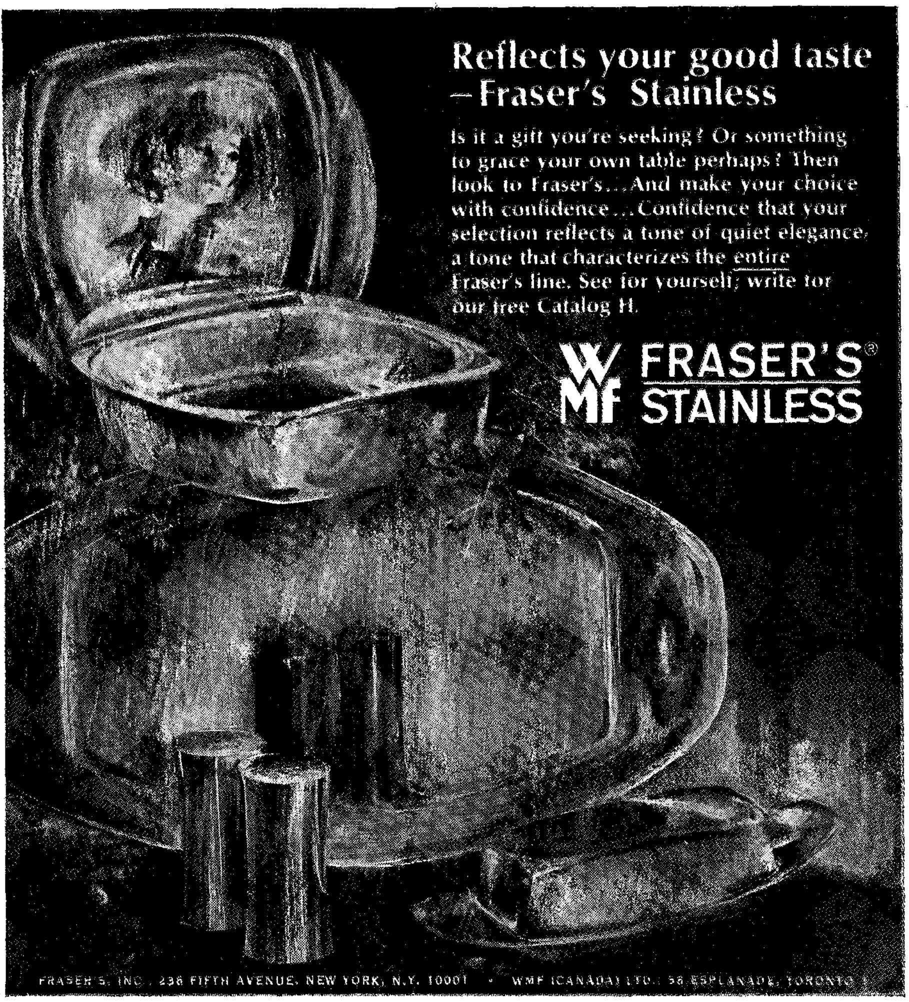
French. In actuality, resentment is rising on the part of many nationalist-minded Vietnamese not so much against the Americans as against fellow-Vietnamese who are getting richer because of the American presence in the country; there is a wide range of such persons—from building contractors to prostitutes, who can earn four or five times as much in a month as a province chief or a Cabinet member. Prostitutes aside, a new privileged class is emerging, not only in Saigon but elsewhere in the nation—an American-financed class that complements the old French-educated class, which still dominates the government and much of the country's economic life. The peasants resent both classes, which is one reason they still turn to the Vietcong.

The Vietcong called for a Hate America Month, starting on October 15th, which was the first anniversary of the execution of Nguyen Van Troi, a young electrician who was executed for attempting to blow up a bridge over which Secretary of Defense McNamara was approaching the city. A general strike that was supposed to take place throughout the country on the fifteenth didn't materialize, and while some analysts believe that the Communists failed to carry it off, others maintain that they didn't really expect to but were simply using it as a scare technique and a means to bargaining in the future with some of the pro-government or neutral or self-seeking labor leaders. The National Liberation Front radio is still calling for acts of terror ("One American killed for every city block"), citing the continued use by the Americans of tear gas and crop-destroying chemical sprays, together with the bombing of civilians, as justification for reprisals, and, incidentally, making great capital out of the demonstrations in the United States against American policy in Vietnam and particularly against the use of such weapons. (Actually, there is as yet no sign that the people in the villages are blaming the Americans as much as the Vietcong claim they are for participating in the war or for using whatever weapons are deemed necessary; while it is true that testimony by refugees and Vietcong deserters on these matters may not be the best guide, they do say that most villagers are inclined to blame the Vietcong's presence among them for attracting bombers.) The Communists' anti-American propaganda drive is bound to continue under any circumstances, and the Americans here are not taking the threats of terror lightly. Trouble was anticipated on In-



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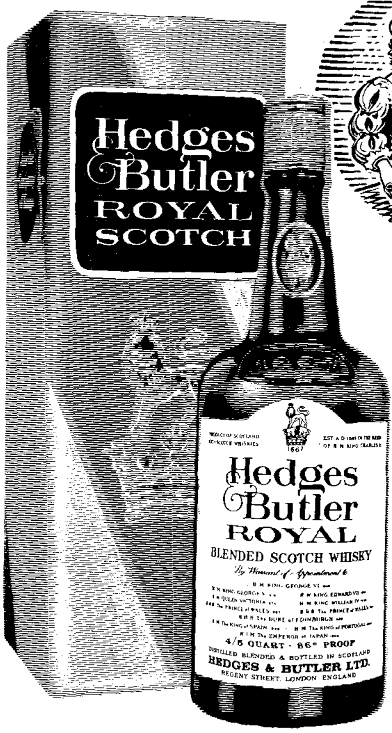

Charles II (1630-1685), in a pleasant mood while enjoying a great roast at a Christmas dinner, is said to have addressed his court: "Fond as I am of all of you, yet I have a still greater favorite—the loin of good beef. Therefore, good beef roast, I knight thee, Sir Loin."

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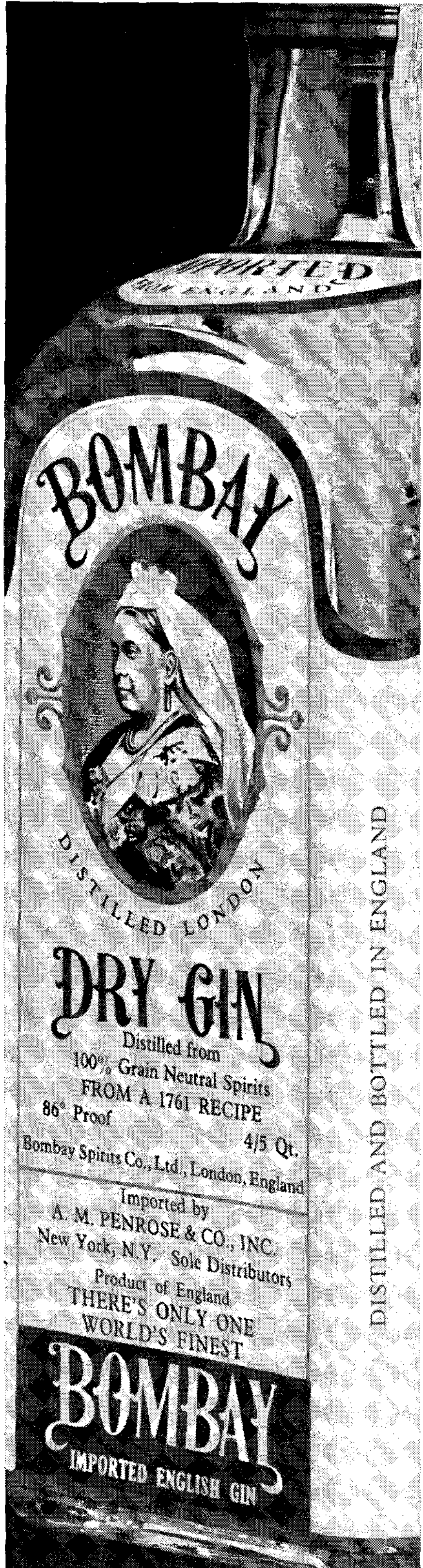
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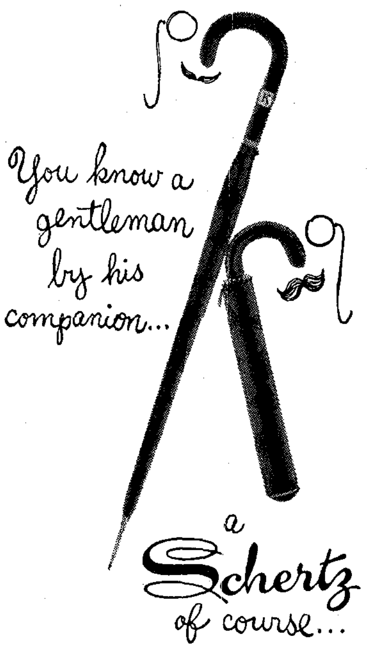
dependence Day, November 1st—the anniversary of the overthrow of the Diem regime in 1963—but the celebration, for which the government went all out, providing, among other things, a long military parade with air cover, followed by a gaudy reception at Gia Long Palace, went off without mishap. Frequently, the Vietcong wait until such an event is over and then strike, and the weeks and months ahead are apt to be difficult ones, with the possibility of riots and insurrection spurred by inflation as the war moves on into a new phase.

THERE is little doubt here that the new phase has already begun, but there is considerable argument about what it portends and what effect, if any, it will have on the chances for negotiation. Most experienced observers tend to believe that this long and complicated war will last a good deal longer and get a good deal more complicated, even though some negotiatory sounds may soon be made by Hanoi and/or the National Liberation Front. The past few months of the monsoon season have certainly proved to the Vietcong that they run a severe risk whenever they employ more than a battalion, or perhaps two companies, in an operation, or whenever they move about in any large force, even without attacking. The series of summer and early-fall battles in the central and northern coastal provinces, plus a few in the Delta, to the south, have clearly demonstrated the ability of American and Vietnamese ground elements to beat back the enemy in any engagement involving as many as four hundred Vietcong—an ability that is due to the combined advantages of air transport of troops and the quick-strike bombing-and-strafing tactics that the Americans have developed and refined with remarkable success and have used with very few of the mistakes that formerly caused "avoidable" civilian casualties. (A recent survey of tactical air strikes admitted to only nineteen cases of bombing or strafing error out of a hundred and forty thousand sorties.) However, except in the Battle of Chulai Peninsula, in August, when American Marines trapped and killed more than six hundred hard-core Vietcong troops bottled up in a stronghold, what has also been proved—so far, at least—is the continuing failure of large-scale attacks to catch and destroy many Vietcong; most victories, in fact, have been the result of repulsed enemy attacks. The mid-October offensive in the province of Binh Dinh, involving most of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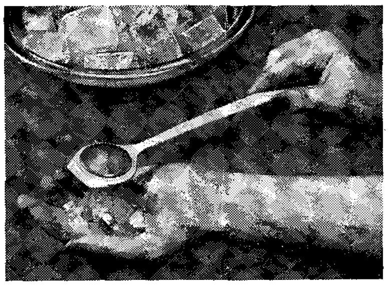

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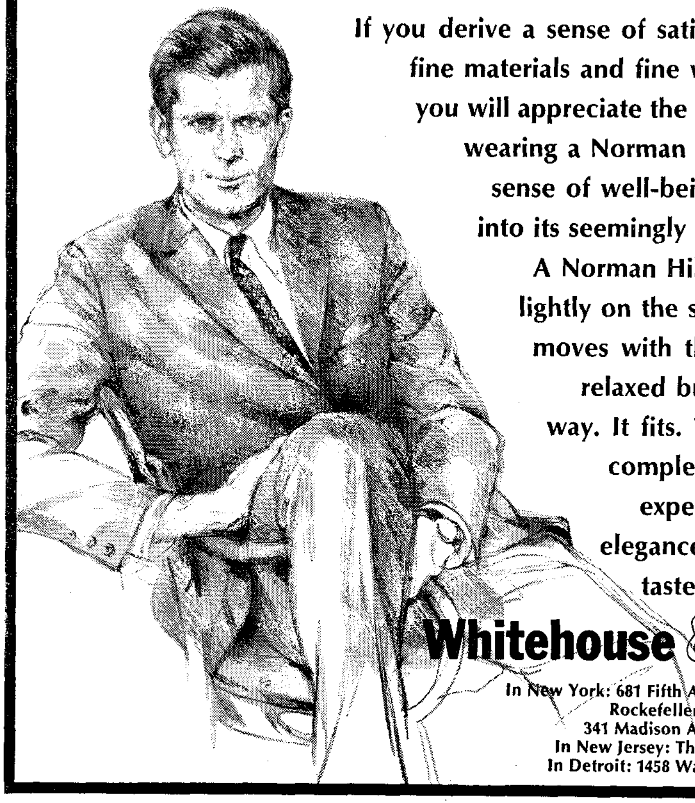
the American 1st Cavalry Division and large contingents of Vietnamese Marines—fourteen thousand men in all—failed in its essential purpose of catching and destroying the main elements of the 325th North Vietnamese Division, simply because the operation was big and uncoördinated, so that it was impossible to plan and mount it without the Communists' getting wind of it at least two days in advance. Both in Binh Dinh and in a smaller battle, in the Delta, the Vietcong apparently succeeded in bringing supplies in from their coastal bases, avoiding any big engagements and suffering casualties that were modest for so daring a maneuver. The strategy and tactics of the Vietcong in a whole series of more recent battles, including big ones in the last week of October—at Plei Me, in the highlands, and Phu Yen, on the coast—were obviously based on the need to keep open their lines of communication and supply eastward from Laos, southward across the Seventeenth Parallel, and westward from the sea. In view of the current preponderance of American force and firepower, it seems certain that the Vietcong will never be able to cut the country in two, as they had hoped to do this summer, from the Laos border across the central highlands to the ocean, but their capacity for maintaining an astonishing mobility in the jungle and for mounting major destructive efforts from time to time remains undiminished. As the last fortnight of violent fighting has shown, there is no likelihood that heavy bombing attacks on known Vietcong jungle strongholds, even when combined with a growing employment of heavy artillery, can impose enough losses on the Vietcong to impair this essential capacity.

The latest estimates of Vietcong strength—at least eighty thousand hard-core troops, a hundred and twenty thousand regional and local guerrillas, and some thirty thousand generally unarmed political cadres, adding up to two hundred and thirty thousand men—show about a twelve-per-cent increase in the past several months, even though approximately twelve thousand Vietcong have been killed so far this year. It is estimated that at least a thousand hard-core soldiers and cadres are still infiltrating the country each month from North Vietnam—a figure that is expected to more than double during the coming dry season in the highlands, and that denotes a growing North Vietnamese influence within the Vietcong ranks. For its part, the Saigon government now has six hundred thousand men under arms, including two hun-



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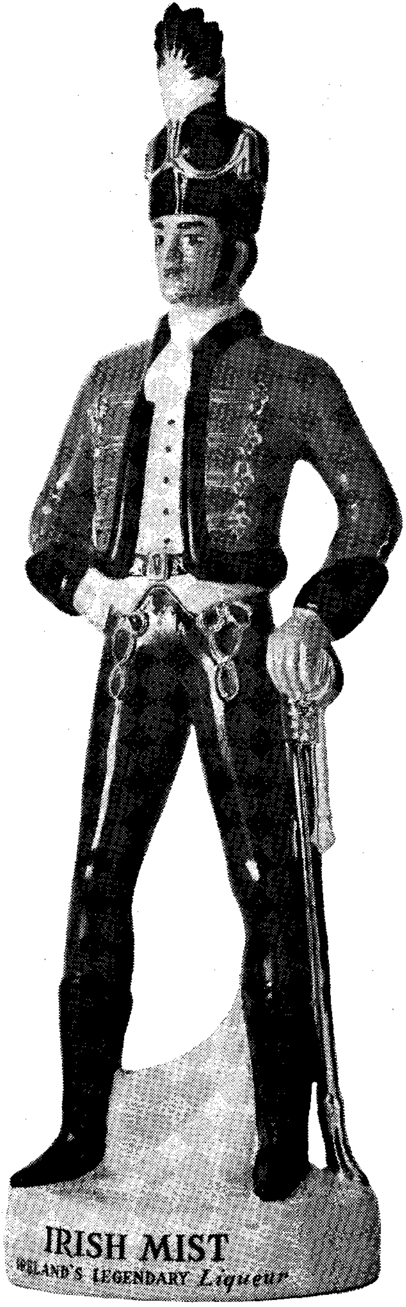

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dred and fifty thousand in the Regular Army. When the hundred and fifty thousand Americans are taken into account, the over-all anti-Communist force maintains a ratio to the Communist force of a little more than three to one. The argument that new mobility and firepower make it unnecessary to have the classic ten-to-one superiority over a guerrilla force in order to defeat it cannot yet be said to have proved itself, even though there has been a general improvement in the military situation, with something between three and five times as many guerrillas as government soldiers being killed each month, and with the ratio of Vietcong defectors to government deserters having now swung heavily in the government's favor. Over all, the Vietcong hold just about as much of the country (around two-thirds) as they did when I was here in April, and although they have lost control over some segments of the population—notably seven hundred thousand refugees who have fled to government-held cities—they still dominate more than half of South Vietnam's fifteen or sixteen million people. In such key provinces as Binh Dinh and Quang Ngai, on the northern coast, and Kontum, in the highlands, the situation is not much better than it was in the spring, and in some areas it is worse. In a number of vital places—including the Chulai Peninsula, where they were badly beaten in the August battle—the Communists waited until the American and Vietnamese troops left and then moved back to regain control of the area. In the Delta, the government's position has improved somewhat, though the Vietcong still hold most of the ground and most of the people there, too; the plain fact is that there are not enough Vietnamese or American troops to clear and then hold all important areas, let alone lesser ones. Some of them can be blocked off for a time, but sooner or later the Vietcong filter back in and reëstablish their domination of the villages. To hold as well as clear, a million more troops would be needed.

It has been correctly said, then, that what has been achieved in South Vietnam over the past summer is simply the denial of a major victory to the Vietcong. In itself, that is no small achievement. It does not mean, however, that victory for the Vietnamese government is anywhere in sight, either militarily or politically or socially. The highest-ranking Americans here, both in the Embassy and in the Army, agree that there is still a very long way to go, and that to propound any other view, as

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some influential Americans are doing at home, is not merely erroneous but dangerous. It is also considered dangerous to underestimate the ability of the Vietcong to adjust themselves to the new military situation, perhaps by returning to a phase of guerrilla warfare that combines political action and subversion with hit-and-run military thrusts and the occasional battalion-size attack to gain a major victory for morale purposes. (The Plei Me battle may have been prosecuted as fully as it was by the Communists for that reason.) In the months ahead, the Vietcong's chief objective will undoubtedly be to control as large a proportion of the rice-growing regions as possible during the harvest season, so that they can gather rice to store in their hinterland and underground sanctuaries. It will be virtually impossible to stop them from achieving at least part of their aim, and the degree to which American troops and, more important, Vietnamese forces are able to keep the Communists on the run, deny them rice, and spread what is now called "a mantle of security" over key areas in pivotal provinces will be the real indication of progress made. More than half the American troops and most of the Vietnamese troops will be actively engaged in this task, which will require the sort of painstaking search-and-destroy actions, lasting weeks, that have been so often promised but never successfully carried out. The government troops have indeed shown an improvement in morale and aggressiveness in the last few months, but there is as yet no proof that they are willing—let alone able—to undertake the arduous job of remaining indefinitely in the villages they have cleared.

RELATING the military and political position of the Vietcong today to the possibilities of negotiation is extremely difficult, and analyzing these possibilities is further complicated by the unclear relationship that exists among the National Liberation Front, Hanoi, and Peking. That there are differences, reflecting not only traditional Vietnamese fears of China but fundamental disagreement over Communist aims and strategy in Southeast Asia (especially between the National Liberation Front and Peking), is becoming apparent. There have been some recent signs of a willingness on the part of the Liberation Front to enter into preliminary discussions, possibly without insisting on the prior withdrawal of American forces but only on a suspension of bombing attacks against

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North Vietnam. It is too soon to determine the sincerity of these soundings, but it is reasonable to assume that any attempt by the Liberation Front to start conversations with the Americans and the Saigon government now has two essential aims: first, to preclude the sending of any more American troops to Vietnam and to prepare the way for a withdrawal of some already here, and, second, to avoid further damage to the Communist apparatus in South Vietnam, which has been subjected to incalculable stresses as a result of the unexpected might of the American effort. It is almost impossible to gauge the increase in Vietcong terror in the villages, but there have been a number of stories to the effect that the Vietcong have been forced to use inexperienced cadres, who have been employing strong-arm methods instead of political persuasion in recruiting and in collecting taxes, and who have wantonly killed civilians. Furthermore, having expected victory this summer and having told the peasants as much, the Vietcong must now face the consequences of failing to make good their pledge. Yet the Communist apparatus remains much stronger and more effective than it was at the time of the Geneva Agreements in 1954, when Vietnam was partitioned, and the Vietcong, recognizing this, may be ready to negotiate what would be a truce, rather than a peace, in order to gain time to resolidify their revolutionary position in the countryside and to contest, probably with some success, any elections that the government might hold in the nation's two hundred and forty districts and twenty-six hundred villages. It is felt here that no firm decisions have yet been made, and that there is a division of opinion within the Liberation Front and also between the Front and Hanoi, but that support for a calculated conciliatory approach may be growing. Some middle-rung southern Liberation Front leaders seem to resent the fact that northerners may come to dominate the movement (this is apparently due in part to the difficulty the southerners are now having in recruiting cadres of their own), but in the final analysis the decision to call a halt or not to call a halt to the fighting will undoubtedly be made by a handful of men around Ho Chi Minh in Hanoi, including the men who are the chief links to the Liberation Front down here.

So far, North Vietnam has held up remarkably well under the impact of the bombings, and its vastly improved anti-aircraft facilities, including the

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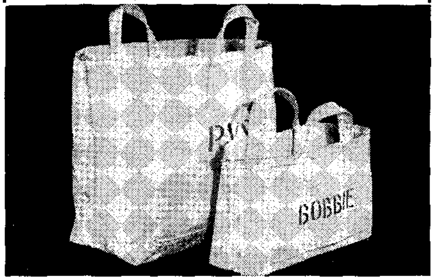

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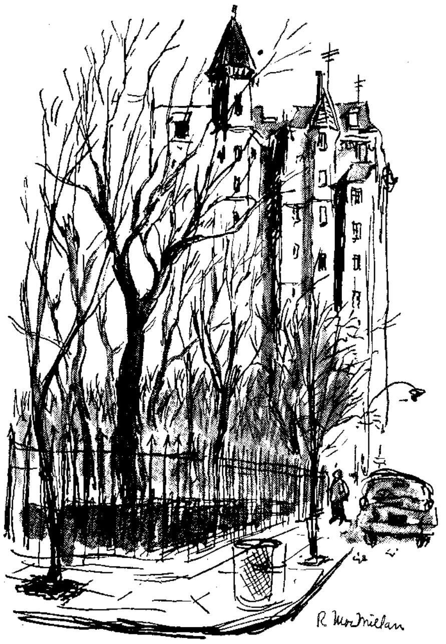
Russian ground-to-air missiles, now pose a real menace; there are an estimated five thousand anti-aircraft weapons in North Vietnam today, some capable of reaching up to eighty thousand feet, compared with only fifteen hundred six months ago. I have been told that despite the great damage that our bombers have done to roads and bridges, an astonishing series of piecemeal repairs has kept the supply of goods coming in from China and flowing into South Vietnam, and that though the people require more exhortation than before, their morale remains reasonably good. There is enough to eat, though it includes such things as manioc and corn instead of rice, and people aren't happy about the substitutions. (One interesting by-product of this situation is that young men seem to volunteer for the Army because they know they will get fed better in uniform.) Hanoi is clearly digging in for a long war, but despite the proclaimed determination of the North Vietnamese to stick it out indefinitely, if necessary, it is apparent that North Vietnam might welcome a respite, and that efforts to seek one might be made before the Americans take the calculated risk, which is still being considered, of bombing such targets as the port of Haiphong, the dikes of the Red River Delta, and even Hanoi itself. I have been told that the Chinese would definitely enter the war if Hanoi should be bombed, and, according to my informant, Hanoi expects this to happen any day. What Peking would do if only Haiphong should be bombed or blockaded—the port is more vital than ever now, because both railways running north from Hanoi have repeat-



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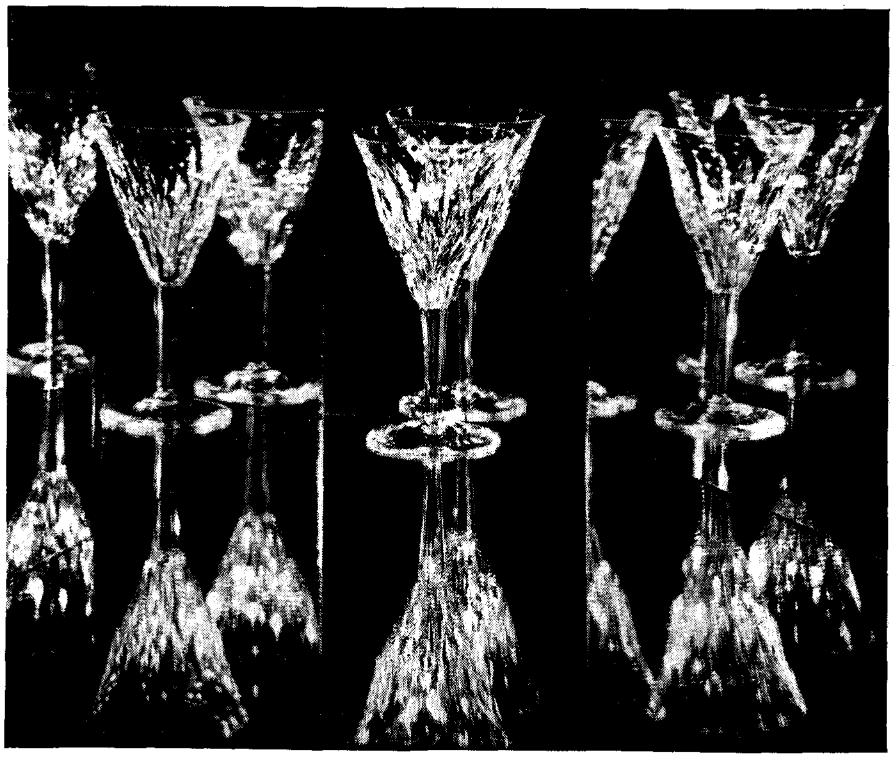

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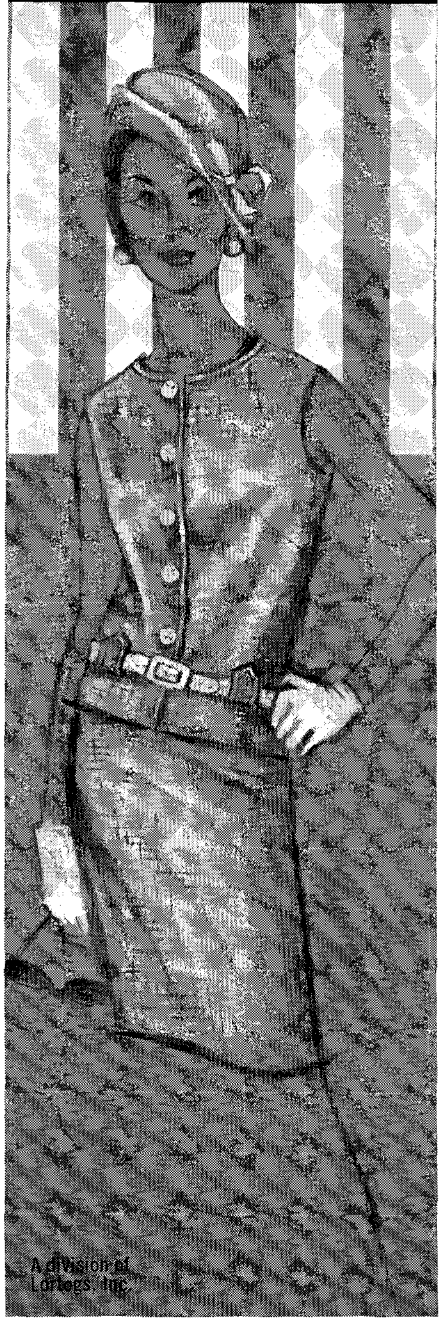

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edly been knocked out of service by air strikes—or if a number of industrial targets should be hit, or if just some of the dikes should be damaged or destroyed, is less clear. What is clear is Peking's desire to have the Vietcong and the Liberation Front continue fighting, and the use of sizable numbers of Chinese "volunteers," Korean style, whether Hanoi and the Front would welcome them or not, is considered a strong possibility if either the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese show signs of flagging or of making any serious move toward negotiation. After the Communist debacle in Indonesia, Peking's shaky prestige in Asia is more than ever riding on victory in Vietnam.

If the Chinese don't have their way, and some sort of tenuous truce or reduction in the pace of the war is achieved early in 1966, the revolutionary advantage in Vietnam will surely continue to be with the Vietcong. Very little that is concrete has yet been accomplished either by the five-month-old Vietnamese government of Premier Ky or by the Americans in the way of getting a program rolling that could seriously challenge the Communists' rural revolutionary appeal and arouse the fundamental nationalism among the mass of the people. Once again, as so many times before in Vietnam, the Americans have been inclined to put all their eggs in one basket and to regard the flamboyant General Ky—he still commands the Vietnamese Air Force—as the hero of the moment, the man who might lead the nation out of the political and bureaucratic wilderness and provide the sort of leadership that Vietnam so desperately needs. They admit that the General, who is only thirty-five, is immature in many respects, that he represents the old bourgeois French-trained class, and that he has made mistakes, but they say "he is learning all the time and has some good people with him," which is true, though the "good people"—notably a group of young Cabinet members running the Rural Reconstruction, Psychological Warfare, and Economics Ministries—have not yet done much more than make promises and plan projects. Everyone here talks about the need for time, and it is true that, in the most critical political sense, there isn't much time. Or, to put it differently, there are two kinds of time. There is the time needed for the long-term program of building up the country's rural areas—a program that everyone acknowledges is the key to victory, and that includes, as one high-ranking American general has summed it up, the gradual expansion of

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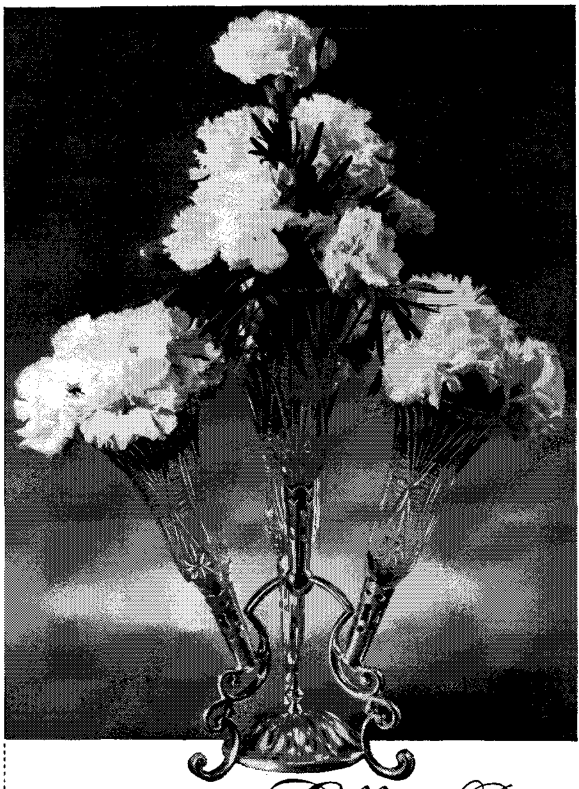
military security in the hamlets and villages and districts, and then the gradual working out of projects for education, health, land reform, and other economic benefits, all to be done in the spirit of "social justice," which the peasants have never enjoyed but presumably yearn for. This program, it is thought, will cover a three- to five-year period. The other kind of time is far more immediate; it is needed for dealing with extremely hard political realities and with something that is now finally regarded by at least a handful of Americans here as an American as well as a Vietnamese responsibility—the job of seeking out and fostering the kind of leadership in Vietnam that not only can achieve stability at the top but can function dynamically and daringly in the countryside, employing truly revolutionary social techniques in order to convince the peasants that there is a meaningful alternative to Communism. Perhaps a score of such potential leaders are to be found in Vietnam today. (I have met four or five of them myself.) To promote and support them, with tough political infighting, if necessary, means working on several levels at once, in the Asian way, and it means taking chances. Even to create the climate in which such leadership can be developed is a monumental job, and one that strikes deep in both the American and the Vietnamese bureaucratic structure, yet the attempt must be made at once, during the few months of the next harvest season, if it is to meet the Vietcong head on and get anywhere.

As for the present Vietnamese government, despite an apparent stability within the ten-man directorate of generals that rules the country, there remains a considerable degree of internal division and animosity. So far, the generals have simply hung together because they have realized that if they countenanced any more plots or coups, they would hang separately. But this adhesive, being negative rather than positive, shows increasing signs of deterioration. Two basic power blocs exist: one headed by General Nguyen Van Thieu, the chief of the directorate, and the other headed by General Nguyen Chanh Thi, the commander of the I Corps, which is the country's northernmost corps, with headquarters in Danang. General Ky is in the middle, which means that in comparison with Thieu and Thi he is powerless, despite his Air Force command; in a showdown he could move either way, but he probably leans toward Thi. Though Ky is taking trips around the country



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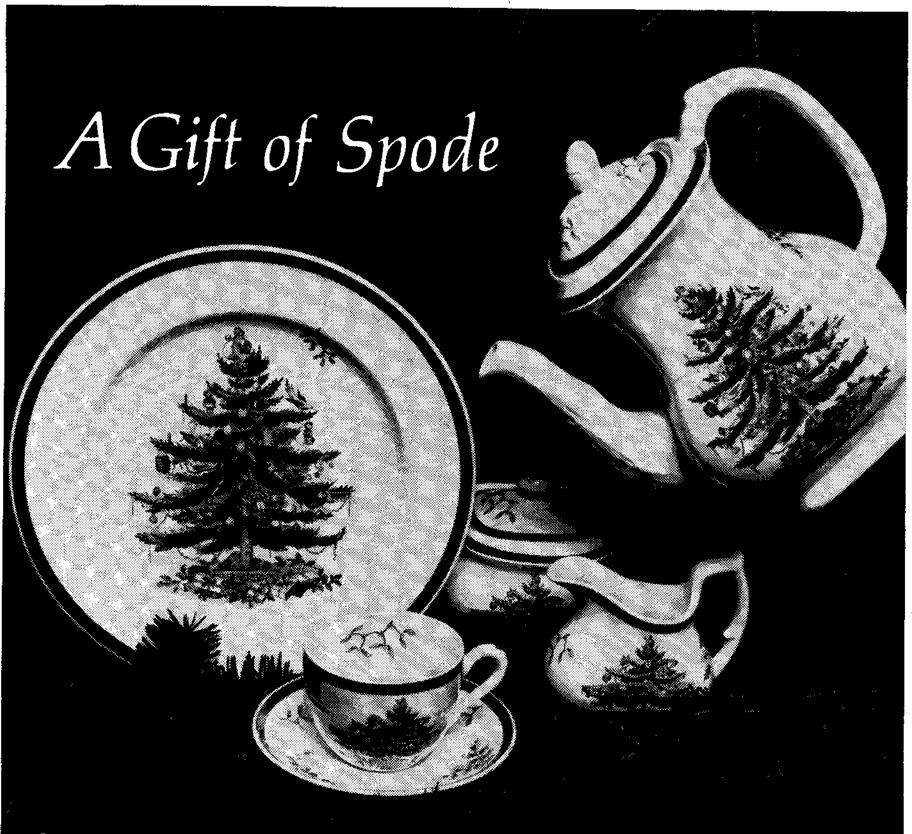

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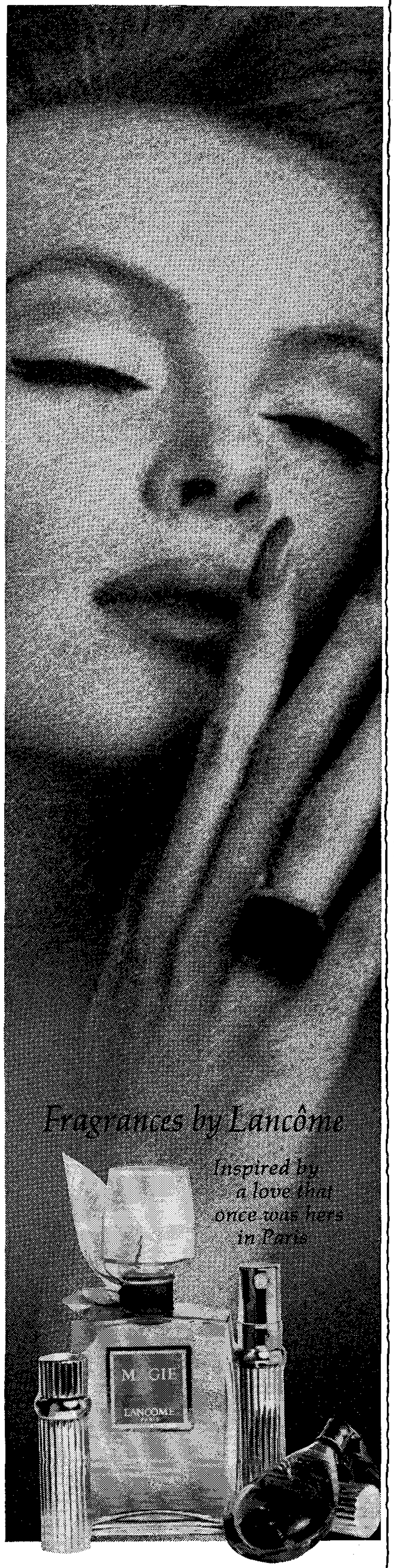

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in an intensive effort to make contact with the people, he still has no popular base of support, whereas Thi, who comes from peasant stock, seems able to keep in touch with the common folk automatically. Thi, though, is both opportunistic and unpredictable; a man of strong Buddhist leanings, he has in the past coöperated closely with Thich Tri Quang, the Buddhist leader in the northern part of the country, who is suspected of being neutralist. While Thi professes to have withdrawn his support from Tri Quang, it is believed that he is simply biding his time, and that he and Tri Quang, who is now in Saigon, are likely to get together again when a showdown comes. Tri Quang, too, has been waiting, but most observers here feel that he will soon begin to show his hand once more, perhaps by inspiring a series of mass demonstrations against the government in protest over the high cost of living. Demonstrations that were probably incited by Tri Quang broke out several weeks ago among students and workers in Hué, up north; whoever started them, Tri Quang himself called them off when they failed to evoke a mass response. The religious issue still runs deep in Vietnam, and the principal aim of Thi and Tri Quang is to unseat General Thieu, a moderate Catholic, and the other Catholics in the government, together with a group of generals who have aligned themselves with Thieu. There are other rumblings and rivalries below the surface, and, all in all, Vietnam is still caught up in power struggles. Many observers expect a showdown early next year—perhaps around Tet, the Vietnamese New Year, at the end of January. Some feel that if it occurs, and if General Thi and his group win out, the chances for negotiatory discussions will become brighter. This possibility is undoubtedly being kept in mind by the Vietcong and the National Liberation Front, and it is naïve to suppose that *sub-rosa* contacts have not been maintained between the opposing forces all along, or that each side doesn't pretty well know what goes on behind the scenes in the other's power structure and in the other's mind.

On the American side, there are also many problems, most of them a result of the almost unbelievable proliferation of the American bureaucracy here in the last few months. Never before, in my recollection, has there been so much first-rate talent assembled in Vietnam as there is today, starting with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and Deputy Ambassador William Porter and in-

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cluding a number of forceful and imaginative men at the Embassy, along with General William C. Westmoreland, his staff, and the division commanders in the field, as well as the heads of other agencies. The trouble is there is just too much, reflecting the glaring American habit of attempting to deal with a crisis like this one by pumping in more, more, more of everything—men as well as matériel. As a result, the lines of authority are unclear, and there is growing competition among such agencies as the United States Operations Mission, which is the economic and social-aid body; the Joint United States Public Affairs Office, which is in charge of psychological warfare and public information; the different Embassy sections, especially the political and economic ones; the Central Intelligence Agency and other intelligence-gathering organizations; and the various Army elements, which have their internal conflicts and struggles as well. All these groups make separate approaches to the Vietnamese, who, naturally, are confused about whom to deal with when and about what, and who, to achieve their own ends, are perfectly willing to play one American organization or individual off against another.

It is the hope of Ambassador Lodge that the new special liaison office, headed by Major General Edward G. Lansdale, retired, will be able to make some sense of this bureaucratic muddle. Lansdale, with a group of about a dozen counter-insurgency experts in various fields whom he has worked with for many years, is currently establishing liaison with all the American agencies and directly with the Vietnamese, primarily on the rural-resurgence and reconstruction programs that are the political and social keys in the fight against the Vietcong. The task is not an easy one, and it is not made any easier by the fact that Lansdale and his highly able, if unconventional, force have suddenly been superimposed on the already swollen and faction-ridden bureaucracy, or by the fact that, because of his bold views on counter-insurgency, Lansdale has always been opposed by traditionalists in the State Department and in the Pentagon. (He was here during the early Diem period, between 1954 and 1956, and was sent out on several exploratory missions in the 1959-61 period as well.) More than personalities is involved; at issue are two fundamentally opposed philosophical approaches to the problem of revolutionary warfare and reform in underdeveloped nations and to the role that the United

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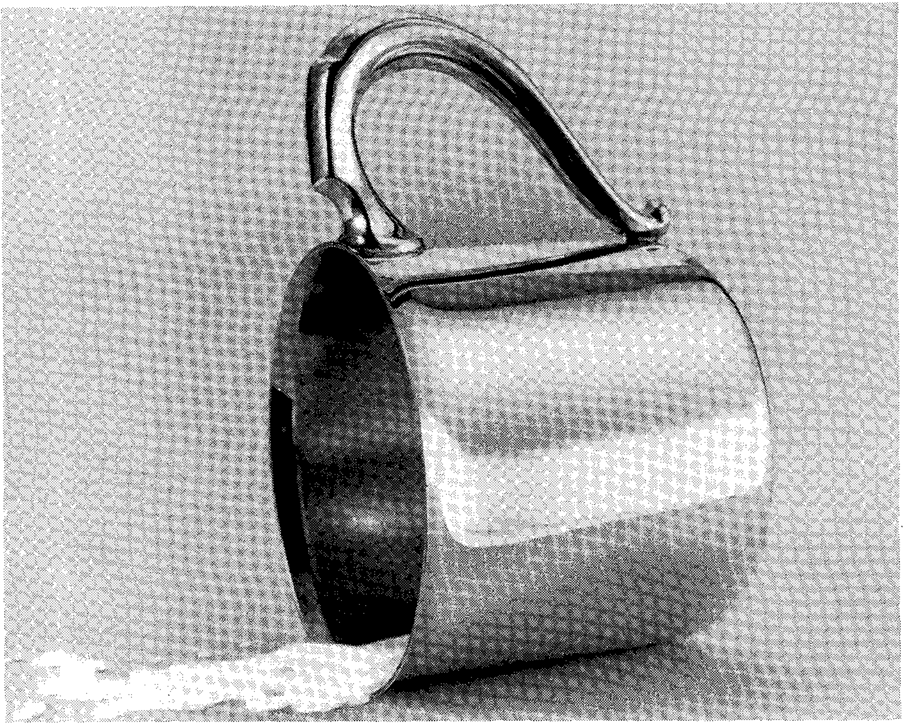

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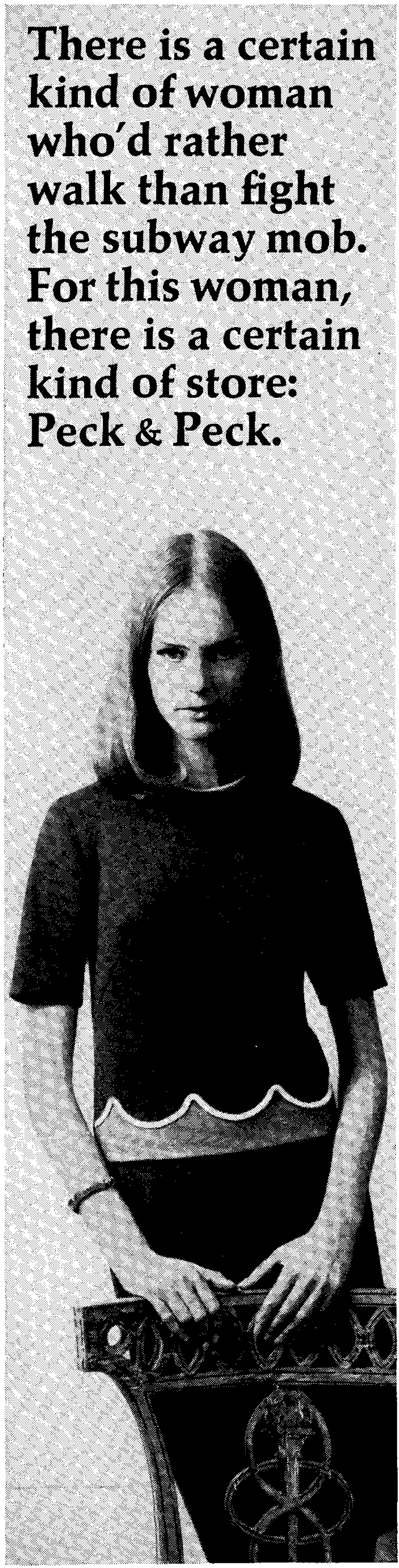
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States should play. Many experienced observers believe that the Lansdale approach is the one that stands the best, and perhaps the only, chance of success today. It consists, in the simplest sense, of the creation of a new political *modus operandi* among the ordinary people in the country. This means working from the bottom up, on a broad horizontal basis, in the hamlets, villages, and districts, and not—in the traditional Vietnamese way, which is also the traditional American way—from the top down, with everything funnelled vertically from the central government in Saigon through the old French and mandarin bureaucracy in the country's provinces to the districts and villages and hamlets below. Today, this downward movement must also filter through the cumbersome and politics-ridden South Vietnamese Army command structure, built around four corps and ten divisions and the training centers. In addition, the downward movement often collides with the prerogatives of the province chiefs, nearly all of whom are Army men themselves, and who theoretically, if not always in practice, control the district chiefs in their provinces and maintain some operational control over provincial and local troops. Of the forty-three province chiefs, only about a dozen, in the opinion of experienced Americans here, can be considered topflight men. Only through a shakeup of this divided and corrupt and all but moribund administrative organization of the country, most observers believe, can a truly counter-revolutionary appeal be made to the peasants, who, after so many years of dictatorial and corrupt colonial rule, are deeply suspicious of all forms of government. To dispel this suspicion, and to create a climate for legitimate village elections and for the building of grass-roots peasants' and workers' political parties, Lansdale believes, the effort must be concentrated from the outset at the village level rather than at the top, though it is recognized that the consent and coöperation of the nation's leaders must be obtained. Only in this way, it is felt, can the Vietcong, which have always concentrated on the organization of the villages, be defeated at their own game.

Such a program requires the development and use of a number of special counter-insurgency techniques, not all of them officially sponsored by the government. Such techniques include the fostering of organizations like farmers' unions and rural-electrification and marketing coöperatives—in effect, the creation of new coöperative villages—as well as the stimulation of political paramilitary activity against the Vietcong. Blending these grass-roots measures with the programs being worked out by the central government—programs for civic action and pacification by the regional and popular forces and undertaken by the Rural Reconstruction and Psychological Warfare Ministries—is an extremely difficult and touchy procedure, particularly since both the Vietnamese and the Americans have already set in motion half a dozen separate schemes for creating cadres to deal with these multiple political, social, economic, and psychological-warfare matters. It is highly debatable whether, in view of the fragmentation that exists at all levels of Vietnamese society today, these overlapping and sometimes conflicting programs can be pulled together and given a popular appeal, but that is the task that Lansdale and his men are concerned with. If he is to succeed, he will require the strong support of Ambassador Lodge on the scene and of the White House back home, and though Lansdale appears to see his role as essentially a catalytic one, he will undoubtedly have to have a measure of operational control beyond his liaison role. The next three months in Vietnam will surely determine the shape of things to come, and the degree to which the United States is willing and able to inject itself, however belatedly, into the most vital non-military, or paramilitary, aspects of this confused war. The challenge is unlike any other challenge that America has faced in the postwar period—or, probably, in its entire foreign experience. For Vietnam, the challenge is equally revolutionary. It remains to be seen whether somehow, late as it is, the true nationalists can recapture the revolution from the Communists after twenty years of bitter and futile strife. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Touch Wood," by Morris L. Ernst*]

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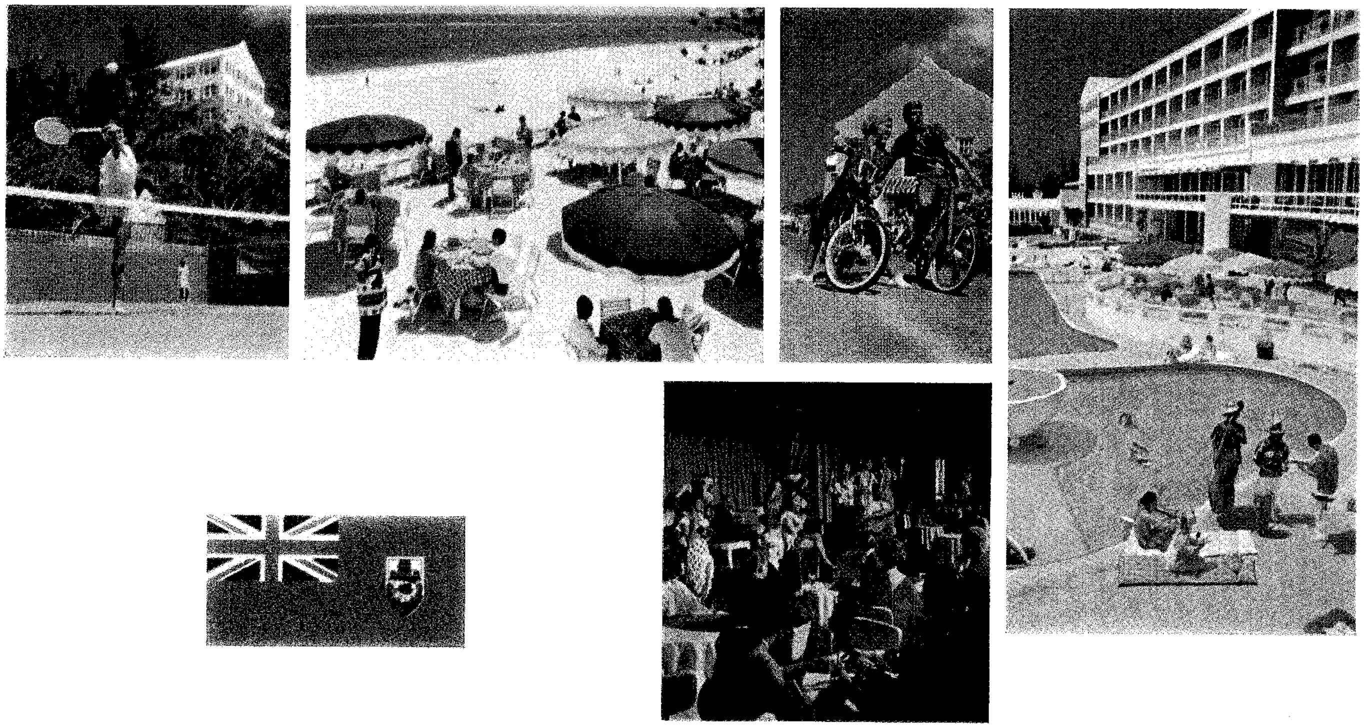

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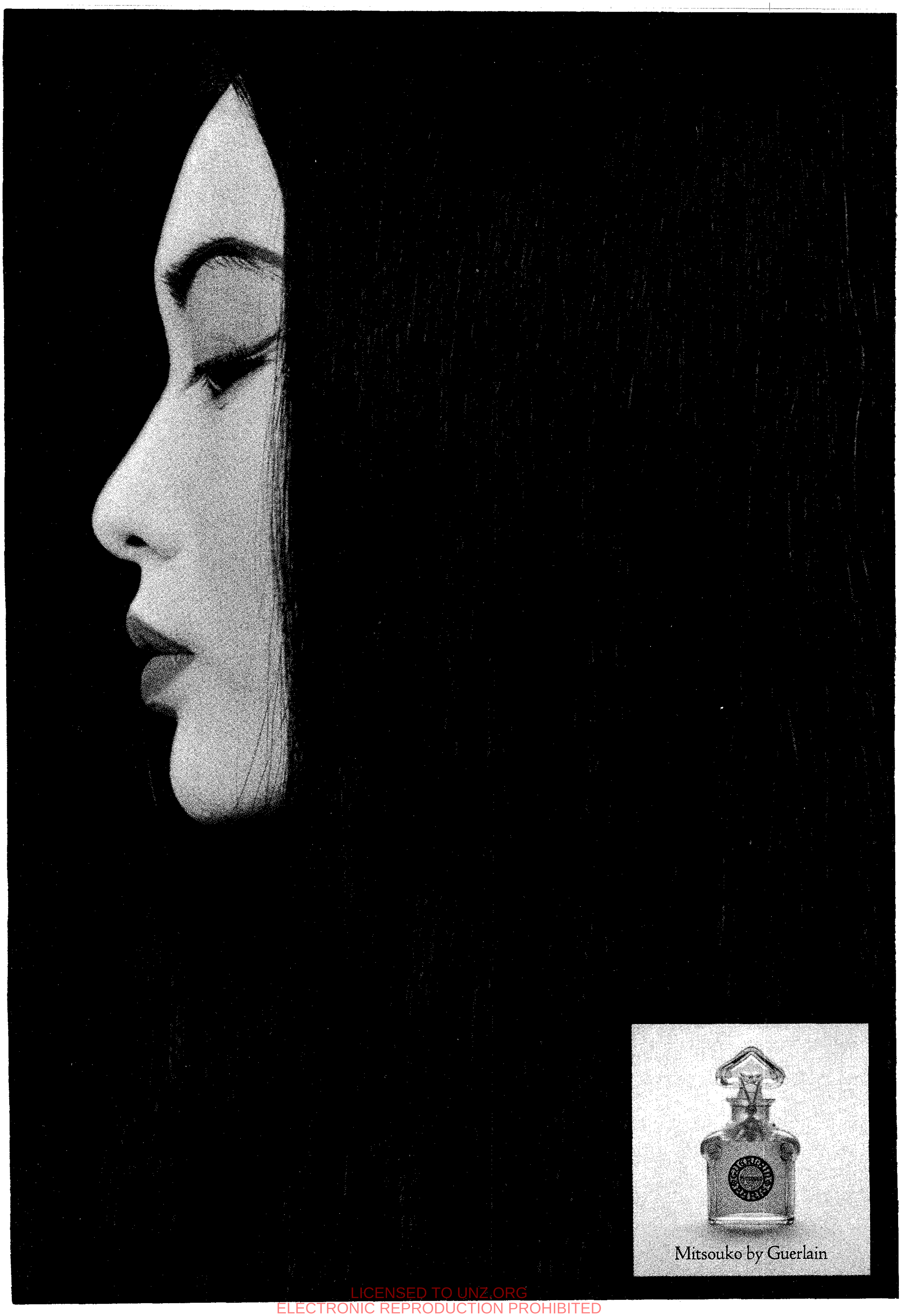
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THE SPORTING SCENE

THAT WAS THE SEASON THAT WAS

THE numerous newspaper and magazine stories about Frank Sinatra this past summer, both before and after the famous cruise of the Southern Breeze, informed us that the singer-actor, as he neared the fifty-year mark, was enjoying not merely a mild renaissance as a public idol but a degree of popularity that was actually higher than at any previous stage of his career. This made a sharp impression on me, because I was one of those misguided people who were absolutely sure back in 1943, when Sinatra was singing "Sunday, Monday or Always" and girls were collapsing left and right, that he could never hope to surpass that pitch of success. His subsequent development into one of the colossi of show business brought home to me how difficult it is to tell whether performers or institutions or trends have reached their peak or are still in the foothills. I mention this because the recent golf season was so chockablock with activity and so prosperous that sometimes I find it hard to see how the game can grow much bigger as long as there are only fifty-two weeks in the year and only six continents on which it can be played. For example, on the international calendar this season we have had the sixteenth biennial Ryder Cup match (between teams of British and American professionals) in England, the twentieth biennial Walker Cup match (between teams of British and American amateurs) in the United States, the thirteenth annual Canada Cup match (involving two-man teams from thirty-five countries) in Spain, and the eighth biennial Americas Cup match (involving teams of Mexican, Canadian, and American amateurs) in Canada, while on the home front spectator interest in our major championships reached a new high (tickets for the last two days of the Masters and for all four days of the United States Open were sold out weeks in advance), total prize money on the professional-tournament circuit climbed to more than three million dollars, and no fewer than twenty-five tournaments were nationally televised. Golf will grow bigger, of course, and probably much bigger. Consider just one element of the game today—the commanding element, for better or worse: prize money. Whereas five years ago a tournament with a purse of fifty thousand dollars was *ipso facto* a significant event, the purse at each of almost a dozen tournaments this past season was at least double that amount, and one tournament, sponsored by the Carling Brewing Company, put up two hundred thousand dollars for the field to shoot at. The way things have been going, it should be only a few years before we have our first million-dollar tournament. When that day arrives, the earnings of the leading money-winner that season are bound to make Jack Nicklaus's record haul this year (at this moment it is around $140,000) seem as paltry as the $63,335.66 that Byron Nelson collected in 1945 in the course of winning nineteen tournaments—a feat that has never been equalled or even approached. It hardly needs to be underlined that the current overemphasis on the fiscal side of golf—with its implication that the increase in prize money, gate receipts, and the rest is the most accurate thermometer of the game's health—can be very dangerous and will have to be watched carefully in the years ahead. However, during this past summer, it is very pleasant to report, the glow of the dollar sign did not obliterate those aspects of golf that give it its fibre and fascination, and now that the frost is on the fairway and the crust is on the bunker, I should like to review some of the highlights of the final six months of the season.

PERHAPS the most interesting feature of the Professional Golfers' Association Championship, which was held in mid-August at the Laurel Valley Golf Club, in Ligonier, Pennsylvania, was that it was won by a player—Dave Marr—who had been regarded by most of us as too aware, too sensitive, altogether too intelligent ever to capture a major championship. It is probably an exaggeration to call Marr, as some have done, the Adlai Stevenson of golf, but, unlike most of the players on the tour, he does show marked egghead tendencies. A slim, thirty-one-year-old Texan who rather resembles Pee Wee Reese in appearance and manner, Marr reads hard-cover books and serious periodicals, has a quick and enlightening wit, is remarkably *au courant* with the world outside the locker room, and, all in all, may be the brainiest topflight golfer since Bob Jones. Unfortunately, these attributes are generally more of a handicap than a help to the tournament golfer; indeed, it has long been appreciated that the men who have been able to function best under intense pressure have, with few exceptions, been tough-minded, somewhat impassive, relatively unimaginative fellows who could wrap themselves in a tight cocoon of concentration and move undistractibly toward their goal. An athlete who has a delicately tuned intelligence and learns how to make it work for him does have certain advantages over his rivals, but this ability, of course, is more easily postulated than practiced. In any event, three weeks before the P.G.A. Championship, Marr, who had not won a tournament since 1962 but had been playing well this summer, appeared to have the Insurance City Open, in Hartford, all locked up when he was three strokes out in front with only seven holes to go. He bogeyed the twelfth (or sixty-sixth) hole, however, and when he pushed his tee shot out of bounds on the fourteenth, he lost the rest of his lead. He eventually finished one stroke off the winning score. This was not the first time Marr had faded down the stretch, so when he entered the last eighteen holes of the P.G.A. Championship tied for the lead with Tommy Aaron and standing two strokes ahead of those redoubtable war-horses, Billy Casper and Nicklaus, few people considered him a likely winner.

Marr came through with a really superb performance. In retrospect, his round was divided into two distinct segments: the first thirteen holes, which he played almost flawlessly (a hooked approach to the ninth green was his only error), and the last five, which he

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Nevertheless, we can't help being nostalgic about the old days. Anybody here old enough to remember hula hoops? Y. A. Tittle? The Twist?

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weathered with a memorable succession of clutch shots. Going into those five holes, Marr still held his two-stroke lead over Casper, who was playing in the threesome directly in front of him, and he led Nicklaus, who was playing in the same threesome as he was, by three strokes. On the fourteenth, a 190-yard par 3 on which the flag was tucked behind a water hazard guarding the right-hand portion of the green, Marr made his second poor shot of the round. Aiming for the safe left side of the green, he pulled his tee shot onto stubbly ground well to the left of his target. When he took three more shots to get down, his lead over Casper was reduced to a single stroke. The fifteenth at Laurel Valley, a 375-yard par 4, doglegs to the right, with a pond filling the angle of the dogleg. To make sure he did not miss the narrow fairway, Marr used an iron—a 2-iron—off the tee. This left him with a fairly long and very touchy approach. The pond was no bother now, but in order to hit the small green he had to carry a greenside bunker directly on his line, and, moreover, he had to stop the ball quickly to keep it from rolling into the bunker on the far side. He played the perfect shot—a high, floating 4-iron that just did clear the front bunker and stopped fifteen feet past the flag. When he holed that putt for a birdie 3, he again led Casper by two strokes and Nicklaus by three, and he seemed as good as in. Not exactly. Indeed, his perils were only beginning. On the sixteenth, a 448-yard par 4 to another heavily bunkered green, he had a 3-iron shot left after a fine long drive. Since the flag was at the extreme right of the green, the one place that Marr did not want to put his approach, if he misplayed it, was in the bunker on the right; with the flag set so near that hazard, it would take an exquisite, and risky, sand shot to get the ball up close. So if he missed the green on his approach, he wanted to be in the bunker on the left, where he would have plenty of room—fifty feet or so—in which to stop a sand shot. As things turned out, his approach kicked into the bunker on the left, and when he wafted the ball to within twenty inches of the cup with a beautifully executed recovery, his tactics looked brilliant. Then he went and missed the putt. Only one shot ahead of Casper now, two ahead of Nicklaus.

The seventeenth at Laurel Valley is a 230-yard par 3 to a treacherously fast green that tilts from left to right. Marr had played this hole well throughout the tournament, and he

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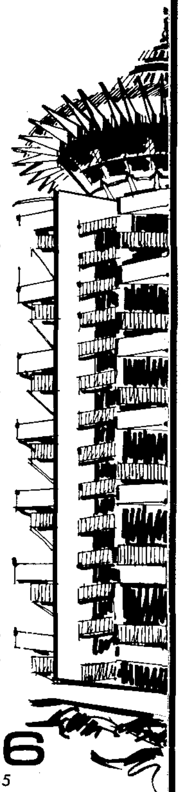

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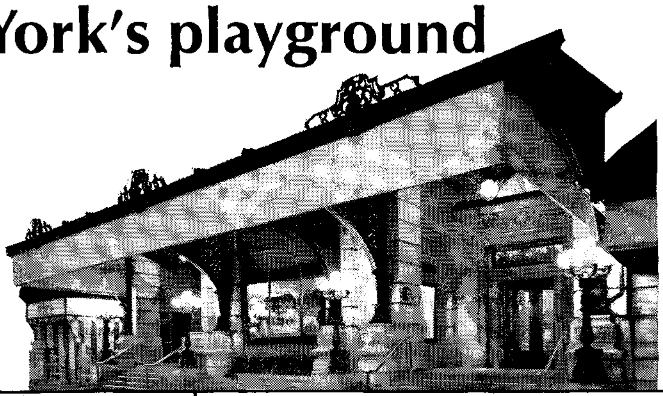

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did it again, busting a 4-wood onto the high side of the green forty feet to the left of the flag. Nicklaus's tee shot had ended up on the left-hand fringe of the green, and Marr, after watching Nicklaus's chip slide and slide down the slippery grade and finally wind up banked against the opposite fringe, eighteen feet beyond the hole, stroked his approach putt very gently. He just wanted to get it close. Even so, the putt ghosted a full eight feet past the hole. Marr was obviously exasperated with himself, and then, to compound matters, Nicklaus holed out the awkward little stab shot he improvised with his 7-iron, and rescued his par. The only good thing about this from Marr's point of view was that he learned the line on his own eight-footer from the way Nicklaus's chip broke in toward the cup from left to right; he had previously read it to break from right to left. Considering how much was riding on that putt, Marr stepped up to it with uncommon speed and rapped the ball firmly into the center of the cup. His worries seemed over now, for he still led Nicklaus by two shots, and on the eighteenth tee he heard the buoying news that Casper had bogeyed the last hole, so that he now led Casper by two also.

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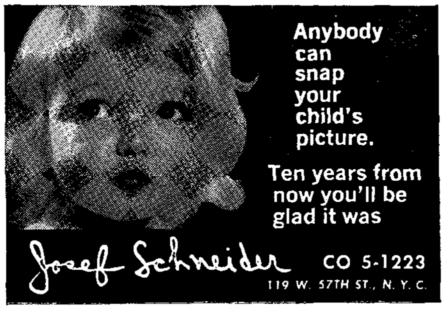
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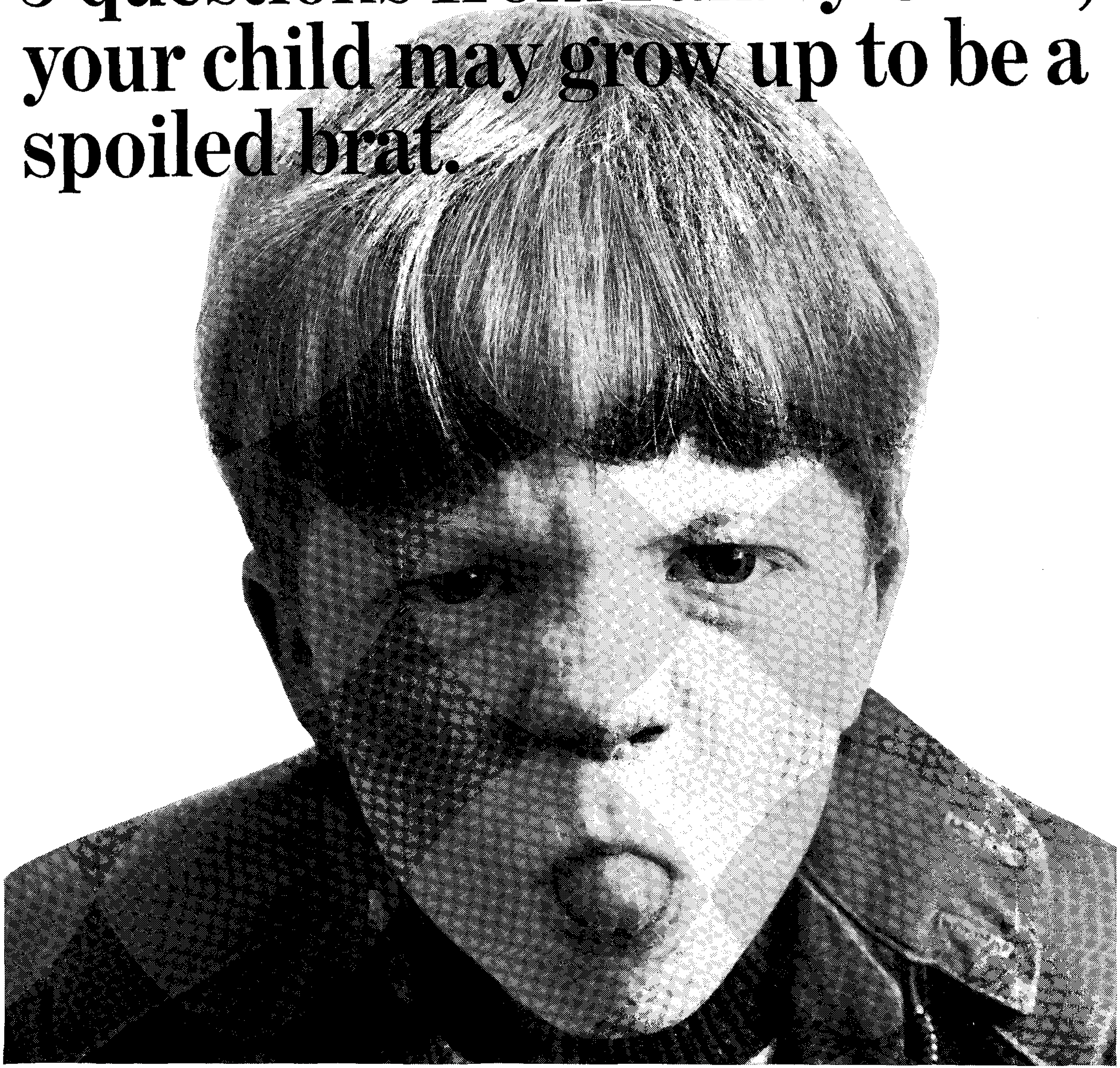

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of fortitude by Marr, a group of golf enthusiasts were sitting around with him one evening, and it occurred to somebody to ask him what had gone on in that active mind of his during those last five holes. How had he felt on the fourteenth tee, for example?

"You won't believe this," he answered, with a little laugh, "but I was so confident of winning I was actually starting to prepare my acceptance speech. When I missed the green with my tee shot, I stopped that stuff quick."

Did he think he had the tournament won when he birdied the fifteenth?

"I really did," he said. "I began to think of all the people it would mean so much to if I did win—my family, of course; and Robby Williams, a professional in Houston who was like a father to me after my own father died; and Claude Harmon, the professional at Winged Foot, who, with Robby, put the polish on my game; and about a dozen other people. Your mind does funny things out there at times like that."

Why did he blow that short putt on the sixteenth?

"I moved on it—moved my whole body," he replied. "As I was saying, when you're so keyed up, your mind plays strange tricks on you. Short as that putt was—or, more accurately, *because* it was so short—I knew I had to be very careful with it. The moment I said the word 'careful' to myself, I thought of the way my three-year-old son always says 'Careful, Daddy' when I toss him in the air and catch him. Really odd! I couldn't have been concentrating on that putt, but I thought I was. I felt rotten when I missed it. When I was walking off the green heading for the next tee, I noticed that two or three close friends who had been following me all day were leaving the gallery and starting for the clubhouse. They obviously thought they were jinxing me."

Why had he taken so little time with that critical eight-footer on the seventeenth green?

"I was sore," he said. "I had thrown away that stroke on the sixteenth, and now it looked as if I was going to throw away another, because of that poor approach putt. When Nicklaus holed his chip, that really made me mad at myself. There was Jack coming through under pressure and me practically tossing away the championship. I wanted to do something decisive."

That 9-iron on the eighteenth—he had played it with so little hesitation and

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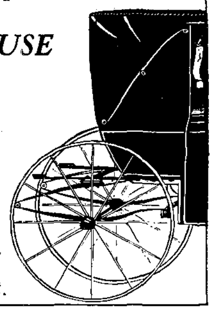

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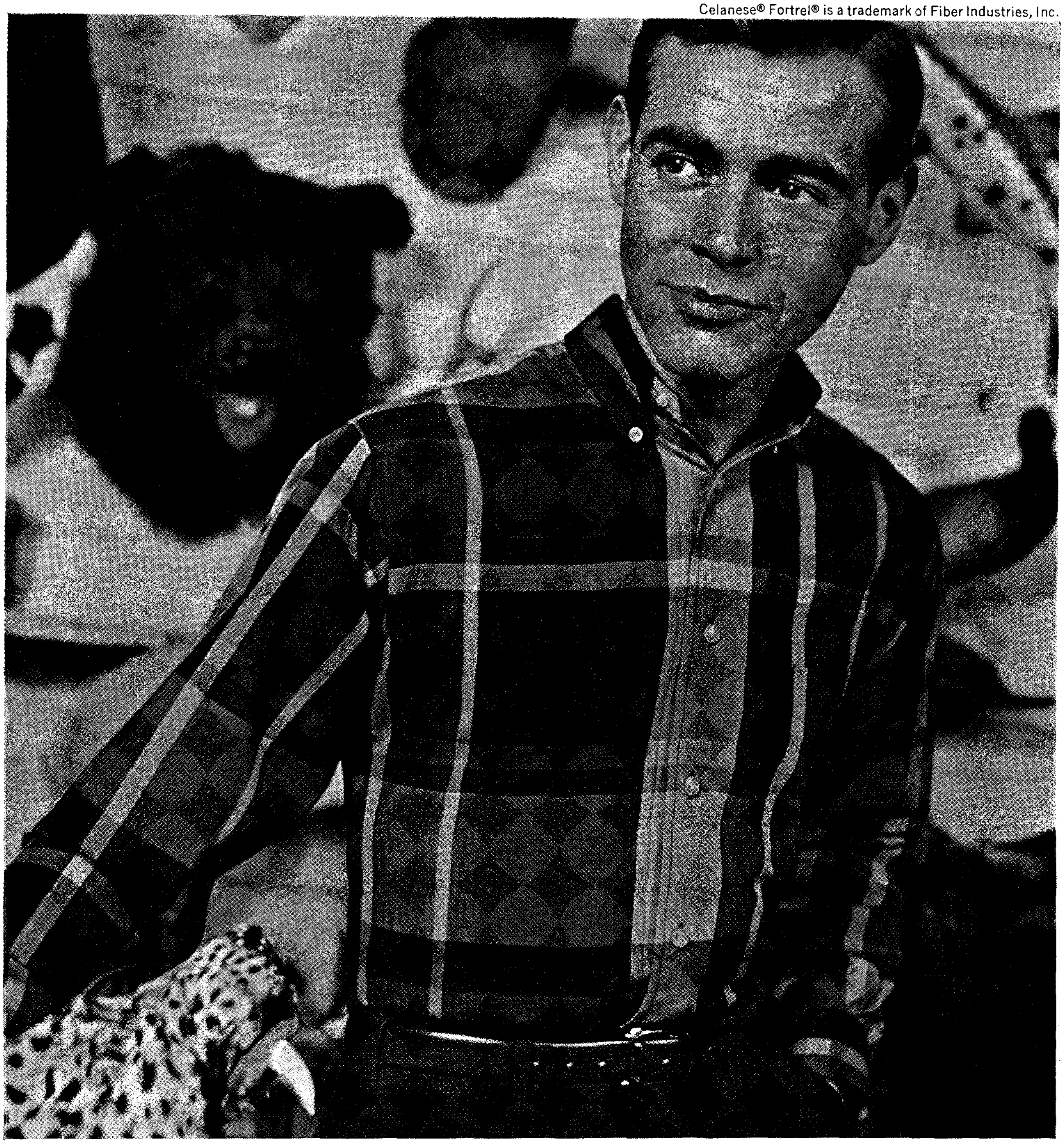

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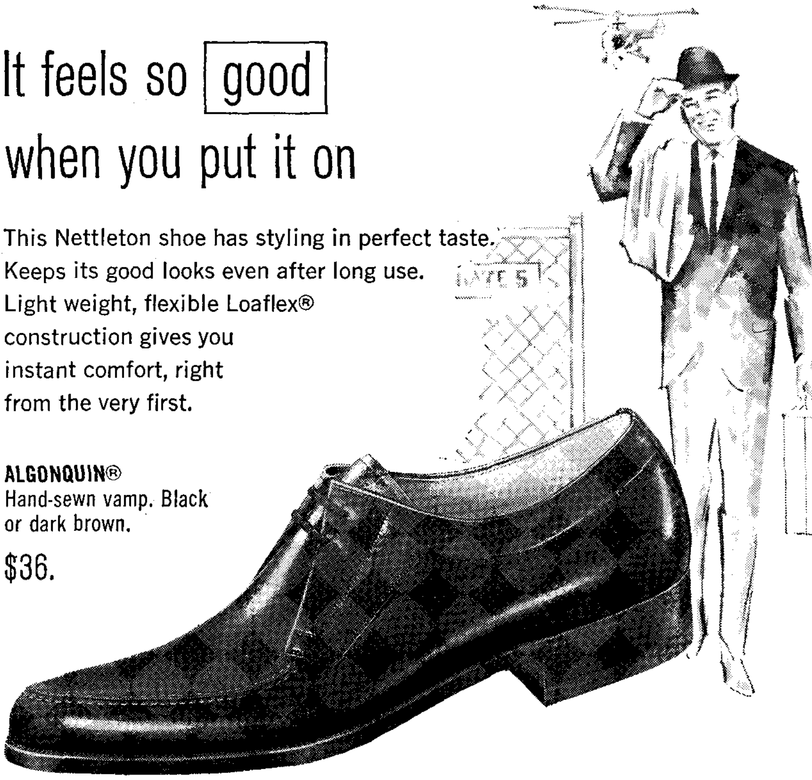
had looked so relaxed on the shot. How come?

"Well, first, I knew what the right club was," he said. "When I played with Bob Goalby on the opening round, he was in that exact spot, and I remembered he'd hit a 9-iron and had the distance perfectly. Second, I was lucky enough to do the right kind of thinking when I was getting set before the ball. Claude Harmon keeps telling you, 'Trust your swing. Trust your swing.' That's the only thing I thought about when I played the shot. I think that's why my action was so free."

The day after that session with Marr, I went back and reread for the *n*th time what Bob Jones said about tournament golf back in 1927, in his book "Down the Fairway." The key to success, Jones wrote, was "the stolid and negative and altogether unromantic attribute of patience." He added, "It is nothing new or original to say that golf is played one stroke at a time. But it took me years to realize it. And it is easy to forget, now. And it won't do to forget, in tournament golf."

THE most moving event of the summer was the Walker Cup match, which was played over the Five Farms course of the Baltimore Country Club on the third and fourth of September. In years to come, when golf fans poring over the record books note that the score was United States 11, Great Britain 11—by far the best showing that the British have made since 1938, when they won the Cup, at St. Andrews, for the one and only time—many of these students will undoubtedly deduce that gaining a tie on foreign soil represented a heroic achievement by the invaders and that they sailed for home as jubilant as the Argonauts. It was quite the reverse. The match at Five Farms constituted the cruelest disappointment the British have suffered since the Walker Cup series was inaugurated, in 1922, and their disappointments have been many. Two years ago, for example, when the previous Cup match was played at Turnberry, in Scotland, the British, as you may remember, appeared to be on the verge of that long-dreamed-of victory when they led, 6–3, at the end of the first day. (On each of the two days of play in the Walker Cup, there are four foursomes in the morning and eight singles in the afternoon. A victory in a singles or a foursome is worth a point, but in the event of a halved match no half points are awarded.) Then, on the second day, the Americans surged back to take all four four-



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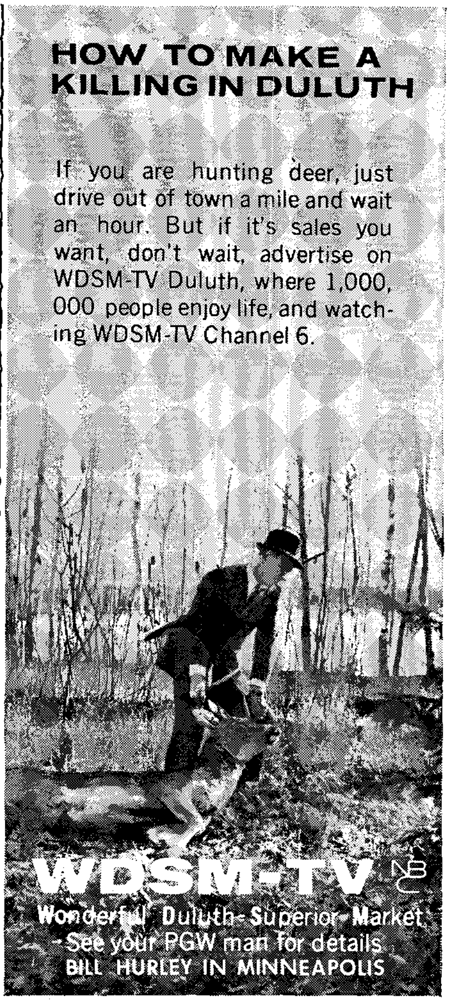
somes and completed their counterattack by winning five of the eight singles and halving a sixth. Final score: U.S. 12, G.B. 8. I remember very clearly that when it was all over at Turnberry, I felt that the British had tasted the ultimate draught of gall and wormwood—that no future defeat could conceivably be so bitter. Well, their experience at Five Farms was ten times worse. Going into the afternoon of the second day of the match, the British were comfortably in front, 10–5. To insure victory, they needed to win only two of the eight remaining singles, and it seemed unthinkable that they could fail. For one thing, this year's American team was not an especially formidable one, and, for another, the British, having been brought to an extremely sharp edge by their captain, Joe Carr, were playing aggressive, conspicuously confident golf. However—to be brief about it—the American team, from the top of the order to the bottom, mounted an amazing rally, and in the face of this the British fell utterly apart. No matter how patriotic an American you may be or how much you may admire the members of our team, it is quite impossible not to root equally hard for the British in the Walker Cup. All we do is show up for the match every two years. It is the British who have made it the most spirited event in golf—perhaps the finest event in golf—by their ability to pick themselves up off the ground after each killing defeat and come marching cheerily back at us at each subsequent meeting, brimming with renewed fervor and genuinely high hopes. The fashionable explanation for Americans to give whenever they are caught pulling for the British is that old all-purpose standby that a British victory would be "good for the game." It would. The real reason so many of us pull for the British, though, is that we simply cannot help it—our teams have won so often and theirs just once, and through it all they have been so valorous. In fact, they prize the Walker Cup match more highly than we do. For all this, no British victory would be satisfactory to anyone unless the British earned it by demonstrating a clear superiority, and this is what made the match at Five Farms so tragic. The British played much the better golf until they were about a brassie shot from the promised land. Then they played pretty badly.

The man who ignited the American rally was Ed Tutwiler, a forty-five-year-old non-stop talker and Cadillac dealer from Indianapolis, who was a finalist in our 1964 Amateur Championship. Drawn against Ronnie Shade,



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of Scotland, a seasoned internationalist, in the third singles match, Tutwiler was 3 down after five holes. He won the sixth and seventh with birdies to get back in the match and stand only 1 down on the eighth tee. At this moment, the British—remember, they wanted only two victories to clinch the Cup—were leading in four other matches. In the second singles, Sandy Saddler was 2 up on Deane Beman as they played the eighth hole; in the fourth singles Gordon Cosh was 1 up on Don Allen after six holes; in the sixth singles Clive Clark was 1 up on John Mark Hopkins going to the fifth; and in the seventh singles Michael Bonallack was 2 up on Dave Eichelberger after three holes. In the eighth singles, Michael Lunt and Billy Joe Patton were all square playing the third. Only two of our players were out in front. In the first singles, Bill Campbell was 1 up on Rodney Foster after nine holes, and in the fifth singles Downing Gray was 1 up on eighteen-year-old Peter Townsend after five. An hour or so later, when Tutwiler and Shade had reached the thirteenth tee, the tide of battle had turned completely. Tutwiler now stood 4 up, for he had overhauled Shade on the eighth hole with a third consecutive birdie and had then taken the next four holes from his thoroughly unnerved opponent with pars. This stirring comeback by Tutwiler—he had swept seven holes in a row—not only converted what had seemed a probable point for the British into a point for the Americans but, as is so often the case in team matches, also had the effect, when the news spread over the course, of inspiriting his teammates all down the line and disheartening the British. In any event, during that turbulent hour one American who had held a slim lead (Campbell) had widened it, and three Americans who had been down (Beman, Hopkins, and Eichelberger) and one who had been even (Patton) had moved out in front. Only two British players had improved their positions in the interval. Young Townsend had gone 1 up on Gray, and Cosh had increased his lead to three holes. Cosh eventually went on to win, 4 and 3, giving the British one of the two points they needed, but the precious second point, which young Townsend appeared to be on his way to winning, suddenly vanished when Gray took the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth holes to gain control of their match. It was unbelievable, in view of how certain a British victory had seemed such a short time before, but at that moment, with the holes running out for all their

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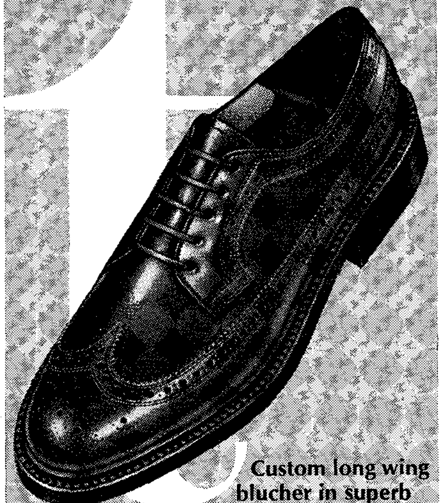

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players, the British were confronted with an outright defeat. They were saved by a minor miracle. The man who brought it off was Clive Clark, a twenty-year-old architectural student from Scarborough, who had given evidence of his courage even before the Cup match began by providing, for his biographical sketch in the program, the information that one of his hobbies is ballroom dancing. Clark, 2 down to Hopkins with only three holes left to play, got one of those holes back when he sank an eighteen-foot putt to birdie the sixteenth. He got the other back on the eighteenth, where, somehow managing to preserve his poise, he holed a sinuous thirty-footer for another birdie. With this gallant finish, Clark halved a singles that had seemed irreparably lost, and so erased the point that would have given the United States a 12–11 victory. His putt on the eighteenth, I should say, may well be the most important single shot that has been struck in the forty-three years of Walker Cup competition.

The next Walker Cup meeting will take place two years from now at the Royal St. George's Golf Club, in Sandwich. (Incidentally, Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond, was slated, before his untimely death last year, to become the next captain of the Royal St. George's.) Characteristically, before the British left Baltimore, they were already looking ahead to the 1967 match, drawing encouragement from the premise that, having achieved a tie in foreign parts, they now have a very good chance of winning on their home soil. I don't think they will. I think Five Farms was their great chance.

One word more. Viewing the Walker Cup series, as most of us in America do, in terms of the British challenge, we tend to take the stalwart performances of our own teams for granted. We shouldn't. In both the 1963 and the 1965 matches, the British teams were as strong as ours, and possibly stronger. We won both matches because our players refused to give up even when the situation looked hopeless. As one member of the British entourage remarked at Baltimore, "No team except an American team could have pulled this match out of the fire." It is quite true. For whatever reason, our golfers have tremendous courage, and this has never been more patent than it was at Five Farms.

FIVE FARMS, by the way, was one of two courses I saw this summer that impressed me. The other was the Atlantic City Country Club, in Northfield, New Jersey, where the United

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States Women's Open Championship was held in early July. While the former is built on hilly inland terrain and the latter is a seaside course, the two have a lot in common. To begin with, neither is a new course. Five Farms, so called because the acreage it occupies used to comprise five farms, was designed in 1924 by Arthur W. Tillinghast, who was perhaps the outstanding golf-course architect in the country at the time. (Among his best-known courses are the two at Winged Foot and the two at Baltusrol.) As for the Atlantic City course, it is really ancient by American standards. It was laid out in 1898, by John Reid—not the John Reid who in 1888 organized the St. Andrews Golf Club in Yonkers, the first permanent golf club founded in the United States, but another Scottish émigré, who had earned a reputation as a golf architect through his work on the Huntingdon Valley course, in Philadelphia. Moreover, neither Five Farms nor Atlantic City is a particularly long course. For the Women's Open, Atlantic City was set up so that it measured 6,220 yards, but when it is extended to its full length, it is only three hundred yards or so longer. For the Walker Cup, Five Farms stretched to 6,810 yards from the back of the back tees—not a short course, by any means, but about a hundred yards shorter than, for example, Southern Hills, in Tulsa, the venue of the 1965 United States Amateur, and nowhere near as long as Laurel Valley, which played to 7,090 yards for the P.G.A. Championship, or the Bellerive Country Club, in St. Louis, the venue of this year's United States Open, which played to 7,191 yards for that championship. The fundamental quality that both Five Farms and Atlantic City possess is the elusive one sometimes called golf appeal. They are routed so that the holes follow in a stimulating sequence, and the individual holes have distinct and unforced personalities. Both courses pass with high marks an old but excellent test for judging whether or not a golf course comes off—seeing how vividly the individual holes remain imprinted on a golfer's mind after his first time around. If someone refers to, say, the fifth hole, does the first-time visitor visualize it instantly or is it just a blur? Curiously, among the world's acknowledgedly great courses, the one that comes closest to flunking this test is the Old Course at St. Andrews. Nearly everyone seems to have difficulty separating the tee-shot areas on the second and third holes, and after years and years I, for one,

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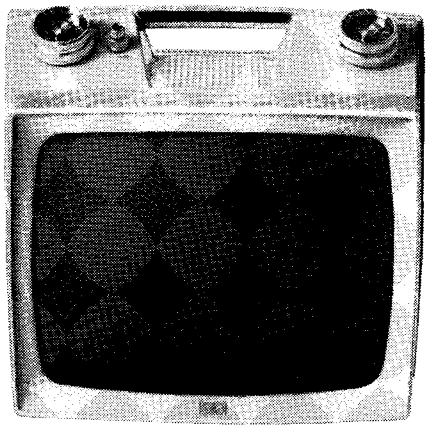

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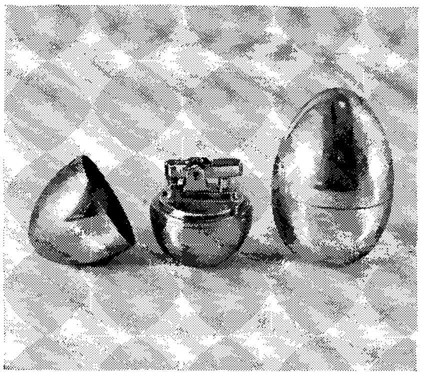

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still haven't the foggiest notion what the first two hundred and fifty yards of the fifteenth hole look like.

Rather than go into an involved study of the components that give the holes at Atlantic City and Five Farms their charm and their "shot value," as the cognoscenti put it, I would like to refer to only one architectural feature that the two courses share: by modern standards, their greens are small. This appeared to have a sanguine effect on both the women at Atlantic City and the men at Five Farms, for in each competition an exceedingly large number of approach shots were hit very close to the pin. From the spectators' point of view, this was exciting, and there was pleasure, too, in watching the tough little bunker shots and pitches that the golfers were called on to play as they battled to retrieve their pars after erratic approaches. I mention this because in recent years there has been a trend toward larger and larger greens, principally on the theory that they provide a wider variety of pin positions, and I am beginning to think that this is not a sound idea. If the 1965 United States Open was an exceptionally dull championship—and it was—the colossal dimensions of the greens at Bellerive, some of which must have been a hundred and fifty feet wide, were a prime factor. For some reason, it is much harder, even for accomplished golfers, to zero in on a target on a large green than on a small green, and at Bellerive it was the rare approach shot that ended up in the birdie area, twenty feet or less from the pin. Then, too, some of the pin positions at Bellerive were so exacting, in relation to the length of the approach shot, that many of the golfers elected simply to aim for the center of the green or the safe side of the green. In any case, few things in golf are more boring to watch than a parade of golfers playing an almost unbroken succession of mediocre iron shots and then struggling to get down in two putts from forty or fifty or sixty feet. At Bellerive, there were long hours in which the Open seemed like nothing so much as an approach-putting contest.

The course responsible for the trend toward the Brobdingnagian green is the Augusta National, at Augusta, Georgia, the home of the Masters tournament. When the current golf boom first began to gather momentum, after the Second World War, the Masters became the blueprint for all new tournaments hopeful of duplicating its success, and, similarly, the Augusta Na-

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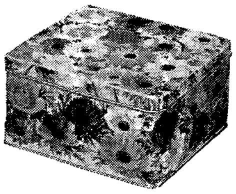

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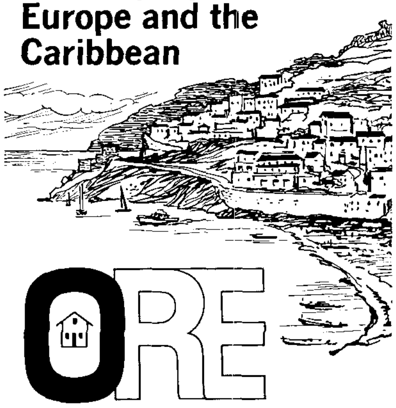

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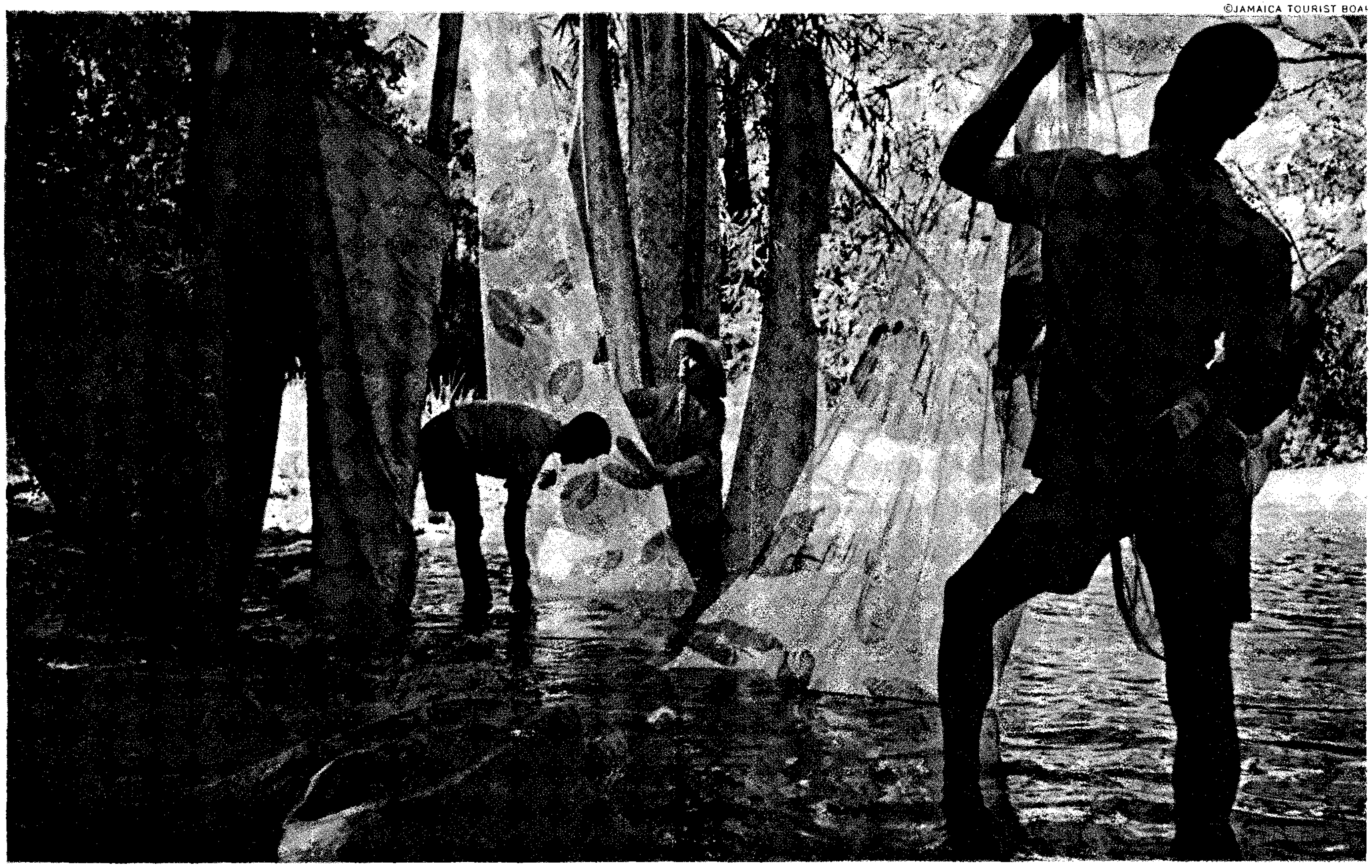

If you were taught that the colors of the spectrum are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, you weren't brought up in Jamaica.

The most colorful sight in the Jamaican jungle may well be Dorothy McNab washing out her fabulous fabrics after printing them. But even this most artful dyer can't capture some of the colors we see every day on our island.

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But we were speaking of colors before we wandered down the beach after shells—a temptation we often succumb to. It's hard to resist, when you're surrounded by miles of lovely soft sand dotted with almond trees and lapped by cool waves and . . .

But back to the spectrum.

Jamaican people, for example, come in every shade. You might meet a beautiful girl of mixed African, Irish, Chinese and Indian blood. If you do, it won't be unusual, because meeting people is simple in Jamaica. No smile goes unreturned, and most lead to conversation.

Talking, in fact, is said to be our national sport. Though in son ways our talk is a little like singin We also sing a lot. Oddly enoug our singing is a little like talkin You know about Calypso?

But this was about color, wasn't i

It's hard to keep to the subje when the subject touches ever thing in Jamaican life. This is, aft all, the land of the Blue Mountain Buff Bay, Golden Spring, Gree Grotto, the Maroon Country, Re Hills, Rose Hall, the White Riv and Yellow Sanders Trees.

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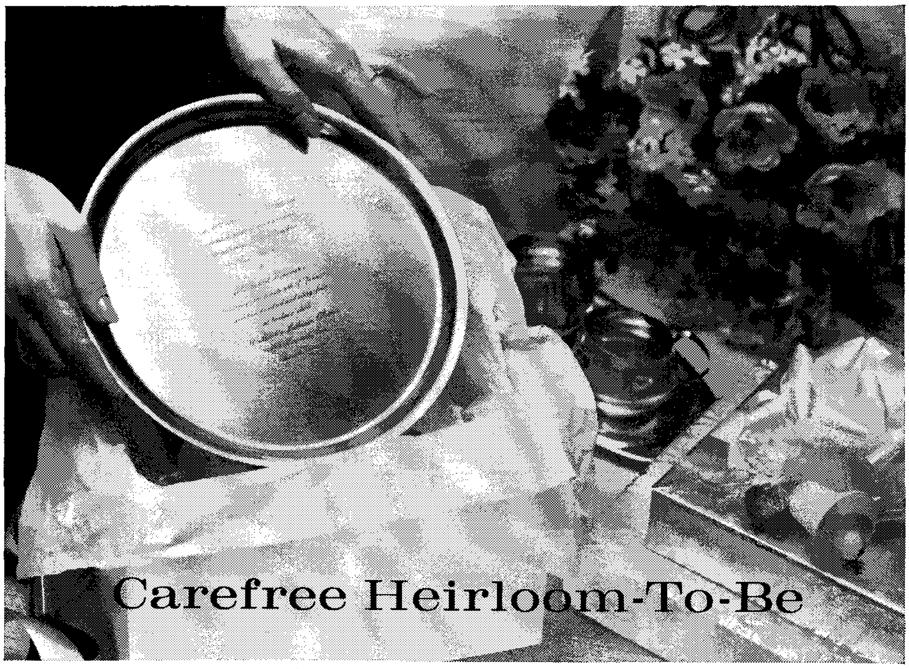
tional, far more than any other course, became the criterion of architectural taste. The greens at the Augusta National are very large, and therefore nearly every new course had to have huge greens, too. The trouble is that greens of the Augusta National type are perfectly right at the Augusta National but they are not at most other places. They are right at the Augusta National for several reasons. The overall scale of the course is heroic, and the greens are in perfect proportion to the other features—the tees, the fairways, the hazards, and the sweeping contours of the land. In addition, the greens at Augusta suit the strategic concept of the holes. When Bob Jones laid out the course, in 1931, with the assistance of the fine Scottish golf architect Alister MacKenzie, one of his aims was to make a sharp break with the reigning "penal" style of design, which had cluttered our courses with a plethora of hazards, and one of his solutions was to restrict the hazards in the green area to one key bunker, if possible, and make the terrain the star of the show by constructing big, undulating greens—American cousins of the immense double greens at St. Andrews, Jones' favorite course. Above and beyond this, Jones did not simply build the Augusta National and then, when it was acclaimed a marvel of beauty and design, let it go at that. Over the next twenty years, he continued to study each of the eighteen holes, to see what could be done to improve its playability, and to this end he shifted this tee back and that tee to the right, rerouted at least two fairways, widened certain water hazards, moved some bunkers and reshaped others, and remodelled quite a number of the greens, some of them drastically. Indeed, no other course in the world has ever undergone anything resembling the fastidious revision lavished on the Augusta National. If the large greens function handsomely, it is because Jones kept at them until they did. How different things have been at most other courses! Today, when the leading golf architects are engaged in constructing at least a dozen and sometimes two dozen courses simultaneously in widely scattered locales, it is next to impossible for them to find room in their schedules to return to courses they have completed in order to superintend modifications required on holes that looked terrific on the drawing board but that have been revealed by actual play to be ordinary, or even deficient. Accordingly, the large green that doesn't play correctly usually remains a large green that doesn't play



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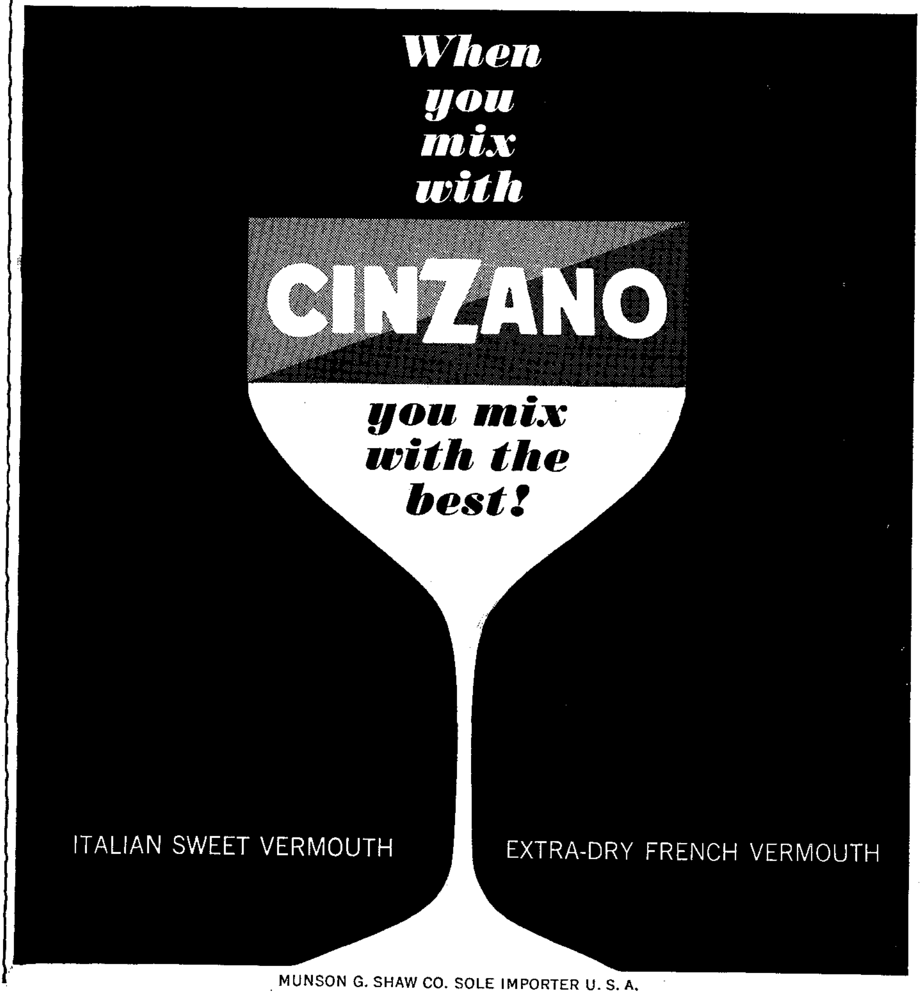

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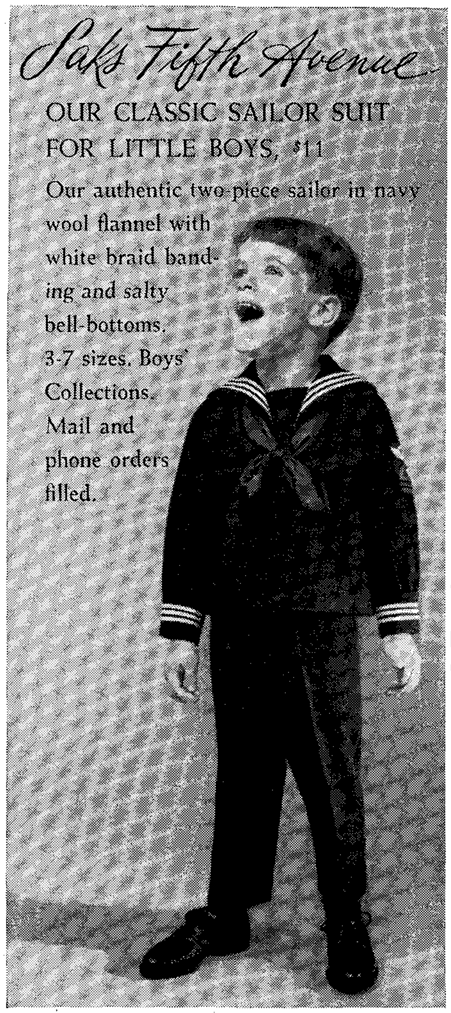

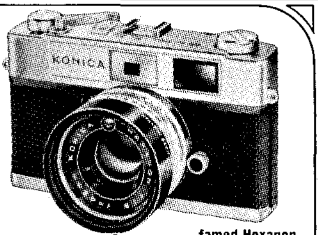

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correctly. In this regard, there is a wonderful story—only slightly apocryphal, I would guess—about one of the busiest of the glamour architects. It seems that the officers of a club for which he had built a new course the year before had been trying for six months to get him to come down and look things over. A date was finally set up, but when the people from the club met the architect at the local airport, he explained that he just didn't have the time to go all the way out to the course. The group repaired to the airport cocktail lounge for a quick discussion, during which the architect was informed that the members were especially unhappy with the seventh and sixteenth holes. "Right. I've got you," the architect said, and, reaching for a couple of cocktail napkins, he proceeded to make two rapid sketches. "There," he said, passing the napkins. "There are your new seventh and sixteenth greens. Now, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I think they're calling my plane."

To get back for a moment to Five Farms and Atlantic City, it seemed incongruous to many of us that these courses should strike us as being so meritorious when neither Bellerive nor Laurel Valley, where much more important events were held, aroused anything like this enthusiasm. The crux of the problem, though, is the very importance of the P.G.A. and Open Championships. While no substantial changes were necessary at Atlantic City to provide a solid test for the women professionals and the top women amateurs, or at Five Farms to provide a similarly suitable test for the British and American amateur stars, both Bellerive and Laurel Valley had to be toughened up expressly to make them sufficiently rigorous for the long-hitting and extremely accurate professionals—the world's best golfers—who make up the field in the P.G.A. and the bulk of the field in the Open. This is not a new story, to be sure; good championship layouts have always been hard to find. If Laurel Valley and Bellerive proved disappointing, the courses themselves were partly to blame—both are less than seven years old and lack the requisite maturity—but the blame lay just as much or more with the way the courses were prepared for the championships.

In pursuing this matter a bit further, let us concern ourselves only with the Open, since, despite the ascendancy of the Masters and the recent revitalization of the British Open, it is still the most distinguished event in golf. (The P.G.A. ranks a notch below these three.) Because few, if any, courses in

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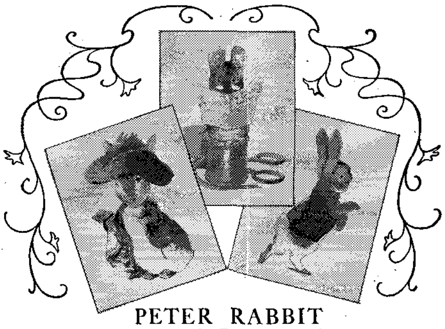

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this country would present much of a challenge if the Open field played the same layout that the club members play, the United States Golf Association, which conducts the Open, has developed over the years a fairly definite set of measures designed to put more iron into the course selected for the championship. To start with, the course is lengthened by making use of the back tees, and any new tees the club may have constructed on weak-sister holes to bolster them for the championship. Then, certain short par-5 holes, which would be relatively easy birdie holes, are converted into demanding par 4s by using the front of the regular tee or, in some cases, the ladies' tee. On all holes, to put a high premium on accuracy off the tee, the fairways are narrowed down in the professionals' "landing area" from their usual fifty-five or sixty yards to thirty-five or forty yards. The new rough that grows up alongside these tightened fairways is carefully graduated; the exact height it is allowed to attain depends on the type of grass and on the playing conditions at the time of the championship, but as a rule the first five or six feet bordering the fairway are kept about two inches high, and the rest of the rough about four inches high. In the green areas, also in the interests of rewarding the accurate shot and punishing the wayward one, the rough is again brought in close, and only a thirty- or thirty-six-inch collar of low-cut fringe separates the rough from the putting surface. The U.S.G.A. makes any other changes it deems necessary, but those described here are customarily the major ones. While there is no denying that these special preparations produce courses that are fierce tests of skill, there has been something basically wrong with the Open courses far more often than not over the last dozen years. The underlying defect, it occurs to me, is that they have not presented the right kind of difficulty, largely because of the flaws inherent in the ritual of special preparation. For example, the trouble with the "instant rough" edging the fairways is that it is made up of grass that was intended for fairways. When this grass is allowed to sprout into rough, it invariably emerges as the thickest, mattiest rough imaginable—much harder to recover from than regular rough; accordingly, a golfer who misses a fairway by ten yards is frequently much better off than a golfer who misses it by three feet. The trouble with the rough around the greens, apart from the fact that it has practically eliminated the traditional chip shot,

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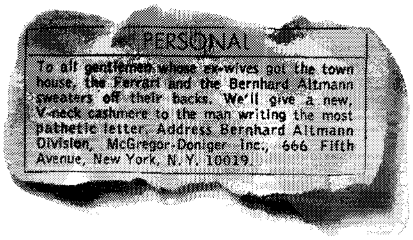

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is that, like all new rough, it may have the proper texture and it may not. At some Opens, this greenside rough has been brutal, and has imposed on errant golfers a much harsher penalty than the degree of their error deserved. The trouble with converting short par 5s into long par 4s is that these fabricated holes are often too severe. On most par 5s, the greens are comparatively small, since they were designed with the thought in mind that the golfer, approaching them with his third shot, would be playing a lofted pitching club; as a result, these greens are often too shallow to hold the hard-hit, low-trajectory second shot, played with a fairway wood or a long iron, that is required in the Open. Similarly, on many holes lengthened for the championship by the addition of a new back tee, the golfer finds himself called on to stop a 3-iron shot on a 6-iron green. Occasionally, all, or nearly all, of these obvious shortcomings are avoided in the process of readying a course for the Open. Oak Hill, in Rochester, where the championship was held in 1956, and the Olympic, in San Francisco, where it was held in 1955, impressed a large majority of veteran observers of the game as being generally splendid Open courses, and so did Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh, the scene of the 1962 championship. For the most part, though, the Open courses, as a direct result of the standardized toughening-up procedure, have had an artificial quality about them. They have not given the field interesting problems to solve. They have rewarded straight hitting, which is as it should be, but they have seldom offered the golfer alternate routes to the greens or evoked bold, attacking shotmaking, and a championship course should. Indeed, they have made it so cardinally important to avoid error that they have encouraged cautious, almost defensive tactics. Furthermore, although this is a somewhat superficial point, a championship course should have a crisp aspect and a positive scenic appeal. The Open courses, freighted with rough, their natural lines replaced by geometric ones, seldom do. One cannot expect Open courses to possess the flaming beauty of the Augusta National, but it should nevertheless be borne in mind that the visual charm of the Augusta National has contributed almost as much as its functional worth to the rise of the Masters.

It goes without saying that it is much easier to find fault with the present-day Open courses than to suggest remedies. I do believe, though, that

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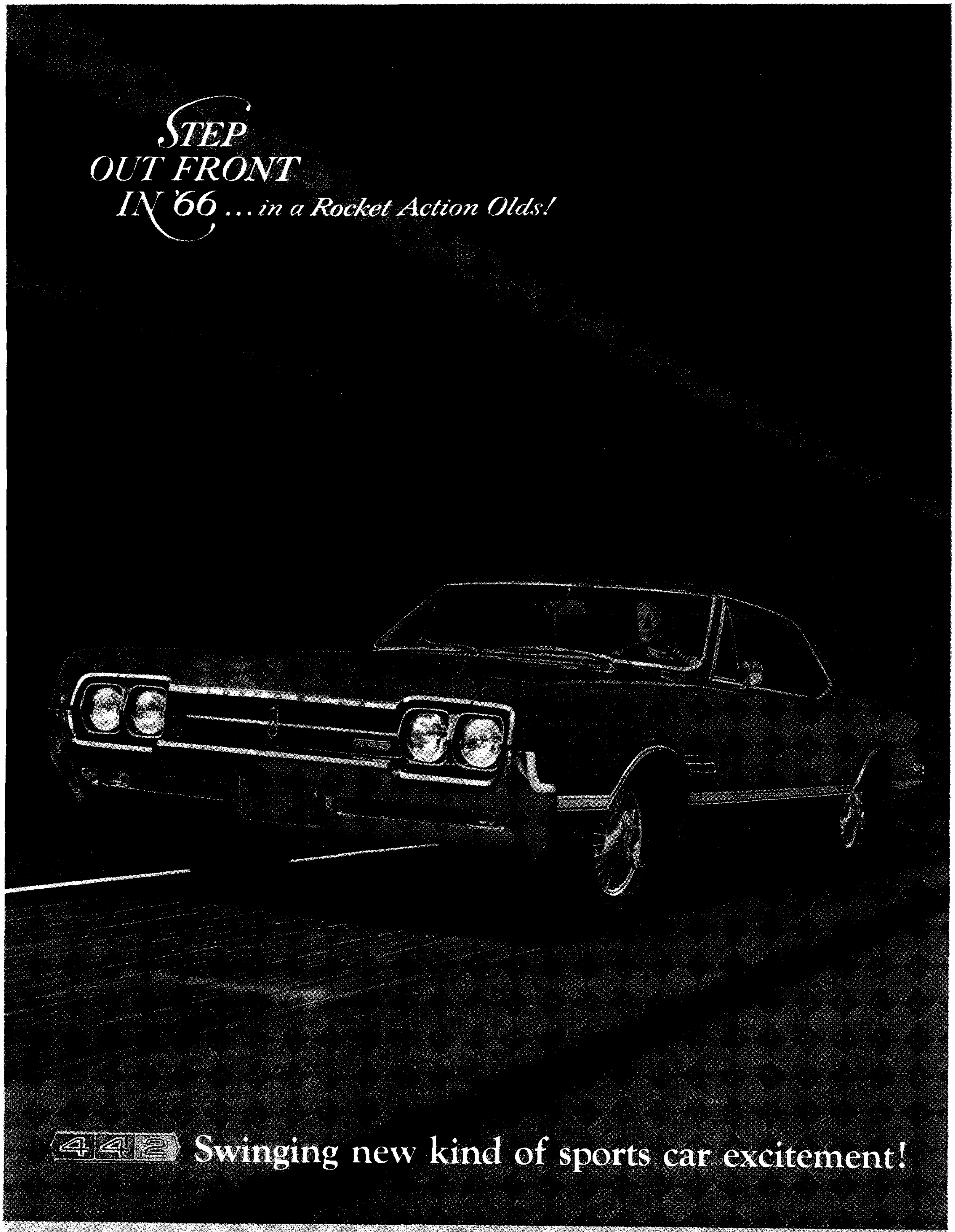
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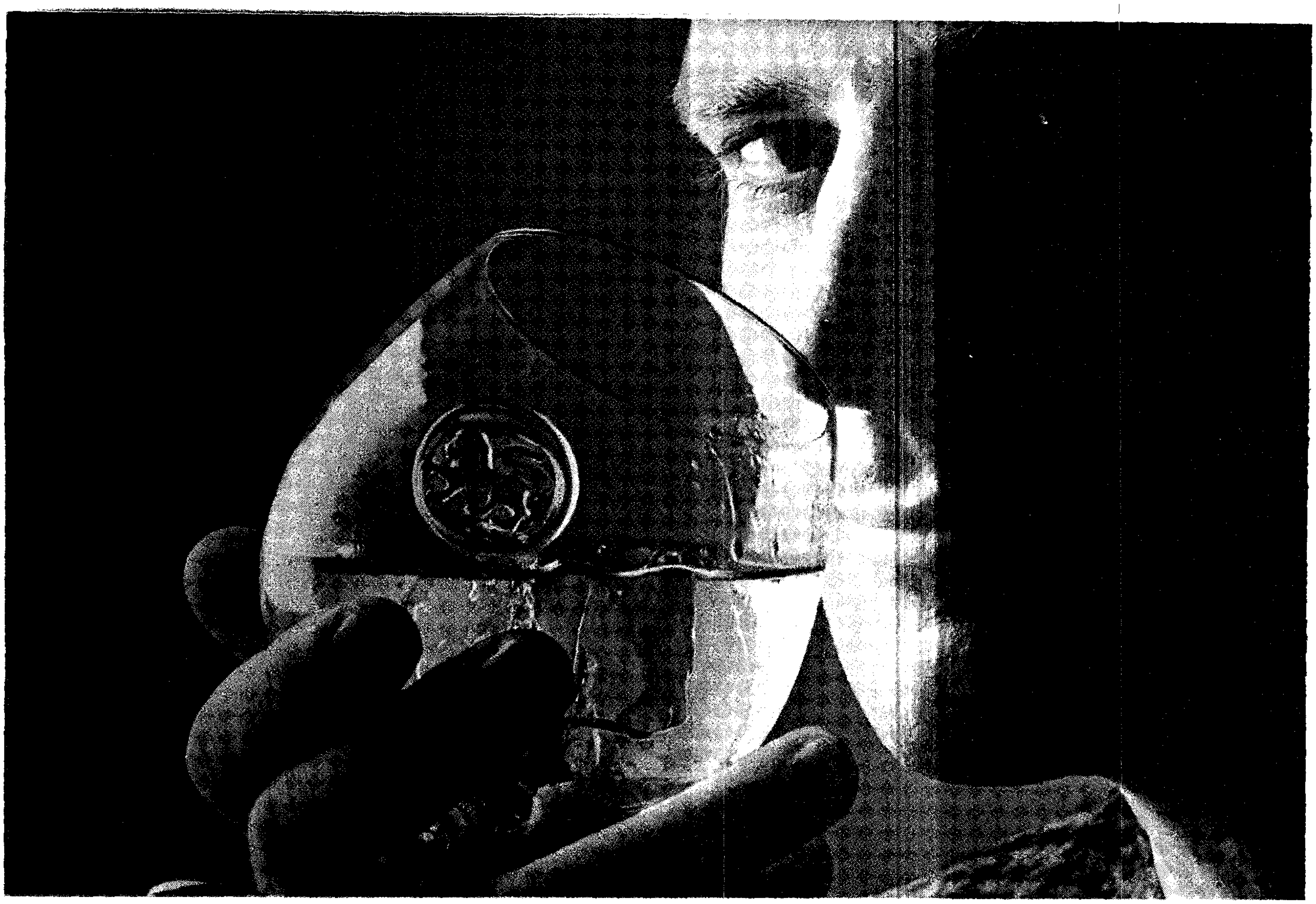

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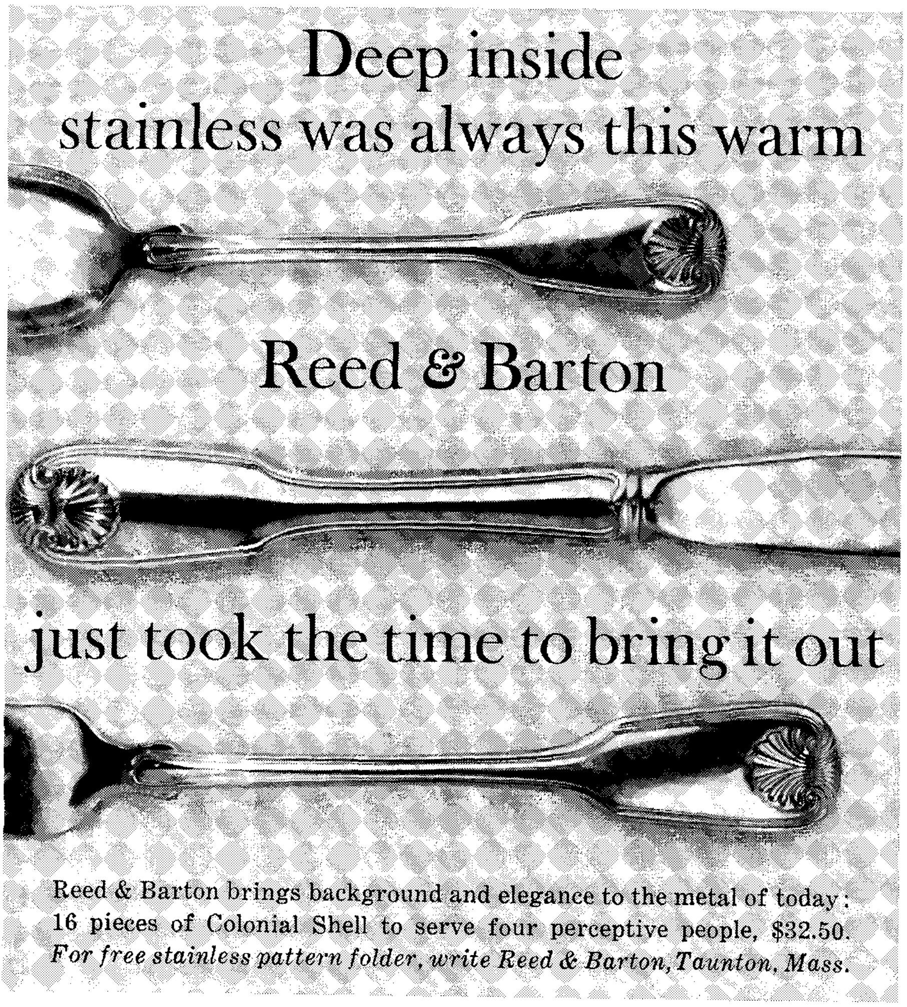
now is an excellent time for the U.S.G.A. to think the whole matter through again, and in the event that it does so, I would like to offer a few mild suggestions. They were inspired, for the most part, by some remarks that Kel Nagle, the pleasant Australian who was the runner-up in this year's Open, made halfway through the tournament when he was asked if he was having any particular trouble with the lush, heavy rough. "So far, I've been lucky, and I haven't been in it too often," he said. "But if you're really asking if heavy rough is something new for me, the answer would be no. Most of the championship courses in Britain have very heavy rough. They don't grow it for the Open and the other big events. It's sitting out there the whole year round." Nagle intended no criticism by this statement, but after hearing it I began to think what a good idea it would be if the alterations on a course chosen for the Open were made a full year—or, better yet, two full years—before the event. This would give the revised course a chance to age and weather, and during this shakedown period, furthermore, there would be ample opportunity to adjust the holes, or the parts of holes, that had revealed weaknesses—in the manner of Jones at the Augusta National, if to a more limited extent. Such an approach, admittedly, would have certain drawbacks. It would be costly, and the membership at most clubs would be dead against putting on the championship if this entailed having to play (even from the front tees) a terribly stiff and unflattering course for two or three years. Still, I would guess that a few clubs would be all for it. And where does that take us? In the direction, I suppose, of the school of thought that has been politely proposing for years that we consider adopting the "rota" system the British have always used, whereby a relatively small number of courses of outstanding quality—currently, a half dozen or so—take turns holding their Open. Setting up a similar championship rotation of our own would, I think, be a popular move as well as a sound one. There is no reason such a system should not be flexible enough to permit a break in the regular sequence every three or four years, so that a first-rate course not on the rota could have the honor of holding the Open. Anyhow, it is something to think about during the long winter months.

THERE is no question but that Gary Player was the golfer of the year. Apart from his victory in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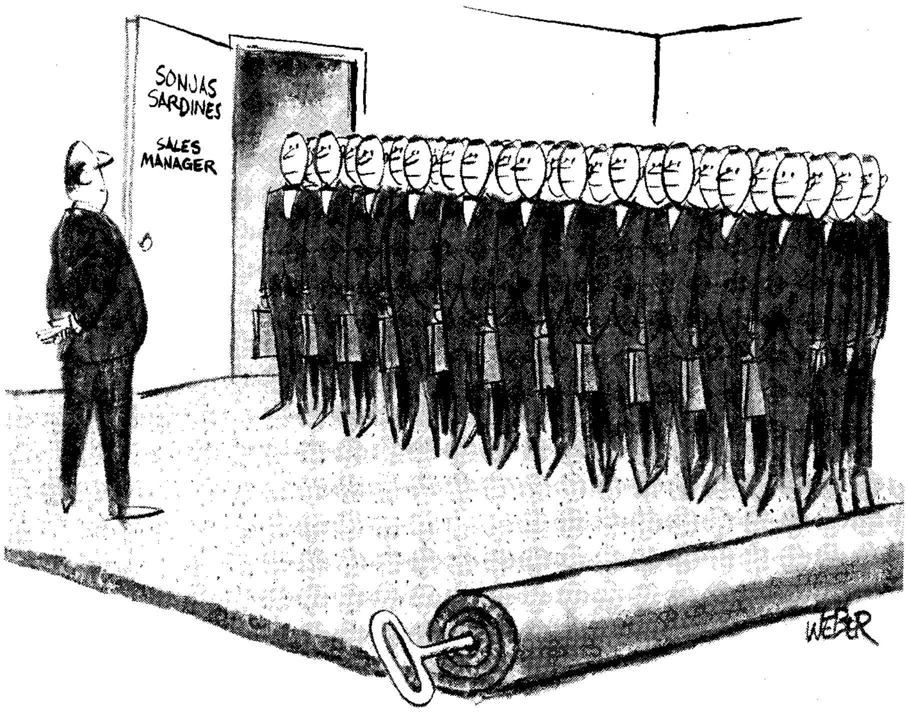

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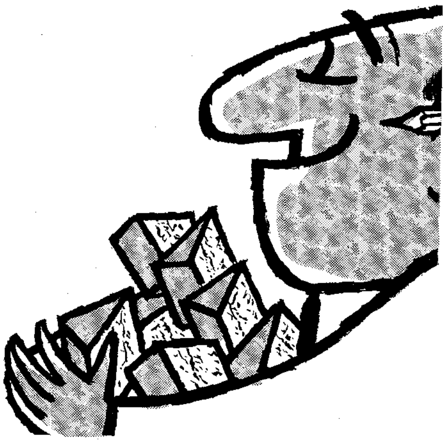

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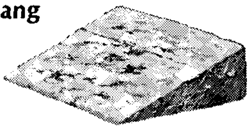

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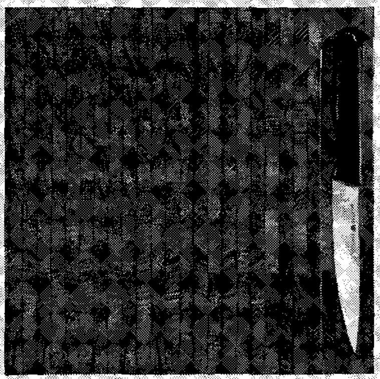

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our Open, the precise South African stylist won the Australian Open in Adelaide; the World Match-Play Championship at Wentworth, in England; the individual title (and, with Harold Henning, the team title) in the Canada Cup match in Madrid; the thirty-six-hole television special called the World Series of Golf at the Firestone Country Club, in Akron; and the little family outing with Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer that their joint manager, Mark McCormack, set up late in July in Washington, D.C. Player showed himself to be not only a much better golfer than most of us had suspected but also a better competitor. For example, in defeating Tony Lema in the semifinal of the Match-Play Championship he stood 7 down, after nineteen holes but caught his man with a birdie on the thirty-sixth and then beat him with another birdie on the thirty-seventh. Last spring, after Nicklaus's bravura exhibition in winning the Masters with a record-shattering total of 271, it seemed that this would be his year, but after that there were very few weeks in which Nicklaus—I suppose we all regard him as essentially the best golfer in the world today—played anything like the golf he is capable of. For Arnold Palmer, who won only one tournament and no major championships, it was a very lean year. Palmer, of course, has hardly enjoyed his gradual eclipse since 1962, his last big season, but it is typical of the man—there is a lot of size to him—that when his colleagues kid him about being a has-been, he takes it with such good grace that he actually encourages more of the same. At a dinner in New York for the American Ryder Cup team, the members of the team were called to the head table one by one to receive their credentials, and when Palmer's name was announced, it was greeted by gleeful cries of "Who?" and "Arnold who?" and "I didn't get the name" from his teammates. Then one of them, Johnny Pott, added, as Palmer walked to the dais, "Oh, I've read about him in books." I have seen Palmer smile more broadly in victory, but not very often.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

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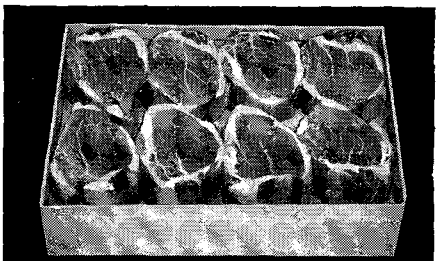

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Lonely Ones

THE name of the picture having caused my heart to sink but the name of the star having lifted it back into place, off I went to see "The Leather Boys," with Rita Tushingham, and a pleasant surprise it proved to be: one of the best pictures I've seen this year, and one of the very few pictures I've ever seen that I, though a born Mr. Fixit, didn't feel tempted to tamper with in any way. As the title hints, the picture concerns the cult of the motorcycle, with its rites of reckless, high-speed, noisy passage and its helmeted and leather-jacketed acolytes; my anthropological interest in the cult was satisfied some time ago by Kenneth Anger's remarkably fine underground movie "Scorpio Rising," in which the links between motorcycling, a certain kind of popular music, and a certain kind of homosexuality were thoroughly explored, and I was relieved to discover that "The Leather Boys" is much less a documentary study of a secret order than a simply told tale of some lonely young people from the London lower-middle-class depths. Motorcycling provides the background against which we watch a particular couple, newly escaped from the suffocating confines of family life, as they seek to stake some shadowy claim in the terra incognita of marriage. The girl is a selfish, warmhearted, ignorant flibbertigibbet; the boy is like her in everything except his willingness to assume the burden of adult life. When the girl fails him, he turns for companionship to a fellow-cyclist, who, in a way that seems perfectly natural while it is happening, earns a place for himself in the young man's heart and home. In the end, the young man, being for honorable reasons at odds with both his wife and his friend, has a bleaker choice of futures than one had supposed; his loneliness will have to become much greater before it can become any less.

The screenplay of "The Leather Boys," taken from a novel by Eliot George (a name too obviously a pseudonym to be a pseudonym), is the work of Gillian Freeman, who deserves praise for the economy with which she has managed to sketch an exceptionally broad and lively assortment of family

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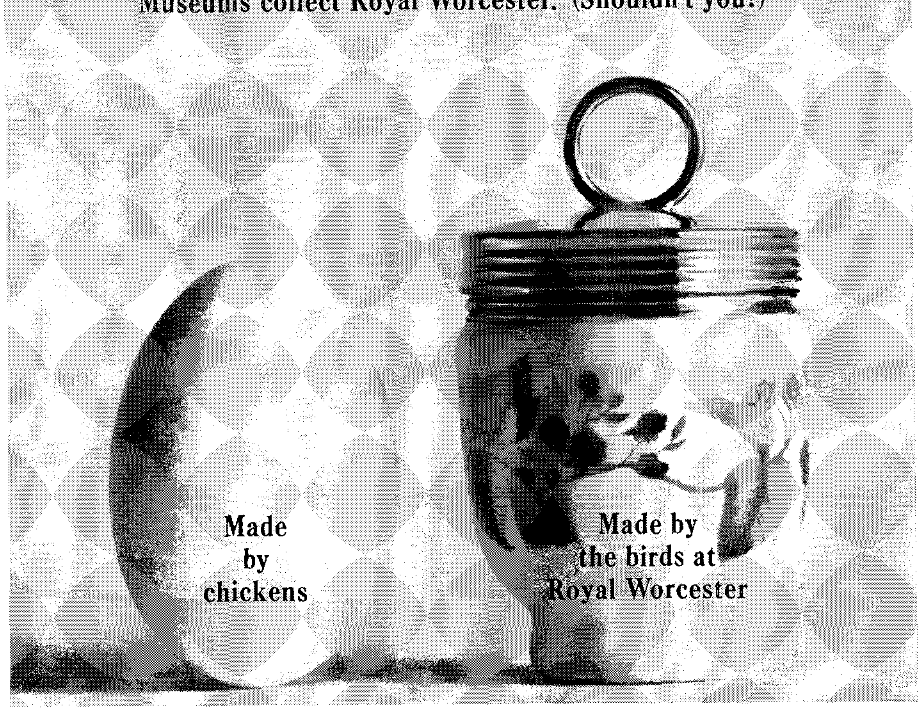

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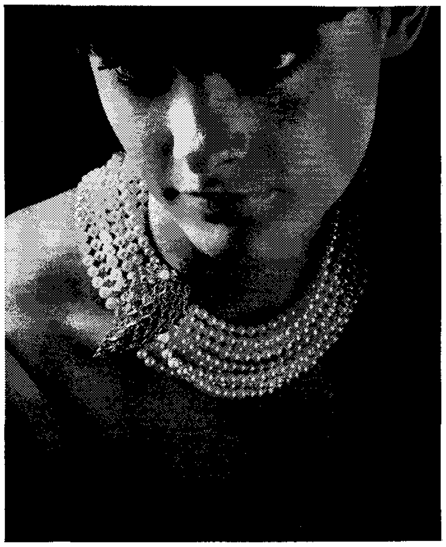

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types. Miss Tushingham, who is probably the only girl in the world who can be sometimes pretty, sometimes ugly, and sometimes both at once, also deserves praise for a sensationally skillful performance as the brattish child bride. Colin Campbell and Dudley Sutton are nearly a match for her as, respectively, the husband and the friend, and I admired Gladys Henson in a small role as an indomitable grandmother. But the chief hero of the occasion is the director, Sidney J. Furie, favorably known here for the suave authority of his direction of "The Ipcress File." Mr. Furie has built the structure of "The Leather Boys" so compactly and well that not a single foot of the film goes to waste; every scene is made to bear its proper weight of meaning, justly divided between many things pictured and a few things said, and the self-confidence with which Mr. Furie slips around certain dangerous corners of the movie is, of itself, a source of pleasure.

SINCE "Never Too Late" was a big hit on Broadway, I assume that nearly everyone is already aware that the lateness in the title refers to the fact that a man of sixty-odd unexpectedly begets a child upon a somewhat less elderly wife. As a basis for a comedy, I'd have thought that this physiologically implausible event was right up there with Hansen's disease, but I'd have been wrong—it appears that one must never underestimate what a relentlessly vulgar mind can achieve by exploiting the nervousness that is still to be evoked in this Puritan country by any direct or indirect reference to the sexual act. Mr. Sumner Arthur Long, who wrote the play and has provided the script for the movie version of "Never Too Late," has used the love life of a sour old man and his wrinkled spouse as a framework on which to hang dozens of sour and wrinkled gags, many of them being but echoes of stories that have circulated in bars and locker rooms for a good hundred years. To double his resources, and therefore, he must have calculated, to double our amusement, Mr. Long has added to the main plot a subplot that neatly and repellently balances it; in contrast to the old couple, who have conceived a child inadvertently, we have their daughter and son-in-law, who are trying in vain to become parents and whose pursuit of this goal is spelled out for us with grisly candor.

I find it hard to believe, in retrospect, that I found anything to laugh at in "Never Too Late," but to tell the truth I did—for the first half hour or

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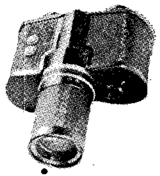

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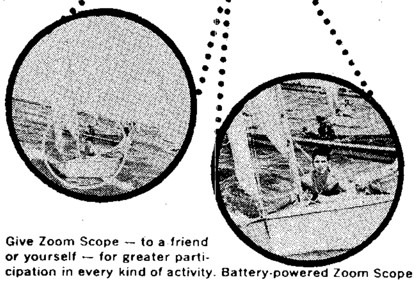

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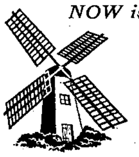

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so, the adroit mugging of Paul Ford as the terrible-tempered father-to-be is nearly irresistible. The part he plays has been cut out of pasteboard, but for longer than it deserves he gives it a cunning semblance of life. As his consort, Maureen O'Sullivan is valiant but ineffective, and as the daughter and son-in-law Connie Stevens and Jim Hutton look and behave like attractive young people, getting beyond their depth only when called upon to act. Also present, poor things, are Jane Wyatt, Henry Jones, and Lloyd Nolan. The picture was directed by Bud Yorkin.

"THE CINCINNATI KID" is a curious reworking of that marvellous movie "The Hustler," with stud poker taking the place of pool as the action upon which the plot turns. Steve McQueen has the role played in "The Hustler" by Paul Newman, and Edward G. Robinson has the role played by Jackie Gleason. Prominent in the cast and often appearing to wish they weren't are Karl Malden, Rip Torn, and Joan Blondell; what may be called, for identification purposes only, the love interest of the picture is provided by Tuesday Weld and Ann-Margret. I have to admit that I was perversely delighted by the latter's vain attempts to impersonate a voluptuous seductress, and that I had a pretty good time watching Mr. Robinson have a *very* good time portraying an old-time card-player and aphorist, but nearly everything else in the picture proved radically irritating. The screenplay, by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Terry Southern (who helped Christopher Isherwood wreck the screenplay of "The Loved One"), has some of the falsest-ringing dialogue I've ever heard. Perhaps I go too far in saying it rings, even falsely; what it really does is go thump, thump, thump from one hand-me-down tough-guy cliché to the next. The direction of the picture is by Norman Jewison, and, speaking of aphorisms, I wager that in the course of making it he was more than once overheard to mutter something about a sow's ear.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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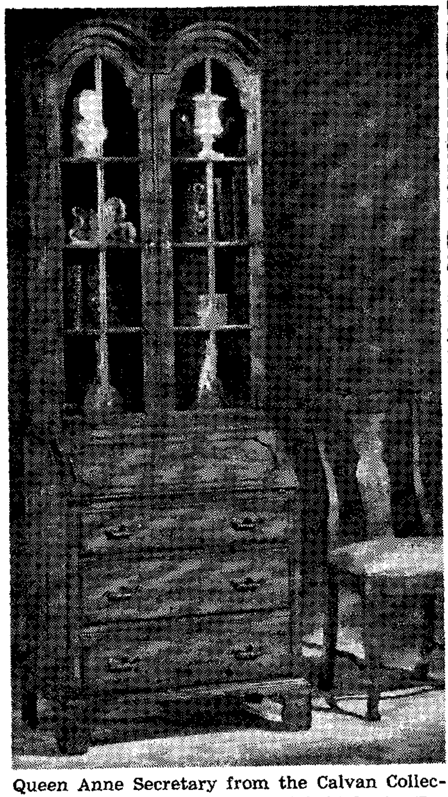

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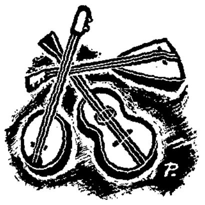
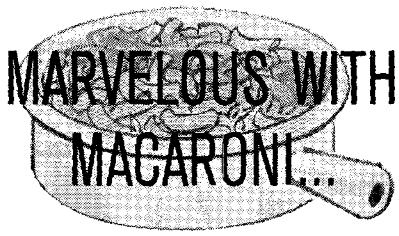
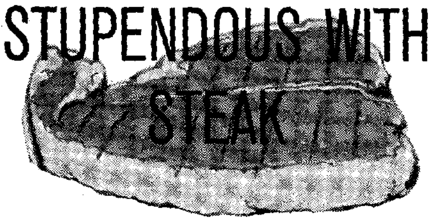


EFFICIENT young conductors who can lead a score through its paces—especially an eighteenth-century or a modern one—while keeping a steady tempo and getting every note in the right place are common nowadays. What is uncommon is the young conductor who has the authority, in matters of style, to take a chance with the varying tempos and complex balances of sound found in nineteenth-century music and bring off a performance that is emotionally satisfying. Perhaps the sternest test for such a conductor is the music of Anton Bruckner. Mr. Zubin Mehta, the young Parsi conductor from Bombay, Los Angeles, Montreal, and elsewhere, appeared on Tuesday evening of last week in Philharmonic Hall at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and undertook, among other things, a performance of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. Mr. Mehta is twenty-nine, and a rather imperious, not to say fiery-looking, figure on the podium, and he has an impetuousness that is indispensable for a stirring rendition of this sort of music. There were times in the symphony when he adopted tempos different from those we are accustomed to, and when he lifted into prominence a few contrapuntal lines that we do not always hear that forcibly. His was not a standard performance, but it *was* a satisfying one—and this is just the point: Mr. Mehta, for all his youth, has enough seasoning in the grand tradition to be able to depart from strict literalness now and then without losing his bearings. All the symphony's essential nobility was eloquently set forth, with climaxes in the right places and a fine and unusual combination of serenity and vigor. There was also a remarkable degree of clarity in the way the orchestration emerged, and I particularly noted a detail I always look for in this work as an earmark of the fine Bruckner conductor—three exposed notes in the second-clarinet part at the letter "V" in the score of the first movement. Many conductors let them go by almost unheard in their haste to get on with the movement. Not Mr. Mehta. He brought them out clearly and in due proportion.

The program also contained Arnold



MARVELOUS WITH MACARONI...



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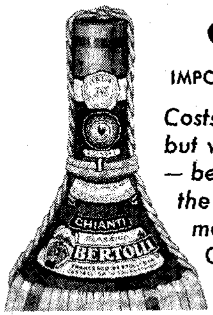

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Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra, Opus 16, and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture. I am not overly fond of the Schoenberg work, but I must say that if anything could make me more fond of it, it would be the virile, impassioned kind of performance Mr. Mehta gave it. As for the performance of the Beethoven overture, it was perhaps a little too aggressive and a little lacking in finesse. But the faults Mr. Mehta's interpretation of it had were faults of youth—faults that greater maturity will iron out. Mr. Mehta has the technical and emotional equipment of a maestro of genius. If it spills over occasionally into superenthusiasm, that isn't bad. The equipment is there, and one ounce of it is worth pounds of finicky precision.

THE Metropolitan Opera National Company, following a tour of some dimensions, is presenting a season at the New York State Theatre—an event that is causing some sober thought on several levels. In the first place, it is offering the public its first taste of opera in this theatre, and the old problem of acoustics has come up again. In the view of most listeners I have talked to, as well as in my own, the New York State Theatre has turned out to have only fair—not really good—acoustics for this sort of thing, a shade better downstairs than in the rings (as the balconies are called), and considerably better for hearing the orchestra than for hearing the singers. In the second place, the National Company has not turned out to be quite what we expected it to be—that is to say, a fully professional and greatly accomplished outfit from which the Met itself could draw important singers. The company has its strengths, most of them in its thoroughly rehearsed stage business, which is on a par with that of most Broadway shows. It might be argued, I suppose, that this slick theatrical efficiency is just the thing to ingratiate opera with people in smaller centers who do not particularly like it, and that this is one of the company's purposes. But, if so, the question arises whether opera is exactly what they are being presented with. To judge by the two performances I heard last week—Rossini's "Cinderella," on Wednesday evening, and Bizet's "Carmen," on Friday night—the opera, if it is opera, is certainly petit rather than grand.

"Cinderella," sung in English, showed the company in both its strong and its weak aspects. There were charming sets, by Beni Montresor. The young sisters, all personable, had been

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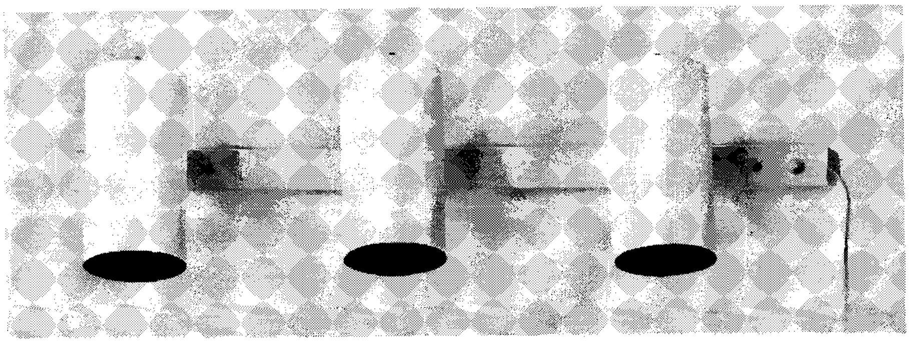

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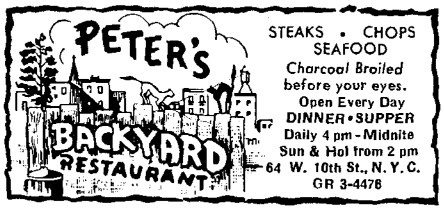

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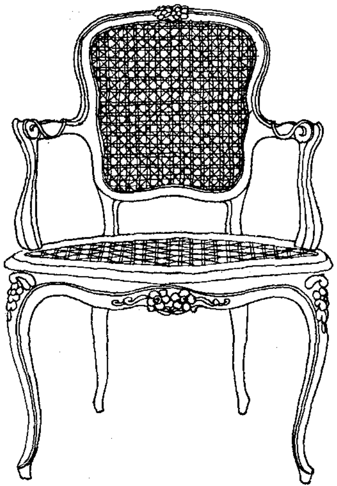

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rehearsed within an inch of their lives. Wherever there was a natural pause in stage business, the director, Guenther Rennert, had invented something to fill the gap, so that the production became one of the most overdirected and busiest spectacles I have ever seen outside certain German opera houses. The all-important question of voices capable of singing the sort of florid music "Cinderella" consists of seems to have been overlooked. There was an approximation now and then of the requisite *fioritura,* but it was never brilliant and seldom even accurate. I shall not pick out individuals for praise or blame other than to say that one performer, Sylvia Friederich, who sang the title role, had a voice of suitable agility—a small one, however, which failed to fill the auditorium, even allowing for bad acoustics. The whole performance, agreeable as it was from the visual standpoint, gave a mistaken impression of what "Cinderella" is about, and turned it into something like musical comedy. "Cinderella" should properly be a vehicle for the exhibition of spectacular vocalism, hung on the framework of an old fairy tale. The other night, we had only a spankingly good framework.

Friday night's "Carmen" was similar, except that the framework was not as good. More or less abstract sets consisting of wooden scaffoldings and stairways, thought up by an imported Frenchman named Bernard Daydé, clashed with a macédoine of realistic costumes, some of them pretty untidy. Another imported Frenchman, Louis Ducreux, succeeded in getting more realism than is customary into the action here and there, though there were some disturbing elements in the action, too, notably a number of extraneous figures distracting one's attention in the first act, and a boys' chorus sung by women. Again, there was one singer who attracted some notice—Dorothy Krebill, who sang the leading role, and who has good looks, animal magnetism, grace, and a fair amount of temperament to recommend her. Her voice, too, is serviceable, though it is light in calibre, as the voices of fine Carmens go. In the case of this production, great credit is due to Robert La Marchina, who conducted the work admirably. I cannot help wondering, however, whether the National Company has any legitimate function apart from providing education for promising but immature singers.

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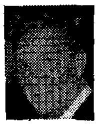

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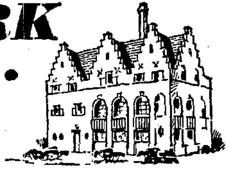

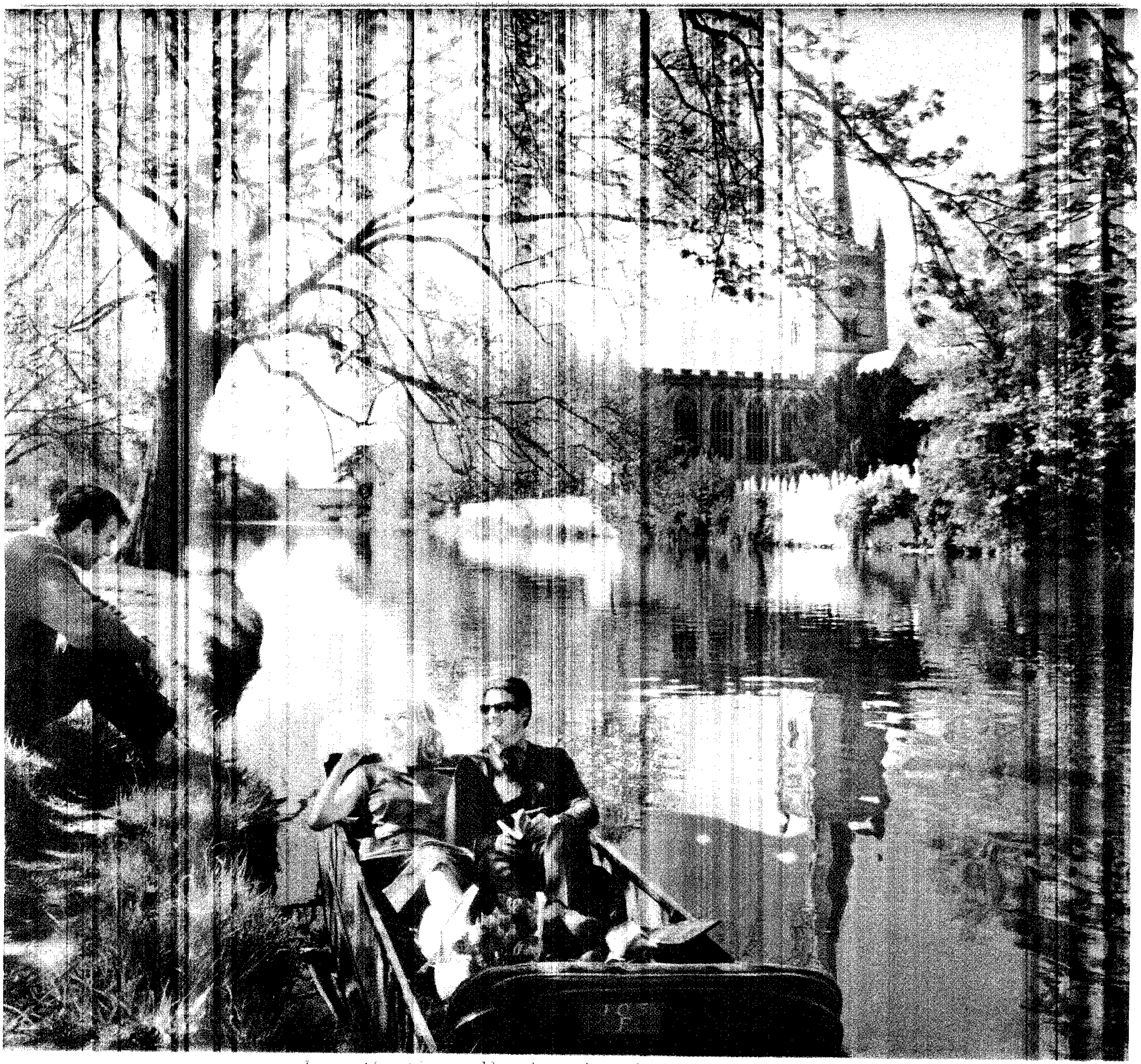

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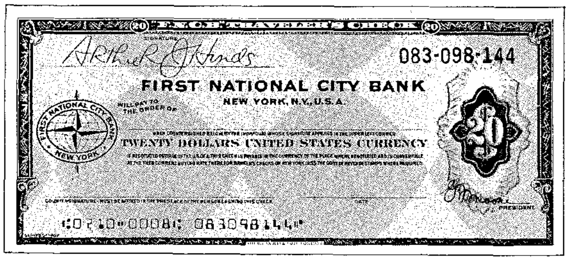

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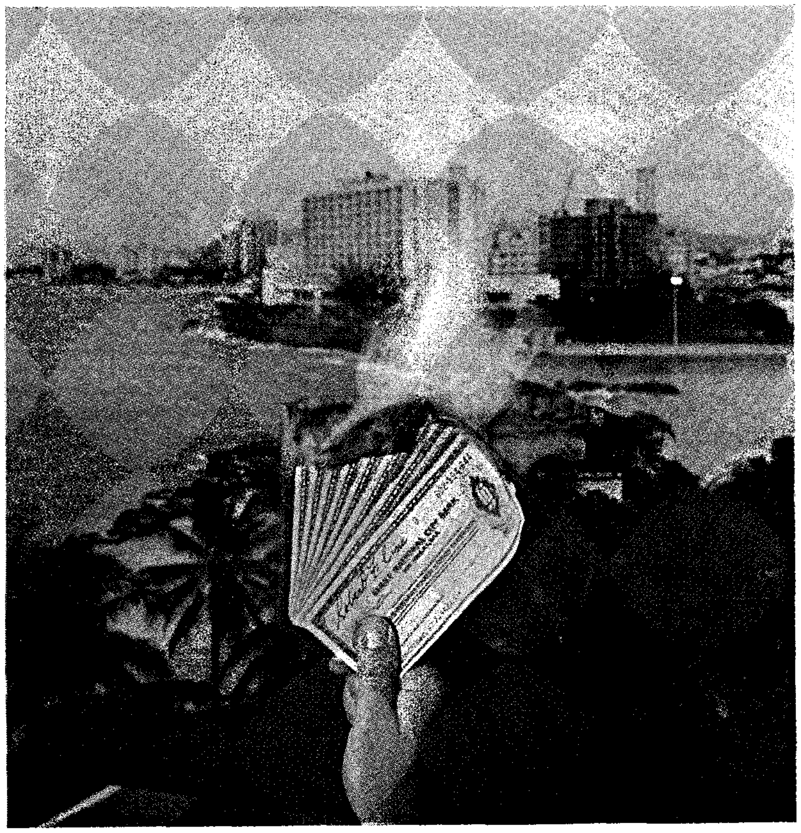

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is the New York City Opera. It also has the function of discovering fine new operas, which these days is a chancy business. If it fell short of expectations last Thursday night, at the City Center, with Ned Rorem's "Miss Julie," that must be written off as just another good try. The production was adequate in every way. The singers—including Marguerite Willauer in the title role, the always dependable Donald Gramm as John the Valet, and Elaine Bonazzi, making a distinguished début as Christine—were topnotch. But Mr. Rorem had let us down. Not that his opera is without skill. The workmanship of an experienced song composer is evident in several set numbers. But the parts of the drama that call for ecstatic inspiration—and there is ecstasy to be found in Strindberg's old drama, even though it is often private and unhinged—failed to elicit it from Mr. Rorem. I do not know to what extent this is due to his rather pallid composing idiom, which comes down to us from "Pelléas" by way of Ravel and a few later figures of the French school, and to what extent it may be due simply to a temperamental incapacity to deal with strong emotion. In any case, "Miss Julie" is not an effective opera. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The duck season opens in Kansas Saturday morning at sunrise and hunters report that there are a lot of ducks in the country. The bag limit has been reduced this year and is four daily and eight in possession. The bag may not include more than two canvasbacks, one mallard and one pintail. The bag on coots is ten and the possession limit 20, after the first day.

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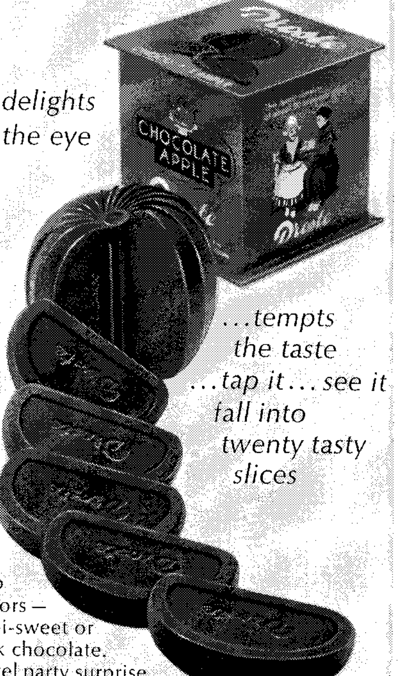

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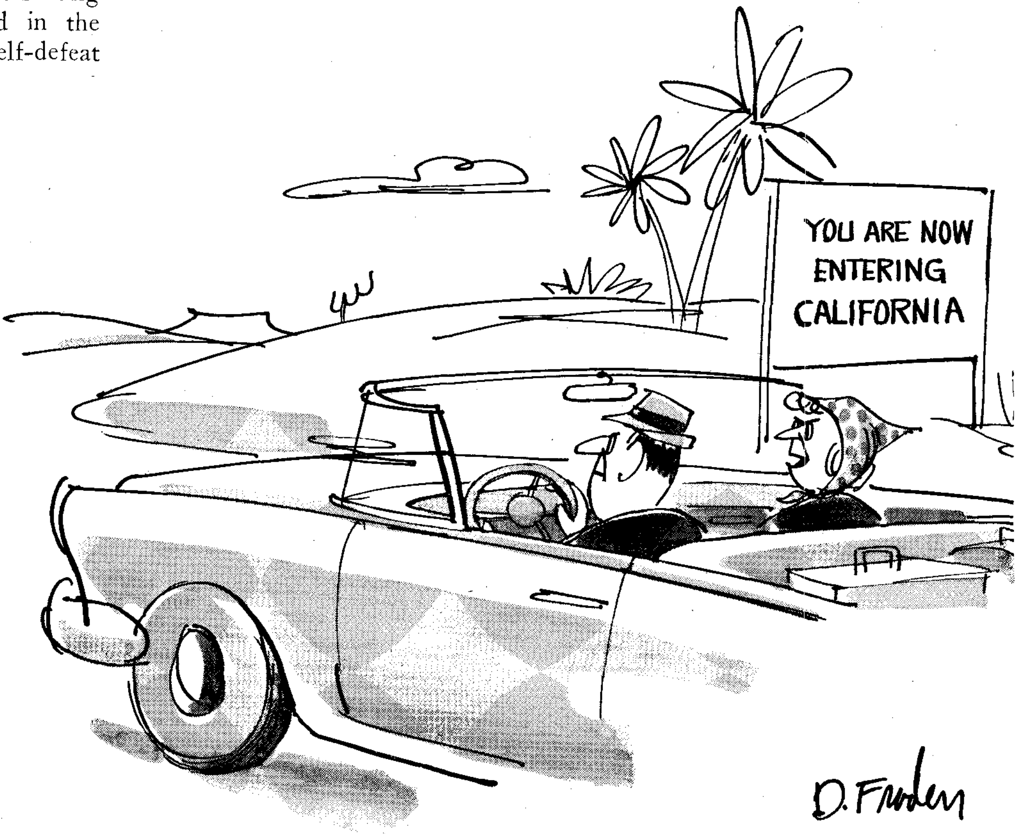
BOOKS

Please, Mr. Goldberg

"Manchild in the Promised Land" (Macmillan) tells—in a loping, lurid, dreamlike, boastful, funny, frightening fashion—how its author, Claude Brown, a twenty-eight-year-old Negro law student, grew up in Harlem in the forties and fifties. But "grew" is the wrong word, for Brown *did not begin to develop conventionally* until he was seventeen, when he left Harlem, took a steady job, and went to night school to get a high-school diploma. Before that, he had inhabited an extra-moral nightmare world he had helped create. Nourished by the ghetto, it was designed to shut out a three-headed monster—a stunted, wobbly family life, poverty, and sorry schools. Most of us seek out the comforts of customs and laws. Brown, though subverting this search, was no exception. Indeed, his need for social props was acute. He was the second of four children born to parents who in the thirties came up from the South to the El Dorado of Harlem. His mother, whom he loved, was a good woman. His father was an inarticulate tyrant who several times came close to beating him to death. They arrived in the North encumbered with self-defeat ("Mama couldn't understand white people too well anyway, and when they used . . . big words she couldn't understand them at all") and with a backwoods patent-medicine heritage of superstition and fear that had been untouched by their combined nine years of schooling. The urban prison they moved into confounded them; none of their hand-me-down customs worked anymore. And instead of gold in the streets, there were rats and garbage. Brown's father sought solace in whiskey, women, and aimless rages, while his mother—in the classic manner of the bewildered immigrant—became twice as countrified. Propelled by these broken cross-rhythms as well as by a frequently empty stomach, Brown fled into the streets, where he found a ready-made substitute life. Its Holy Grail was manliness, which was pursued by fighting, either singlehanded or in gangs. Fighting was considered less fearsome than *not* fighting. Brown's principal badges of honor were the wounds he inflicted on others. His secondary credits were earned by stealing, which had practical benefits; from the age of five or so, he and his friends always had money in their pockets. *Beaten at home, he was respected in* the streets. And in a Booth Tarkington way, Brown is still proud of this status, for he writes of it with surprise and relish; he was a *good* thief, a *good* fighter. Inevitably, his world occasionally collided with the law. When he was eight, he was sent to Bellevue for psychiatric observation, and by the time he was nine he had been "hit by a bus, thrown into the Harlem River (intentionally), hit by a car, severely beaten with a chain." And he had set his house afire. Then his mother, at her wit's end, shipped him South to his grandfather for a year. The exile only whetted Brown's skills; at the age of ten, he was familiar with most of the city's corrective centers, and at the age of eleven he was put in Wiltwyck for two years. When he was thirteen, he was sent for nine months to Warwick, an informal prison. Back on the streets when he was fifteen, he left home and began pushing drugs. By this time, drug addiction had replaced fighting as Harlem's most fashionable mettle-tester; miraculously, Brown never accepted the challenge. His friends were addicts, pushers, pimps, whores, killers, and hustlers, among whom he moved with ease and assurance. Until *then, the white world—represented* largely by The Man (police, teachers, prison officials) and by Goldberg (any white merchant)—had simply offered a game of cat and mouse, Brown as the cat. But it was a depressing game. He took a job at a Hamburg Heaven on Madison Avenue:

> This was a real drag. It was something terrible. . . . The thing that bothered me most—I didn't know it would, because I'd never thought about it before—was that only white people came in there. I started off as a busboy. Later I became a waiter—white coat, black tie, and black pants. You had to smile at the white folks, hoping they'd throw a big tip on you. You had to watch what you said and you had to watch the way you acted because they had an old, dumbhead waiter who was a real Tom. If you said anything to one of the customers and didn'



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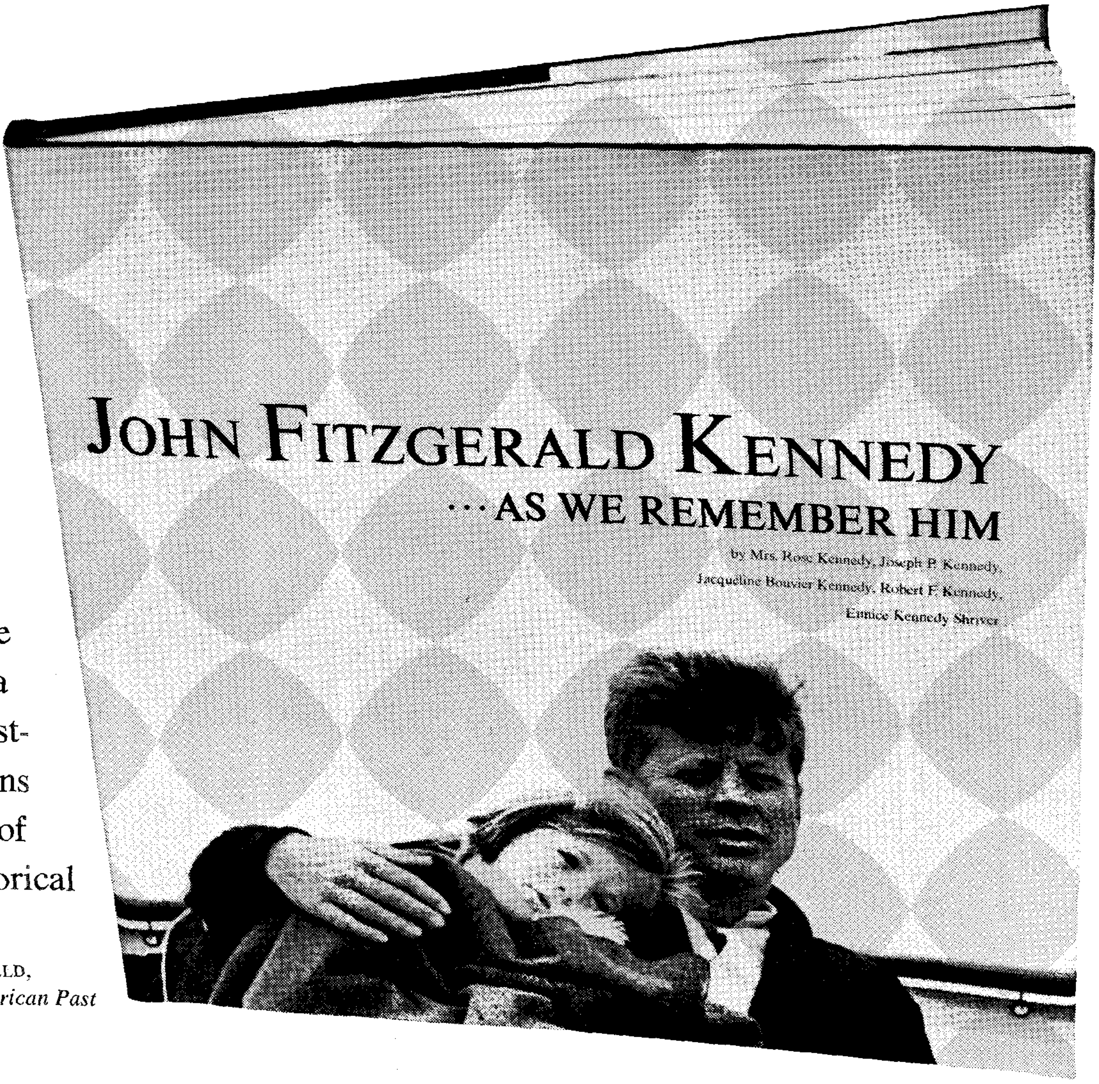
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put a "sir" on it, he'd run up there and say, "Boy, what's wrong wit you?"

Brown's world was too self-contained to bother itself about racial matters. (He has been criticized for not devoting more space in his book to the N.A.A.C.P., CORE, and the like, but how many whites of deprived backgrounds become rampant liberals and members of the American Civil Liberties Union?) Indeed, it was so self-contained that Brown suddenly became claustrophobic, and when he was seventeen he burst out of Harlem, landing in a Greenwich Village loft. Unfortunately, the garrulous Brown falls mysteriously silent at this point; he never explains why he left Harlem (beyond expressing the need for a change), why he went back to school, why he took a steady job, and why he buried his Hyde self. But there are clues. Brown is intelligent and observant. He is even an excellent ironist, who can write of the horrors of his youth with detachment and humor. In fact, he can be a downright comedian. A group of Wiltwyck boys are visiting Vassar:

> J.J. caused a girl to faint. He was coming down this steep hill real fast. There was a brick wall at the bottom, and J.J. couldn't steer too well. When J.J. hit the wall, he didn't get hurt, but the bike was all smashed up, and J.J. went straight up into the air about fifteen feet. The girl was standing on the bridge, and when she heard the crash, she turned around just in time to see J.J. going up, and she fainted. When they woke her up, the girl said that she fainted because she thought sure the boy would be killed, but Rickets said that seeing a nigger flying through the air on the campus of Vassar College was enough to make any nice, respectable white girl faint.

Moreover, his intelligence and detachment are those of the potential artist. He has a superb ear, and much of the book, which is written in a bald street prose, is filled with deadly-accurate novelistic dialogue (the book reads better as a faulty novel than as a faulty autobiography). James Baldwin gives us Harlem as literature; Brown gives us Harlem. A Negro friend explains to Brown how it feels to work in the garment district:

> "Man, if you keep goin' downtown every day, you'll be a boy all your life. I use to be afraid, Sonny, I use to be deathly afraid of bein' a boy all my life. I use to have nightmares, man, about me bein' old, about sixty years old and almost bent, knockin' around there, sweeping the floors for Goldberg in that dress house of his. He's comin' in there pattin' me on my back and callin' me 'boy,' sayin', 'Come over here with your broom and sweep up this thing for me, boy.' It use to get to me. I use to jump up out of bed

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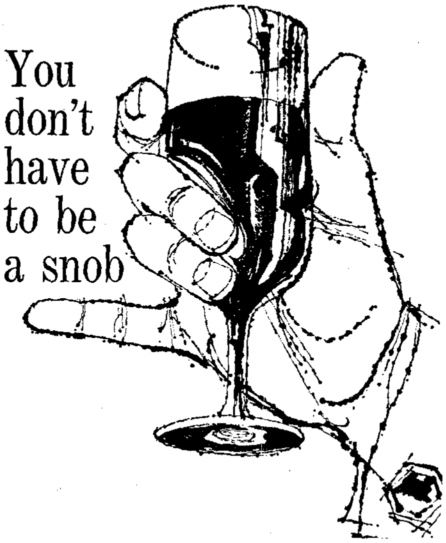
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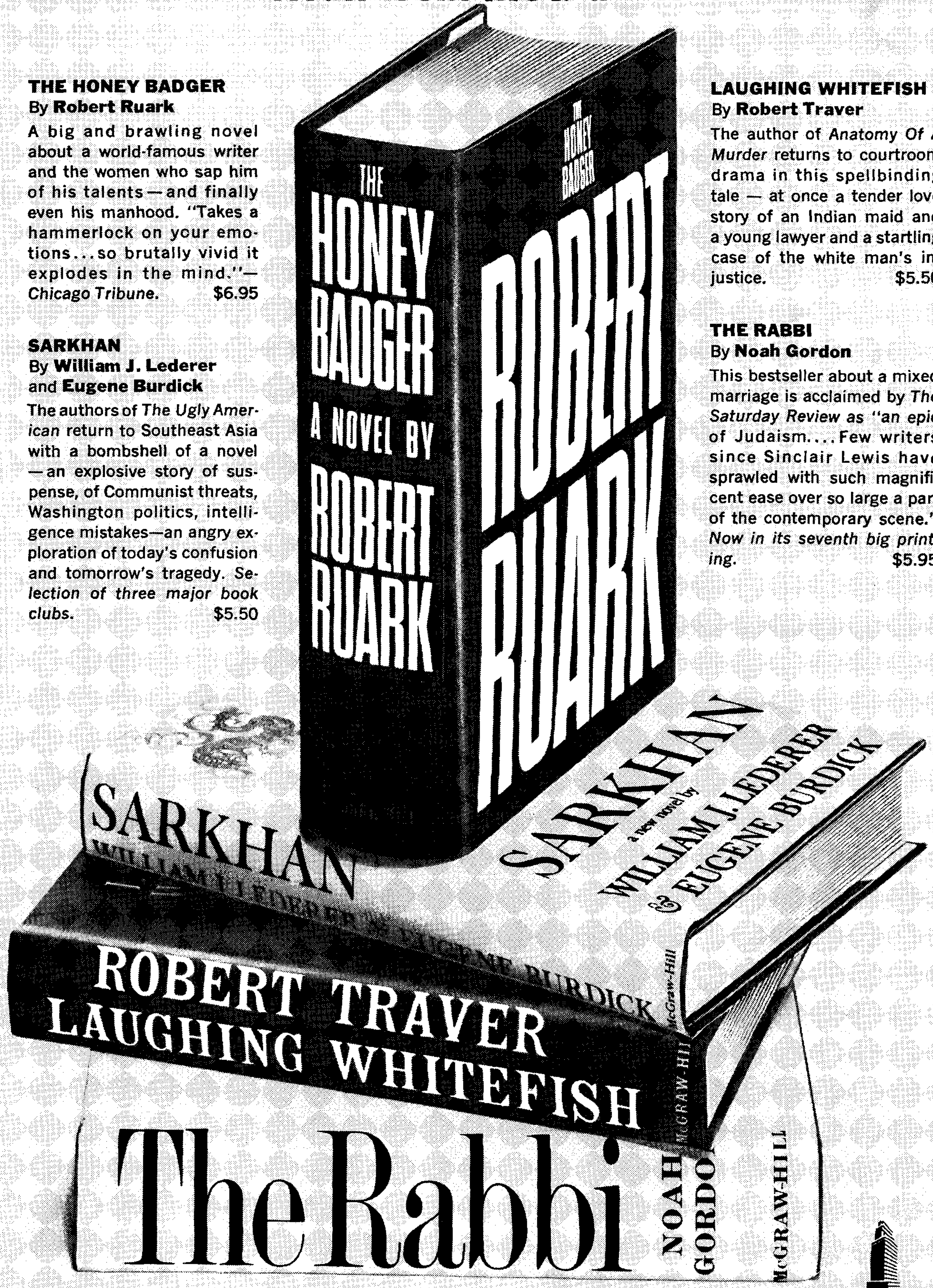
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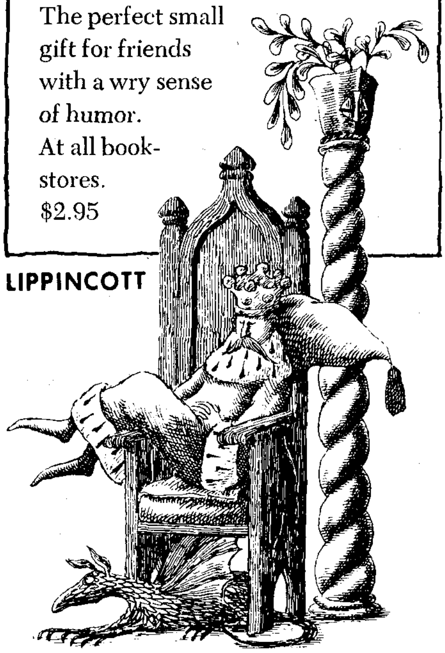

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screamin', 'Mr. Goldberg, please, Mr. Goldberg, don't call me boy. Please, Mr. Goldberg, don't pat me on my back.'

"Sonny, I think if I had stayed down there in that garment center much longer, man, and continued to be Goldberg's boy, I might've lost my mind."

Brown survived Harlem (most of his childhood friends are in prison or are dead from either drugs or bullets), and survivors of great struggles rarely hang around the battlefield when the conflict is done. They move on, as Brown did when he was seventeen, and as he has again done in "Manchild in the Promised Land."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TAKE NOW THY SON, by Mac Hyman (Random House). A mildly written, deeply felt account of the tragedy that results from a marriage between a normally high-spirited girl and a rather stupid man who is ruled by a rigid code of discipline and conduct. The story is set in Callville, a small town in Georgia, and centers on Nan and Truitt Scott, who have been married ten years and have one son, Paul. Writing in a casual, almost gossipy style, Mr. Hyman draws an uncomfortably realistic portrait of dull, stubborn, pathetic Truitt, who must have his own way even when his way makes no sense. The slow-moving, sharp-eyed town of Callville becomes very familiar from this book—familiar as home by the end of the last page.

MRS. STEVENS HEARS THE MERMAIDS SINGING, by May Sarton (Norton). Thoughtful, amiable, and at times rueful, this dissertation on the joys and difficulties of being a woman and an artist is delivered by Mrs. Hilary Stevens, a famous American poet, now close to seventy, who is living alone in seclusion but not in retirement in a fieldstone house on the coast of Massachusetts. Her reminiscent mood and her talkativeness are occasioned by the arrival of two young writers in search of an interview. This is hardly a novel, but it is a nice book.

GENERAL

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X, with the assistance of Alex Haley (Grove). The metamorphosis—as dictated to a journalist friend shortly before his assassination last February—of Malcolm Little (straight-A student of Lansing, Michigan) into Detroit Red (Harlem pimp, thief,

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and drug-pusher), into Malcolm X (Elijah Muhammad's right-hand Fruit of Islam man), into El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz (Afro-American Muslim and pilgrim to Mecca). It is not, except in its final stage, an easy one to understand—or even, at times, to believe. Nevertheless, the book has the ring, though somewhat amplified, of truth, and after a descent into the documentation here provided it is impossible to question the essential accuracy of Malcolm's cold, unruffled assertion that "the white man is the devil." It is equally impossible to doubt that his death was a serious loss to his country, for he returned from Mecca with his great gift for leadership redirected by the mature conviction that "no man has believed perfectly until he wishes for his brother what he wishes for himself." Photographs.

STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES, by Alfred Kazin (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Fine memoirs by the eminent literary critic. The period is 1934-40; the settings are the Republic of Letters and an exiguous family apartment in Brooklyn, and the author is a youthful commuter between them. Mr. Kazin's recollections are personal, sensitive, and plausible. His narrative tells what happened to him, but it is by no means egocentric, for his book is studded with first-rate little stories about all sorts of other people.

THE AMERICANS: THE NATIONAL EXPERIENCE, by Daniel J. Boorstin (Random House). This exceptionally good book surveys the period from independence to the Civil War, examining the development of the characteristics of the United States as a nation and the formation of its citizens' national character. It abounds in concrete, entertaining details, and in bright, original ideas about those fascinating people, us.

THE POWER OF LIFE OR DEATH, by Michael V. DiSalle, with Lawrence G. Blochman (Random House). The author, who wishes to see capital punishment abolished, was governor of Ohio from 1959 through 1962. In that job, he had the final say on clemency, pardon, and parole, and became familiar with a good many murders and murderers—an awful responsibility and an enlightening experience. Mr. DiSalle did not find capital punishment a deterrent. During his term, three Ohio policemen were killed, one after another, and each killer was duly electrocuted; evidently the

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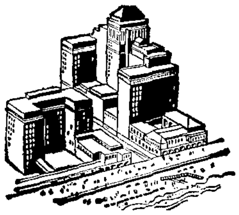

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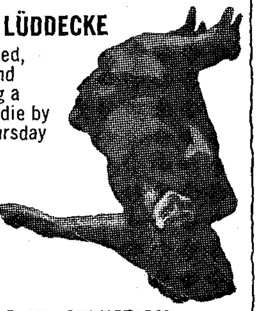

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execution of the first did not impress the second or the third. Mr. DiSalle was also concerned because Ohio's legal guidelines in capital cases were inadequate to life-and-death decisions; for example, under the McNaghten Rule's definition of legal insanity, a man with an I.Q. of 53 was sentenced to death. And so the author's true stories go. His testimony, simply given, is most persuasive.

THE COLONIZER AND THE COLONIZED, by Albert Memmi, translated from the French by Howard Greenfeld (Orion). In a book that has been widely influential since its publication in France in 1957, M. Memmi examines the psychological effects of colonialism on colonized and colonizers alike. He writes from the ambivalent perspective of the Tunisian Jew—his people are a segment of the colonized who tend to identify with the colonizers—but M. Memmi is a Tunisian Jew who has broken away to identify firmly with anti-colonialism everywhere. This American edition comes with an appreciative introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre, and is somewhat ominously dedicated "to the American Negro, also colonized."

CONVERSATIONS WITH BERENSON, by Umberto Morra, translated from the Italian by Florence Hammond (Houghton Mifflin). For ten years, Count Umberto Morra listened to Berenson discoursing on every subject under the sun at I Tatti and then fled home to write it all down. The result is a volume of brilliant and learned talk, aphorisms, and opinions that range from the marvellously perceptive (Nietzsche is "the forerunner of all future rebellions," whereas "Lawrence is a Carlyle for adolescents") to the marvellously obtuse ("I reproach Freud for being an uncultured man, with no philosophic training, with no historical and universal cognizance of things. A Jew from the ghetto").

NOTE: "Paris Journal 1944-65," a collection of Letters from Paris, by Janet Flanner (Genêt), has been published by Atheneum.

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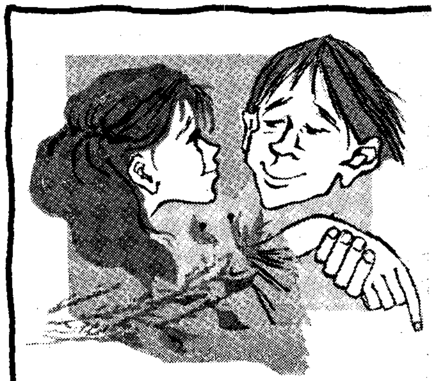

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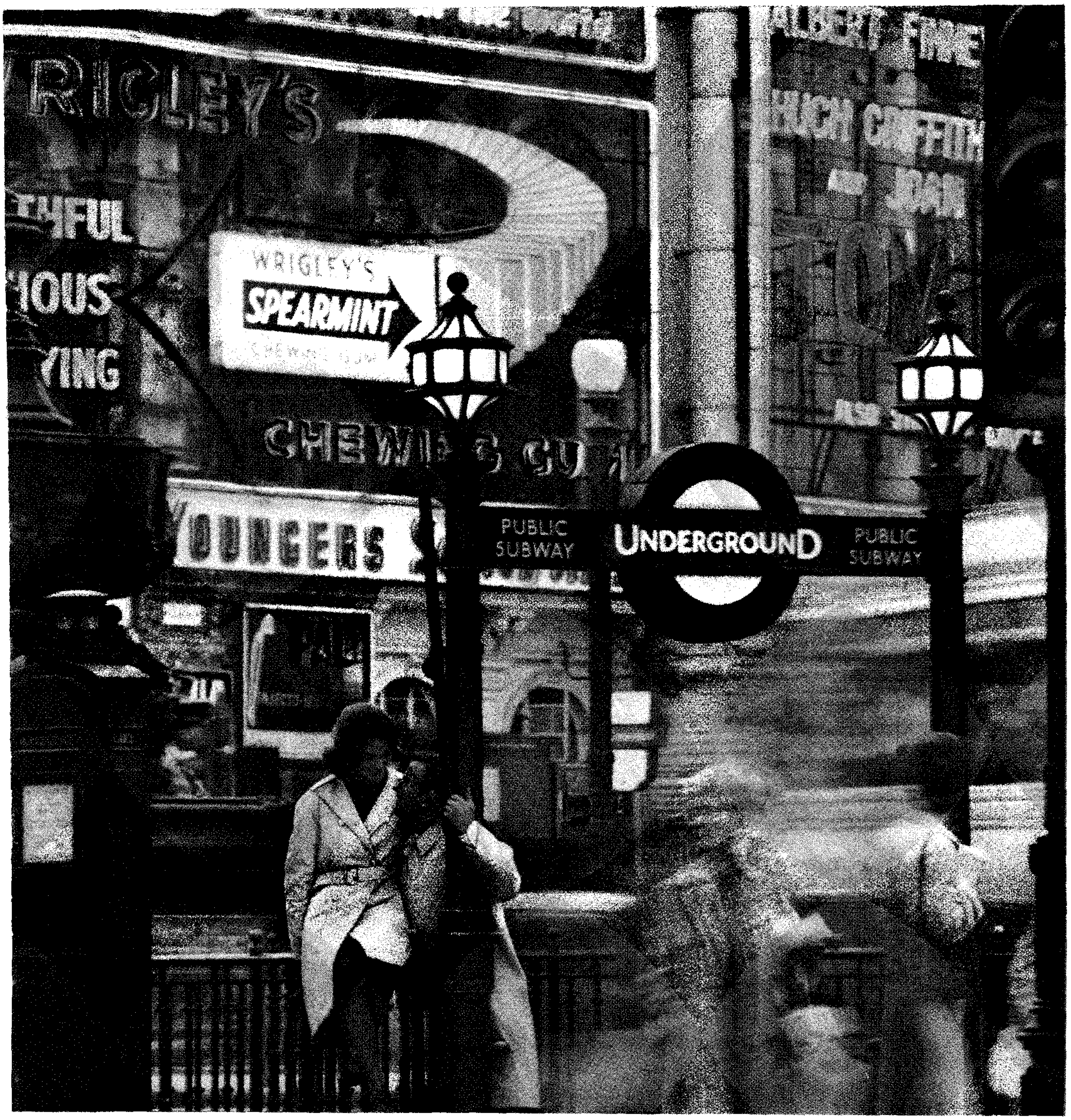

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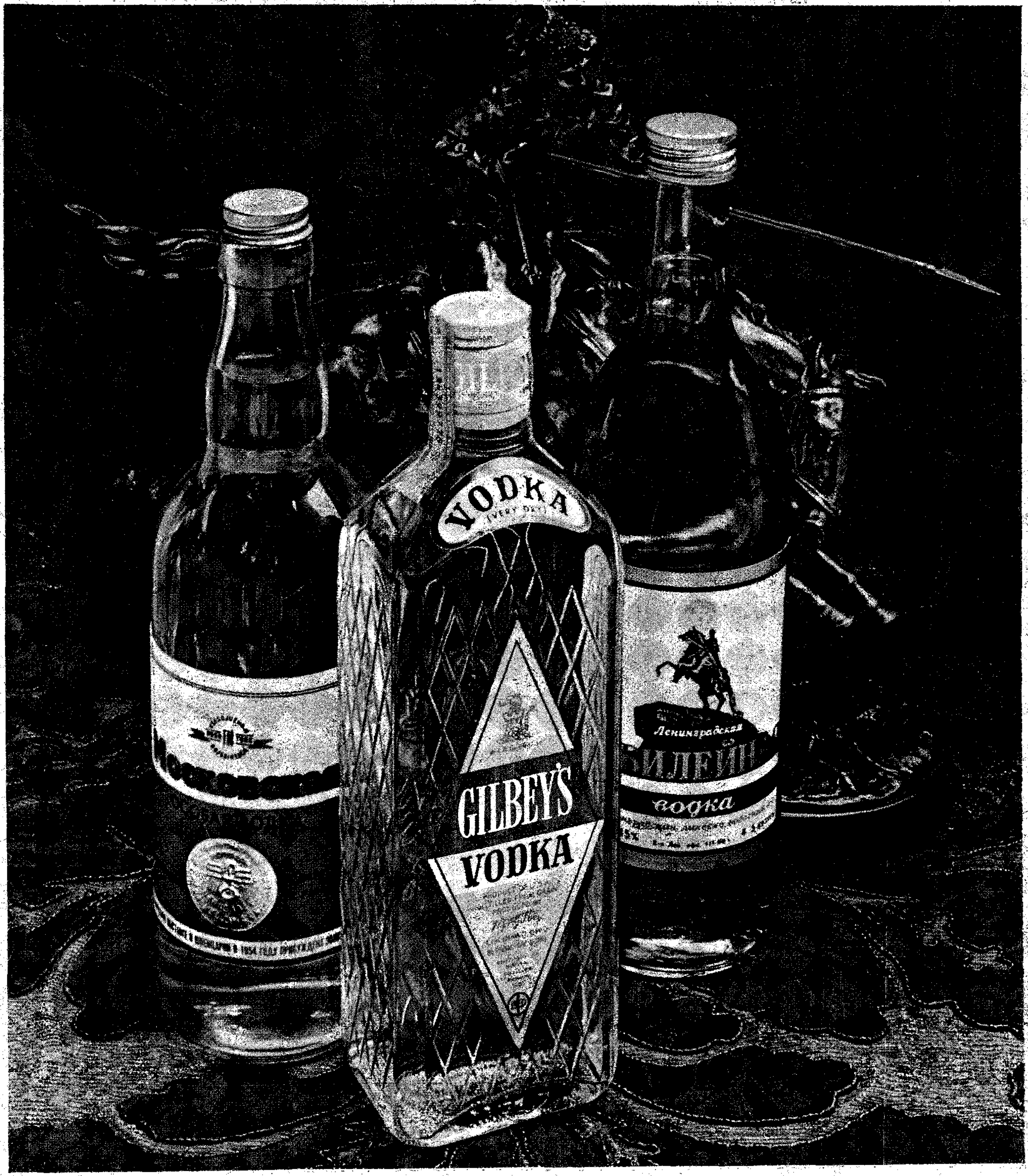
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